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## IN EAST-SIBERIAN SILVER MINES.



R. FROST and I reached Stretinsk (Stray'tinsk) on our return from the mines of Kara (Kah-rah') in a state of physical exhaustion that made rest an absolute necessity. Excitement, privation, and exposure, without sufficient food, to intense cold had so reduced my strength that I could not walk a hundred yards without fatigue, and the mere exertion of putting on a fur overcoat would quicken my pulse twenty or thirty beats. It did not seem to me prudent, in this weak condition, to undertake a ride of six hundred miles, in springless telegas (tel-lay'gas), through the wild and lonely region in which are situated the Nerchinsk (Ner'chinsk) silver mines. For three days, therefore, we rested quietly in the log-house of the young peasant Zablíkof (Zah'blee-koff), on the bank of the Shilka (Shill'kah) River, eating all the nourishing food we could get, sleeping as much as possible, and bracing ourselves up with quinine and Liebig's extract of beef.

Sunday morning, finding my strength measurably restored, I walked across the ice of the river to the town of Stretinsk and called upon the zasedatel (zah-se-dat'el), or district inspector of police, for the purpose of obtaining horses. Through the greater part of the Nerchinsk silver-mining district regular post-roads are lacking; but we had received authority by telegraph from the governor of the province to ask the coöperation of the police in hiring horses from the peasants along our route, and I had letters of introduction to most of the police officials from Major Potulof (Po'tooloff). The zasedatel received me courteously, and at once made the necessary requisition for horses, but said he must warn me that an epidemic of small-pox prevailed in all the region between Stretinsk and the mines, and that it

would be unsafe for us to sleep at night in the peasants' houses, or even to go into them for food. This unwelcome intelligence discouraged us more than anything that we had yet heard. The journey to the mines would involve hardship enough at best, and if, in a temperature that was almost constantly below zero, we could not enter a peasant's house to obtain food or shelter without risk of taking the small-pox, we should be between the horns of a very unpleasant dilemma. I was strongly tempted to proceed westward to the town of Nerchinsk and enter the mining district from that side; but such a course would greatly increase the distance to be traveled, and finding that Mr. Frost was willing to share with me the risk of infection, I finally decided to adhere to our original plan. Sunday afternoon we loaded our baggage into a small, shallow telega, lashed on behind a bag of frozen bread upon which we could not comfortably sit, and set out, with two horses and a ragged, low-spirited driver, for the Alexandrofski Zavod (Al-ex-androfskee Zah-vod') and the mine of Algachi (Al-gah-chee').

The silver mines of Nerchinsk are not situated, as one might suppose them to be, at or near the town of Nerchinsk, but are scattered over a wild, desolate, mountainous region, thousands of square miles in extent, known as "The Nerchinsk Silver-mining District." This district is coterminous, on its southern side, with the frontier line of Mongolia, and occupies the greater part of the irregular triangle formed by the rivers Shilka and Argun (Argoon') just above the point where they unite to form the Amur (Am-moor'). The existence of silver and lead ore in this region was known even to the prehistoric aborigines of Siberia, and traces of their primitive mining operations were found near the Argun by the first Rus-

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sian explorers of the country. In the year 1700 Greek mining engineers in the employ of the Russian Government founded the Nerchinski Zavod (Ner'chin-skee Zah-vod'), or Nerchinsk Works, near the Mongolian frontier, and before the end of the century shafts had been sunk in more than twenty places between the Argun and the Shilka, and eight zavods, or smelting-furnaces, had been constructed for the reduction of the ore. The mines were worked at first by peasants brought from other parts of Siberia and forcibly colonized at points where their labor was needed, but in 1722 their places were taken to some extent by hard-labor convicts deported from the prisons of European Russia. Since that time the mines have been manned partly by colonized peasants and partly by common criminals of the penal-servitude class. With the exception of Poles and a few of the Decembrist conspirators of 1825, political convicts have never been sent to the Nerchinsk silver-mining district. Thousands of Polish insurgents were transported thither after the unsuccessful insurrection of 1863,<sup>1</sup> but since that time political offenders as a rule have been sent to the mines of Kara.

Our first objective point, after leaving Stretinsk, was the Alexandrofski Zavod, or Alexander Works, distant in a south-westerly direction about one hundred and twenty-five miles. The "Works," from which the place originally derived a part of its name and all of its importance, were abandoned many years ago and gradually fell into ruins, but the village attached to them still lingers in a moribund condition and now sustains a small convict prison. As we wished to examine this prison, and as the Alexandrofski Zavod, moreover, was a convenient point of departure for the once famous but now abandoned mine of Akatui (Ak-ah-too'ee), we decided to make there a short stay. The weather when we left Stretinsk was cold and cloudy, with a raw wind from the north-east. The low, desolate mountains between which we traveled were whitened by a thin film of snow, but the road was bare and dry, and we were soon covered with dust thrown up by the wheels of our vehicle. By the time we had made the first stretch of twenty miles we were cold, tired, and hungry enough to seek rest and refreshment; but the village where we stopped to change horses had a deserted, pestilence-stricken appearance, and we did not even dare to alight from our telega. Cold and hunger were preferable to small-pox.

Our driver tried to reassure us by declaring that the disease was of a mild type, but Mr. Frost expressed a fear that it might resemble Siberian vermin in being comparatively "mild" and harmless to natives but death to foreigners. When we reached the village of Kopun (Ko-poon'), at the end of the second stretch, it was beginning to grow dark, the mercury had fallen nearly to zero, and I was so deadly cold that I could hardly move my stiffened and benumbed limbs.

"I can't stand this any longer," I said to Mr. Frost. "One might as well get the small-pox as freeze to death. I'm going to knock at the door of this house and ask whether they have the confounded disease or not. If they say they have n't, I'm going in to warm myself and get something to eat."

I knocked at the door and it was opened by a pale-faced, weary-looking woman.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me whether you have small-pox in the house?" I inquired.

"Yes," she replied; "we have."

That was enough. I did not wait for particulars, but hastened back to the telega, and said to Mr. Frost that, as we seemed to be between the devil and the deep sea, I was going for the bread-bag. Another disappointment, however, awaited me. The loaves not only were frozen to the consistency of geodes, but were completely covered with dust and sand that had been thrown up by the wheels of the telega, and had sifted through the loose meshes of the homespun linen bag. I gave one of them to Mr. Frost, took another myself, and for three-quarters of an hour we sat there in the deepening twilight, shivering with the cold and gnawing frozen bread, while we waited for horses.

What we had to do was to warm and aerate with imagination the food that we could get, and congratulate ourselves upon having escaped the small-pox. I proposed, however, that we should sit on the bread throughout the next stretch, and thus protect it to some extent from dust and the refrigerating influence of an arctic climate. The proposition was approved and adopted, but the result was merely to exchange one sort of discomfort for another.

Horses were forthcoming at last, and after another long, cold, and dreary ride we reached, about nine o'clock at night, the comfortable station of Shelapugina (Shell-ah-poo'gin-ah), on the post-road between the town of Nerchinsk and the Nerchinski Zavod. I did not feel able to go any farther that day, and as the postmaster assured us that there had

<sup>1</sup> According to Maximof, who had access to the official records, the number of Poles exiled to Siberia between the years 1863 and 1866 was 18,623. Of this number 8109—including 4252 nobles—were sent to Eastern Siberia and 7109 of them were condemned to

penal servitude. Nearly all of the last-named class went to the Nerchinsk silver mines. [Maximof, "Siberia and Penal Servitude," Vol. III., pp. 80, 81. St. Petersburg: A. Transhel, 1871.]





THE WELL AT ALGACHI.

never been a case of small-pox in the station, we brought in our baggage, drank tea, and, without removing our clothing, lay down as usual on our sheepskin overcoats upon the floor of the travelers' room. Monday morning, refreshed by a good night's sleep and a breakfast of tea, fresh bread, and fat soup, we resumed our journey and rode all day through shallow valleys, between low, treeless, and dreary-looking mountains, towards the Alexandrofski Zavod. The sky was clear and the sunshine inspiring; but the mercury had fallen to fifteen degrees below zero, our horses were white and shaggy with frost, the jolting of our vehicle made it difficult to keep our furs wrapped closely about us, and we suffered

severely all day from cold. About half-past six o'clock in the evening we stopped for an hour to drink tea in a village whose name, Kavwikuchigazamurskaya (Kah-vwee'koo-chee-gaz-ah-moor'skah-yah), seemed to me to contain more letters than the place itself had inhabitants. We met there a young technologist from St. Petersburg, who had been sent to the mines to teach the convicts the use of dynamite, and who was on his way home. He gave us a most gloomy account of life in the silver-mining district. The convict prisons, he said, were "the very worst in the Empire"; the officials were "cruel and incompetent"; the convicts were "ill-treated, beaten by everybody, with or without reason, forced to work



THE ALEXANDROFSKI ZAVOD.

when sick, and killed outright with explosives which the overseers were too ignorant or too careless to handle with proper precautions." He referred to the mining authorities with bitterness, as if his personal relations with them had been unpleasant; and, in view of that fact, it seemed to me prudent to take his statements with some allowance. I give them for what they may be worth in connection with my own later investigations.

Just before midnight on Tuesday we reached the village of Makarovo (Mah-kah'ro-vo), 112 miles from Stretinsk, and stopped for the night in what was known as the "zemski kvartir" (zem'skee kvar-teer'), a log-house occupied by a peasant family whose duty it was to give food and shelter to traveling officials. As soon as possible after drinking tea we went to bed, Mr. Frost lying on the floor, while I stretched myself out on a bench near one of the windows. The room was intolerably hot, the pine logs of the walls in the vicinity of the oven emitted a strong resinous odor, the air was close and heavy, and for a long time I could not get to sleep. I had just lost consciousness, as it seemed to me, when I was aroused by a loud and prolonged "Cock-a-doo-oo-dle-doo-oo!" which proceeded, apparently, from a point distant only a few inches from my head. Upon investigating this singular phenomenon I discovered that the space under the bench upon which I lay had been inclosed with slats and turned into a chicken-coop. A large cock, thinking, doubtless, that it must be near morning, had put his head out and up through the slats, and

crowed lustily in my very ear. This performance he repeated, at short intervals, throughout the remainder of the night, so that, although I finally took a position as far away from him as possible on the floor, I could get little rest. I have slept in Siberian cabins with colts, dogs, cattle, and sheep, but one wakeful Shanghai rooster will make more disturbance in a small room at night than a whole ark-load of quadrupeds.

We reached the Alexandrofski Zavod at ten o'clock Tuesday morning and found it to be a dreary, dead-and-alive Siberian village of two or three hundred inhabitants, situated in the middle of a flat, uncultivated steppe, with a rickety, tumble-down bridge in the foreground, and low, bare, snow-covered mountains in the distance. The convict prison, to which we were conducted by the warden, Mr. Fomin, proved to be nothing more than a "bogadiel'nia" (bo-gah-dyel'nya), or infirmary, to which were sent hopelessly disabled and broken-down convicts from other parts of the Nerchinsk mining district. The main building, which is shown on the right of the bridge in the illustration on this page, is a one-story log structure of the usual Kara type, and contained, at the time of our visit, 137 prisoners. It had been standing, the warden said, about half a century, and its sanitary condition, as might have been expected, was bad. The floors were dirty, the air in the cells was heavy and vitiated, and the corridors were filled with the stench of privies and neglected parashas. In two of the *kameras* (kah'mer-ahs) we found lunatics living with their sane comrades. The hospital

attached to the prison is small, but it was not overcrowded, and it seemed to me to be clean and in fairly good condition. The coarse linen on the cot beds was dirty, but the feldsher, or hospital-steward, said that this was not his fault. The supply of bed-linen was scanty, and he did the best he could with what was furnished him. He seemed to be very much gratified when I told him that his hospital, although small, impressed me as being the cleanest and best-managed institution of the kind that I had seen in the Trans-Baikal.

After having inspected the prison, Mr. Frost and I returned to Mr. Fomin's comfortable

existing state of affairs he referred to two gold placers in his district, which had been carefully examined by engineers of the Tsar's cabinet<sup>1</sup> and had been pronounced worthless. They had subsequently been sold or granted by the Tsar to private individuals, and had then produced 600 puds (poods), or more than 27,000 pounds of pure gold. The ispravnik intimated, although he did not explicitly say, that the Government engineers who examined the placers and declared them worthless were in league with the private individuals who desired to obtain title to them; and that the proceeds of this robbery of the Crown were shared by



THE OLD POLITICAL PRISON AT THE MINE OF AKATUI.

house, where we met the ispravnik of Nerchinski Zavod, a tall, well-built, good-looking man about forty years of age, who was making a tour of his district. He was very pleasant and communicative, talked with us frankly about the Nerchinsk mines, and said, without hesitation, that the Government's management of them was "clumsy, incompetent, and wasteful." He thought that it would be much better for the country if the whole Nerchinsk silver-mining district were thrown open to private enterprise. Many of the engineers in the employ of the Government were either corrupt or incapable, and the mines did not produce half as much silver as they ought. As an illustration of the

the parties to the corrupt agreement. I have no doubt that such was the case. The Tsar himself is constantly robbed and defrauded by the officials to whom he intrusts the management of his Siberian property.

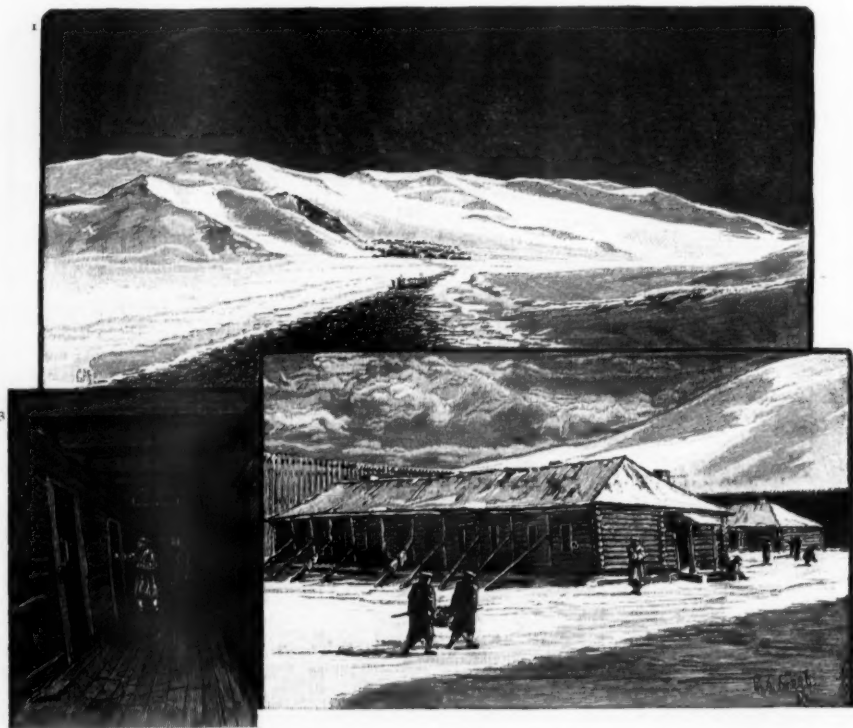
After a good dinner of soup, fish, roasted grouse, vegetables, and compote of fruits, with vodka and two or three kinds of wine, which Mr. Fomin set out in honor of his guests, the ispravnik, the warden, Mr. Frost, and I started with two troikas of horses for the mine of Akatui, which was distant about twelve miles. This mine had long before been abandoned by the Government and had filled with water; but I was particularly anxious to see how it

<sup>1</sup> Nearly all the mines in this part of the Trans-Baikal belong to the Tsar in person and are known as the "cabinet mines." How the Tsar acquired title to them I do not know. An educated Russian gentleman

of my acquaintance began the compilation of a work that he intended to publish abroad under the title, "The Origin of the Wealth of the Romanoffs," but he was sent to Siberia before he could complete his investigation.

was situated, partly because it had once been the most dreaded place of punishment in all Siberia, and partly because the Government was then making preparations to transport to it all of the political convicts at the mines of Kara. The road ran across the desolate steppe to the foot of a low mountain range six or eight miles north-west of the Zavod, and then entered a shallow valley between rounded and perfectly barren hills, about a thousand feet in height, whose snowy slopes limited the vision in every direction. As we ascended this valley the hills shut it in more and more closely,

of a peculiar, half-ruined log building, which had once apparently been covered with stucco or plaster, and through the middle of which ran a high-arched gateway. On the flanks of this structure, and forty or fifty yards from it, stood two weather-beaten prisons of stuccoed brick, one of them roofless, and both gradually falling into ruins. It was evident that these prisons had once been surrounded by a stockade, and that the log building with the arched gateway was the corps-de-garde through which admission was had to the inclosure. The stockade, however, had long



1. THE VALLEY AND MINING SETTLEMENT OF ALGACHI. 2. THE PRISON AT ALGACHI. 3. THE PRISON CORRIDOR.

until, a mile and a half or two miles beyond the small village of Akatui, it became a secluded and inexpressibly dreary glen, where there were no signs of life except the stunted and leafless bushes which here and there broke the uniform whiteness of the snow-covered hills. It seemed to me that I had never seen a place so lonely, so cheerless, so isolated from all the living world. It might have been a valley among the arctic hills of Greenland near the Pole.

"Here is the old political prison," said the *ispravnik*; and as he spoke we stopped in front

before disappeared, the iron gratings had been removed from the windows, and little remained to indicate to a careless observer the real nature of the ruins or the purposes that they had served. I alighted from my telega and entered the prison on the right of the corps-de-garde, thinking that I might discover a mural inscription left by some lonely and unhappy prisoner, or perhaps find one of the iron rings or staples in the wall to which refractory convicts were chained. Every scrap of iron, however, that could be used elsewhere had been stripped from the building; the

floors had rotted away; the plaster had fallen; and nothing whatever remained to suggest to one's imagination the unwritten history of the gloomy prison, or bear witness to the cruelties and tragedies that had given to Akatui its evil fame. The prison on the left of the corps-de-garde was in a much better state of repair than the other, and would doubtless have repaid a careful examination; but its windows were fastened, its heavy plank doors were secured with padlocks, and the warden said he did not know where the keys were or how we could gain admission. The entrance to the mine of Akatui was on the hillside, five or six hundred feet above the bottom of the valley, and we could just see, in the deepening twilight, the outlines of a small tool-house that stood near the mouth of the shaft. At an earlier hour of the day I should have proposed to visit it; but the darkness of night was already gathering in the valley, the air was bitterly cold, and as the *ispravnik* and the warden seemed anxious to return to the *Zavod* I was obliged to content myself with such an examination of Akatui as could be made in the vicinity of the prisons. Lunin (*Loon'in*), one of the Decembrist conspirators of 1825, lived and died in penal servitude at this mine, and somewhere in the neighborhood lie buried many of the Polish patriots sent to Akatui after the insurrection of 1863. I was unable, however, to find their graves. The Russian Government does not take pains to perpetuate the memory of the political offenders whom it tortures to death in its Siberian prisons, and over the moldering bodies of most of them there is not so much as a mound. Since my return from Siberia a new prison has been erected in the dreary valley of Akatui, and to it are to be transported all of the political convicts from Kara. The intention of the Government is to pump the water out of the abandoned mine and set the politicals at work in its damp and gloomy galleries. The change, of course, will be for the worse. If there is in Siberia a more lonely, a more cheerless, a more God-forsaken place than Kara, it is the snowy, secluded valley of Akatui.

At a late hour Tuesday night we returned to the Alexandrofski *Zavod*, and about noon on Wednesday, after a refreshing night's sleep and a good breakfast, we set out for the mine of Algachi, distant about twenty-two miles. There was little, if any, change in the appearance of the country as we made our way slowly into the silver-mining district. One range of low, barren, round-topped mountains succeeded another, like great ocean swells, with hardly a sign of life or vegetation, except in the shallow haystack-dotted valleys. From the summit of the last divide that we crossed be-

fore reaching Algachi, the country, which we could see for thirty miles, looked like a boundless ocean suddenly frozen solid in the midst of a tremendous Cape Horn gale when the seas were running high. Far down in a snowy trough between two of these mighty surges we could just make out a little cluster of unpainted log-houses, which our driver said was the mining village of Algachi. I wondered, as we stopped for a moment on the summit to look at it, whether in all the world one could find a settlement situated in a more dreary and desolate spot. As far as the eye could see there was not a tree, nor a dark object of any kind, to break the ghastly whiteness of the rolling ocean of snowy mountains; and it was not hard to imagine that the village itself was nothing more than a little collection of floating driftwood, caught in the trough of the sea at the moment when the tremendous billows were suddenly turned to snow and ice. We descended the steep slope of the mountain to the village by a stony, zigzag road, entered a long, dirty, straw-littered street between two rows of unpainted wooden houses, passed through several herds of cattle that sheepskin-coated boys were driving in from pasture, and finally stopped, amid a crowd of curious idlers, in front of the "*zemski kvartir*," or official lodging-house, where we intended to spend the night. It was already five o'clock,—too late for a visit to the prison or an inspection of the mine,—and as soon as we had brought in our baggage and explained to the people of the house who we were, we set about the preparation of supper. Our resources were rather limited, but our peasant hostess furnished a steaming samovar with a little milk and butter, Mr. Frost produced, with triumph, a can of Californian preserved peaches, which he said he had bought in Stretinsk "for a holiday," and we thawed out and toasted on a stick, before a cheerful open fire, some of our frozen, sand-powdered bread. Altogether we made out so good a supper that Mr. Frost's imagination never once suggested to him the desirability of milk-toast, and we went to bed on the floor about nine o'clock—warm, comfortable, and happy.

Wednesday morning, after breakfast, we called upon Mr. Nesterof (*Nes'ter-off*), the resident mining engineer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein, the warden of the prison, for the purpose of getting permission to examine and investigate. Mr. Nesterof received us with generous Russian hospitality, insisted upon our taking a supplementary breakfast with him, and filled and refilled our glasses with vodka, cordial, Crimean wine, and Boston canned lemonade, until we feared that we should have to postpone our investigations indefinitely. Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein, who lived in a



large, comfortable house full of blossoming oleanders, geraniums, and abutilon, then declared that we must drink another bottle of wine and eat a third breakfast with him, and it was after one o'clock when we finally set out for the prison and the mine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein was a Finn by birth and spoke Russian badly and with a strong German accent, but he seemed to be honest and trustworthy, and talked to me with great frankness and good-humor.

"I am afraid," he said, as we drove through the village street, "that you will find our prison the worst you have ever seen. It is very old and in bad condition, but I can't do much to improve it. We are too far away from Peter" (St. Petersburg).

I replied reassuringly that I did not think it could be worse than the common-criminal prison at Ust Kara (Oost Kah-rah'), and said that I had had experience enough to understand some of the difficulties in the way of prison reform. He said nothing, but shook his head doubtfully, as if he thought that my experience would not be complete until I had examined the prison at Algachi. We presently stopped in front of a high log stockade, and, alighting from our vehicle, were received by a sentry with presented arms, and then admitted by the officer of the day to a spacious courtyard, in the middle of which stood the prison. It was a long, low, quadrangular building of squared logs, with a plain board roof, a small porch and a door at one end, and a long row of heavily grated windows. It seemed to me at first sight to be falling down. The wall on the side next to us had sunk into the ground until it was apparently two feet or more out of plumb, and, so far as I could see, nothing prevented it from giving way altogether except a row of logs braced against it at nearly a right angle on the side towards which it leaned. All of the walls, at some remote time in the past, had been covered with plaster or stucco and then whitewashed; but this superficial coating had fallen off here and there in patches, giving to the building a most dilapidated appearance. It was, manifestly, a very old prison; but exactly how old, Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein could not tell me. For aught that he knew to the contrary it might have been standing since the opening of the mine in 1817. We entered the door at one end of the building and found ourselves in a long, dark, foul-smelling corridor, which was lighted only at the ends, and which divided the prison longitudinally into halves. Immediately to the left of the door as we entered was the pharmacy, and next to it a large square kamera used as a hospital or lazaret. In the latter were eight or ten low beds, upon which, under dirty,

and in some cases bloody, sheets, were lying eight or ten sick or wounded convicts, whose faces were whiter, more emaciated, and more ghastly than any I had yet seen. Two or three of them, the warden said, had just been torn and shattered by a premature explosion of dynamite in the mine. The atmosphere of the lazaret, polluted by over-respiration, heavy with the fevered breath of the sick, and pervaded by a faint odor of liniment and drugs, was so insufferable that I was glad, after a quick glance about the room, to escape into the corridor. The first regular kamera that we examined was about twenty-two feet square and seven or eight feet high, with two windows, a large brick oven, and a plank sleeping-platform extending around three of its sides. There was no provision for ventilation, and the air was almost, if not quite, as bad as in the worst cells of the prisons at Ust Kara. I could breathe enough of it to sustain life, and that was all. The first thing that particularly attracted my attention, after I entered the kamera, was a broad band of dull red which extended around the dingy, whitewashed walls, just above the sleeping-platform, like a spotty dado of iron rust. Noticing that I was looking at it with curiosity, Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein remarked, with a half-humorous, half-cynical smile, that the prisoners had been "trying to paint their walls red."

"What is it, any way?" I inquired, and stepping to one end of the sleeping-platform I made a closer examination. The dull red band at once resolved itself into a multitude of contiguous or overlapping blood-stains, with here and there the dried and flattened body of a bed-bug sticking to the whitewash. I had no further difficulty in guessing the nature and significance of the discoloration. The tortured and sleepless prisoners had been "trying to paint their walls red" by crushing bed-bugs with their hands, as high up as they could reach while lying on the nares, and in this way had so stained the dingy whitewash with their own blood that at a little distance there seemed to be a dado of iron rust around the three sides of the kamera where they slept. How many years this had been going on, how many thousand convicts had helped to "paint" those "walls red," I do not know; but I had suffered enough in Siberia myself from vermin fully to understand and appreciate the significance of that dull red band.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the other kameras of this wretched prison. They were all precisely like the first one except that they differed slightly in dimensions. All were overcrowded, all were swarming with vermin, and the air in them was polluted almost beyond endurance. At the time of our visit the prison

as a whole contained 169 convicts — about twice the number for which there was adequate air space.

At the first favorable opportunity I said to Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein: "I cannot understand why you allow such a prison as this to exist. You have here 169 convicts. Only forty or fifty of them work in the mine; the rest lie all day in these foul cells in idleness. Why don't you take them out to the nearest forest, set them at work cutting timber, make them drag the logs to the village, and have them build a better and larger prison for themselves? They would be glad to do it, the expense would be trifling, and in a few months you would have here a prison fit for a human being to live in."

"My dear sir," he replied,<sup>1</sup> "I cannot send convicts into the woods without orders to do so. Suppose some of them should escape,— as they probably would,— I should be held responsible and should lose my place. I don't dare do anything that I have not been ordered to do by the Prison Department. The authorities in St. Petersburg are aware of the condition of this prison. I have reported on it year after year. As much as five years ago, after calling attention as urgently as I dared to the state of affairs, I received orders to consult with the district architect and draw up a plan and estimates for a new prison. I did so; but you know how such things go. Letters are two or three months in reaching St. Petersburg from here. When our plans and estimates finally get there they go to the Prison Department, where they have to take their turn with hundreds of other documents from hundreds of other prisons in all parts of the Empire. Perhaps for months they are not even looked at. Finally they are examined, and some decision is reached with regard to them. If they require an extraordinary expenditure of money they may have to go to the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Finance, or await the making up of the budget for the next fiscal year. In any event twelve months or more elapse before their fate is finally determined. Somewhere and by somebody objection is almost sure to be made, either to the plans themselves, or to the amount of money that they require, and the documents are returned to us for modification or amendment in accordance with the suggestions of some official who knows little or nothing about our needs and circumstances. Thus, a year or more after the departure for St. Petersburg of our plans and estimates they come back to us for alteration. We alter them in such a way as to meet the views of

our superiors and send them to St. Petersburg again. In the mean time the personnel of the Prison Department has perhaps changed. New officials have taken the places of the old; new ideas with regard to prisons and prison reform have become prevalent; and our modified plans and estimates, which would have satisfied the prison authorities of 1880, are found defective by the prison authorities of 1882. After the lapse of another period of sixteen or eighteen months the papers again come back to us for revision and alteration. And so it goes year after year. Plans and estimates for a new prison at the mine of Algachi have been in existence ever since 1880. Meanwhile they have twice been to St. Petersburg and back, and are now there for the third time. What are you going to do about it? Even when the erection of a new prison has been authorized, the work proceeds very slowly. It is now almost ten years since the Government actually began to build a new brick prison at the mine of Gorni Zerentui (Gor'nee Zer-en-too'-ee), and the carpenters have n't even got the roof on, to say nothing about floors."

"But," I said, "such a system is all wrong; there's no sense in such management. What is the use of corresponding for years with indifferent officials in St. Petersburg about a matter that might be settled in twenty-four hours by the governor of the province, or even by a petty *ispravnik*? All over Eastern Siberia I have found miserable, decaying, tumble-down log prisons, and everywhere in such prisons I have seen able-bodied convicts living month after month in absolute idleness. The country is full of trees suitable for timber, you have plenty of labor that costs you nothing, every Russian peasant knows how to put up a log building — why don't you let your idle convicts build prisons for themselves?"

"We have n't a strong enough convoy here to guard convicts in the woods," said the warden; "they would escape."

"That is no reason," I replied. "It is easy enough for a government like yours to strengthen the convoy during the time that the timber is being cut; and suppose that a few of the prisoners do escape. From my point of view it would be better to let half of them escape than to keep them shut up in idleness in such a prison as this. Nobody yet has given me a satisfactory explanation of the fact that, although hundreds, if not thousands, of convicts lie idle for months or years in overcrowded and decaying log prisons, no attempt is made to utilize their labor in the erection of larger and better buildings."

The warden shrugged his shoulders in the significant Russian way, but did not pursue the subject. I have never seen any reason to

<sup>1</sup> I do not pretend to quote Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein's exact words, but I give accurately, I think, the substance of his statements.

change the opinion that I formed at Algachi with regard to this prison. As a place of confinement, even for the worst class of offenders, it was a disgrace to a civilized state, and the negligence, indifference, and incompetence shown by the Government in dealing with its admitted evils were absolutely inexcusable.

After having thanked Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein for his hospitality and for his courtesy in showing us the prison, Mr. Frost and I set out, with Mr. Nesterof, for the Algachi mine, which is situated about a mile from the village, on the northern slope of one of the great mountain waves that form the valley. The day was clear and pleasant, but very cold; the ground was everywhere covered with snow, and a most dreary arctic landscape was presented to us as we rode from the prison down into the valley. A few hundred yards from the village our attention was attracted to half a dozen dark objects—apparently animals of some kind—on the white slope of the adjacent hill.

"I verily believe," said Mr. Frost, after a prolonged stare at them, "that they're camels!"

"Camels!" I exclaimed incredulously. "Who ever heard of camels at the mines of Nerchinsk? and how could they live in such a climate as this?"

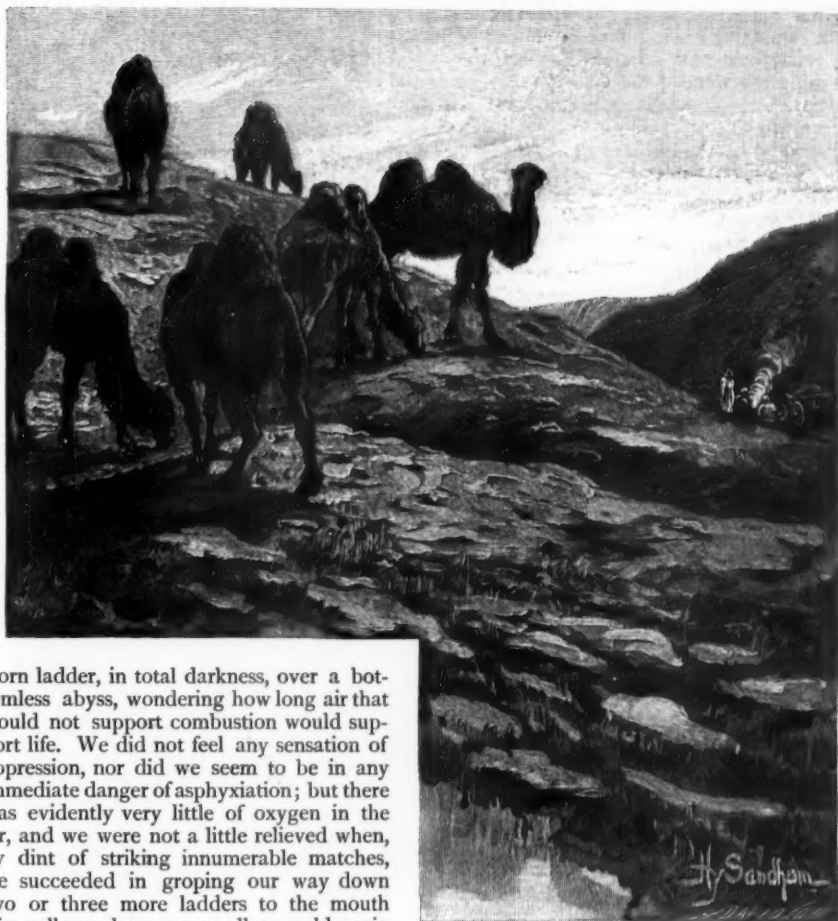
As we drew nearer to them, however, it became evident that camels they were. To whom they belonged, whence they had come, and whither they were going I do not know; but it seemed strange enough to see a herd of great double-humped Bactrian camels nibbling the tufts of frost-bitten grass that appeared here and there above the snow in the foreground of that bleak, desolate, arctic landscape.

If we had expected to find at the mine of Algachi the buildings, the steam-engines, the hoisting machinery, and the stamp-mills that would have marked the location of an American mine, we should have been greatly disappointed. The mining-plant consisted of a powder-magazine, a roofed-over cellar used for the storage of dynamite, a shanty or two, and a small log tool-house which served also as a smithy, a repair shop, a crushing and sorting room, and a guard-house. In the building last mentioned half a dozen convicts, including two or three women, were breaking up ore with short hammers and sorting it into piles, an overseer was sharpening a drill on an old worn grindstone, and three or four soldiers were lounging on a low bench, over which, in a rack against the wall, hung their Berdan rifles. It was, without exception, the most feeble exhibition of mining activity that I had ever witnessed.

Mr. Nesterof did not seem inclined to go down into the mine with us, but turned us over

to one of the convicts, who, he said, would show us all that there was to be seen. Meanwhile he himself would attend to some matters of business and await our reappearance. Our guide gave to each of us an unsheltered tallow candle, with a piece of paper wrapped around it, provided himself with a similar light, thrust half a dozen dynamite cartridges about as big as cannon firecrackers into the breast of his sheepskin coat in such a manner as to leave the long white fuses hanging out, and said that he was ready. We followed him out of the tool-house, ascended the mountain-side about a hundred yards, and entered through a narrow wooden door a low horizontal gallery the sides of which were timbered and upon whose inclined floor had been laid a rude wooden tramway. Stopping for a moment just inside the door to light our candles, we groped our way in a half-crouching attitude along the low gallery, our convict guide stumbling now and then over the loose planks in such a way as to suggest to my mind the idea that he would eventually fall down, bring the flame of his light into contact with the dangling fuses of his dynamite cartridges, and blow us all out of the tunnel like wads from a Fourth-of-July cannon. About 150 feet from the entrance we came to the black, unguarded mouth of the main shaft, out of which projected the end of a worn, icy ladder. Down this our guide climbed with practiced ease, shouting back at us a warning to be careful where we stepped, since some of the rungs were missing and the ladders were set diagonally parallel with one another at such an angle as to necessitate a long stride across the shaft from the bottom of one to the top of the next. We were not half as much afraid, however, of losing our foothold as we were of being blown into fragments by an accidental explosion of his dynamite cartridges. I still had a vivid remembrance of the ghastly forms lying under the bloody sheets in the prison hospital, and every time I looked down and saw the guide's candle swaying back and forth in close proximity to the white fuses that hung out of the breast of his sheepskin coat I could not help imagining the appearance that I should present when laid out for surgical treatment, or perhaps for burial, on one of those dirty prison cots.

As we slowly descended into the depths of the mine, sometimes on ladders and sometimes on slippery notched logs, I became conscious of a peculiar, unpleasant odor, which I presumed to be due to a recent explosion of dynamite in one of the adjacent galleries. Our candles began to burn blue and finally went out altogether, matches could hardly be made to light, and we found ourselves clinging to a



CAMELS GRAZING IN THE SNOW NEAR THE  
ALGACHI MINE.

worn ladder, in total darkness, over a bottomless abyss, wondering how long air that would not support combustion would support life. We did not feel any sensation of oppression, nor did we seem to be in any immediate danger of asphyxiation; but there was evidently very little of oxygen in the air, and we were not a little relieved when, by dint of striking innumerable matches, we succeeded in groping our way down two or three more ladders to the mouth of a gallery where our candles would again burn. Along this gallery we proceeded for a hundred yards or more, clambering here and there over piles of glittering ore which convicts were carrying on small hand-barrows to one of the hoisting shafts. The temperature of the mine seemed to be everywhere below the freezing point, and in many places the walls and roof were thickly incrustated with frost-crystals, which sparkled in the candlelight as if the gallery were lined with gems. After wandering about hither and thither in a maze of low, narrow passages, we came to another shaft, and descended another series of worn, icy ladders to the deepest part of the mine. Here six or eight men were at work getting out ore and drilling holes in the rock for the insertion of blasting cartridges. Their tools and appliances were of the rudest, most primitive description, and the way in which the work was being carried on would have brought

a contemptuous smile to the face of a Nevada miner. The air almost everywhere on the lower level had been exhausted of its oxygen and vitiated by explosives to such an extent that our candles went out almost as fast as we could relight them; but no adequate provision had been made for renewing the air supply. The only ventilating apparatus in use was a circular iron fan, or blower, which a single convict turned by means of a clumsy wooden crank. It made a loud rumbling noise that could be heard all over the lower part of the mine, but, as there were no pipes to it or from it, it was absolutely useless. It merely agitated the impure air a little in the immediate vicinity, and so far as desirable results were concerned the convict who operated it might as well have turned a grindstone.



After wandering about the mine for half an hour, examining at various points the silver-bearing veins, collecting specimens of the ore, and watching the work of the sheepskin-coated convicts, we retraced our steps to the bottom of the main shaft, laboriously climbed up thirty or forty ladders and notched logs to the upper level, and returned to the tool-house.

A cold, piercing wind was blowing across the desolate mountain-side, and ten or fifteen shivering convicts who had finished their day's task and



IN THE MINE OF ALGACHI.

were standing in a group near the tool-house asked permission of Mr. Nesterof to return to their prison, where they might at least keep warm. He told them rather roughly that the day's output of ore had not all been "sorted," and that they must wait. There was no place where they could go for shelter; they had had nothing to eat since morning; and for an hour and a half or more they were compelled to stand out-of-doors on the snow, exposed to a piercing wind, in a temperature below zero, while the "sorters" in the tool-house were finishing their work. It was, perhaps, a trivial thing, but it showed a hardness and indifference to suffering on the part of the

mining officials that went far to confirm the statements made to us by the young technologist from St. Petersburg. Mr. Nesterof seemed to be irritated by the very reasonable request of the half-frozen convicts as if it was an evidence of impudence and insubordination.

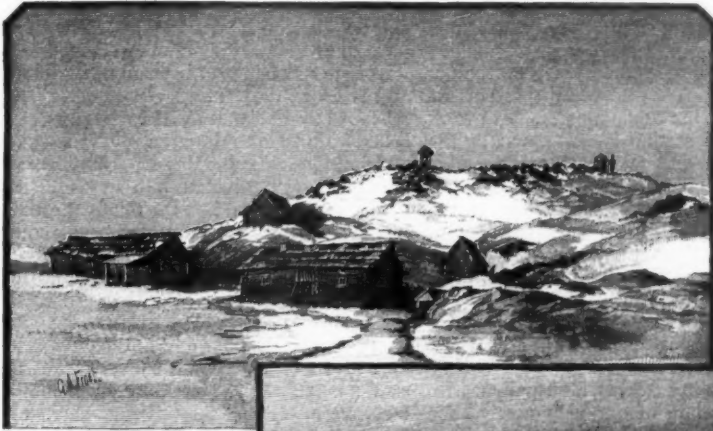
After watching for a few moments the breaking up and sorting of the ore in the tool-house we drove to the Pokrofski (Po-kroffskee) mine, which was situated on the side of another bare mountain ridge about four miles farther to the north-westward. The country between the two mines was as dreary and desolate as any we had yet traversed. Not a tree nor a bush



was to be seen in any direction, and the rolling, snow-clad mountains suggested in general contour the immense surges and mounds of water raised by a hurricane at sea. The buildings at the entrance to the mine consisted of a tool-house like that at the mine of Algachi, a magazine or storehouse, a few A-shaped shanties, in which lived the convicts of the free command, and two small prisons, one of which

all and the shaft and galleries were dripping with moisture. The air in the Pokrofski mine seemed to be pure and our candles everywhere burned freely. Only a few men were at work, and they seemed to be engaged in hauling up ore in small buckets by means of a cable and a primitive hand-windlass.

After climbing up and down slippery ladders until I was covered with mud, and walking in



THE POKROFSKI MINE.

was apparently new. On the summit of a rocky ridge just over these buildings were two sentry-boxes, in each of which stood an armed soldier on guard. Mr. Frost, who was very tired, did not care to inspect any more mines, and taking a position on the snow near the tool-house

he proceeded, with hands encased in thick gloves, to make a sketch of the scene, while Mr. Nesterof and I, under the guidance of a convict, descended the main shaft. The Pokrofski mine did not differ essentially from that of Algachi, except that it was not so extensive nor so deep. The air in it was damp and comparatively warm, water dripped from the roofs of the galleries into little pools here and there on the floors, and the ladders in the main shaft were slippery with mud. Why it should thaw in this mine and freeze in the mine of Algachi, only four miles away, I could not understand, nor did Mr. Nesterof seem to be able to give me a satisfactory explanation. In the mine of Algachi there was no water and the galleries for seventy-five or a hundred feet together were lined with frost-crystals and ice. In the mine of Pokrofski there was no ice at



THE POKROFSKI PRISON.

a bent posture through low galleries until my back ached, I told Mr. Nesterof that I was satisfied, and we returned, tired and bathed in perspiration, to the tool-house. The convict who had accompanied us through the mine blew out his tallow candle, and without taking the trouble completely to extinguish the wick, laid it, still all aglow, in a small wooden box, which contained among other things a dynamite cartridge big enough to blow the whole tool-house into the air. I did not regard myself as naturally timorous or nervous, but when the convict shut down the lid of that box over the long glowing wick of a tallow candle and a dynamite cartridge with fuse attached, I had business out-of-doors. When I thought time enough had elapsed for the wick to go out, I reëntered the house, washed my muddy hands in the grindstone trough, inspected Mr. Frost's

sketches, and asked Mr. Nesterof a long series of questions about the mines.

The silver-bearing veins or lodes in the mines of Algachi and Pokrofski vary in thickness from 12 or 14 inches to 5 or 6 feet. The ore, which has a bright glittering appearance, consists of silver and lead in the proportion of about 1 to 100, with a greater or less admixture of what the Russian miners call "zinkovi obmanka" (zink-o'-vee ob-man'kah) or "zinc deceit." As the metal last named is much less fusible than lead, it becomes very troublesome in the reducing furnaces, and, so far as possible, the miners get rid of it by breaking up the ore into small pieces and discarding that part of it in which the zinc predominates. The work of crushing and sorting is performed by the weaker male convicts and the women, and is regarded as the lightest form of hard labor. It is about equivalent to breaking stones on the road with a heavy, short-handled hammer. Out of the mines of Algachi and Pokrofski, which are the most productive in the district, there are taken every year nearly 400 short tons of ore, which, when reduced, yields about 1440 pounds of silver, valued at \$20,000, and 144,000 pounds of lead. The lead, owing to the expense of transportation to a market, is virtually worthless, and at the time of our visit nearly 2000 tons of it were lying at the Kutomarski (Kooto-mar'skeek) Zavod, where the ore from these mines for many years has been reduced. The average number of convicts employed in the two mines is 220, and each of them gets out 3600 pounds of ore a year, or about 10 pounds a day. These figures alone are enough to show how feebly and inefficiently the mines are worked. Until the early part of 1885 the convicts were sent down the shafts every day in the year with the exception of a few great church holy days, but since that time they have been allowed two days' rest a month, viz., the 1st and the 15th. They work by stents, or "tasks," which can be completed by able-bodied men in from eight to ten hours. They receive, in quantity and kind, substantially the same food and clothing that are given to the hard-labor convicts at the mines of Kara, and their maintenance costs the Government about \$40 a year, or a little less than 11 cents a day per capita.

Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasant, of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery 300 feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, overcrowded, and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious;

but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly every day into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionally have been divided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same men have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of mid-winter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrofski mine, and goes back at night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any pariah dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray—the convict who lives night and day underground, sleeps in a rocky niche, toils in hopeless misery under the lash of a pitiless overseer, and is slowly poisoned to death by the fumes of quicksilver. Such things may be effective in a sensational drama, but they are not true. The worst feature of penal servitude in Siberia is not hard labor in the mines; it is the condition of the prisons.

When Mr. Frost, Mr. Nesterof, and I returned from the Pokrofski mine to the village of Algachi it was beginning to grow dark, and the village girls were watering their cows and filling their icy buckets at a curbed spring or well near the zemski kvartir. We drove to the house of Mr. Nesterof for dinner, spent an hour or two in conversation, and devoted the remainder of the evening to writing up note-books and completing sketches.

Friday morning, November 20, we bade Mr. Nesterof and Lieutenant-Colonel Saltstein good-bye, and set out with two horses, a small uncomfortable telega, and a fresh supply of



THE VILLAGE OF KADAIYA.

provisions for the village and mine of Kadaiya (Kah-dy'ya), distant from Algachi about ninety miles. The weather was still very cold, the road ran through the same dreary, desolate sea of snow-covered mountains that surrounds this mine of Algachi, and for two days we neither saw nor heard anything of particular interest. At half-past eleven o'clock Friday night, tired, hungry, and half frozen, we reached the village of Dono (Doh-noh'), forty-six miles from Algachi; Saturday afternoon we passed the Kutomarski Zavod, where we stopped for two or three hours to examine the smelting works; and early Sunday morning, after having traveled nearly all night at the expense of not a little suffering from cold and hunger, we finally reached the miserable, forlorn mining village of Kadaiya, found the zemski kvar-tir, and as soon as we could warm and refresh ourselves a little with tea went promptly to bed — Mr. Frost on top of the large brick oven, and I on the floor.

About ten o'clock Sunday forenoon we got up, somewhat rested and refreshed, and after a hasty and rather unsatisfactory breakfast of bread and tea went out into the broad, snowy, and deserted street of the village — Mr. Frost to make a sketch, and I to find the ustavshchik (oo-stav'shchik), or officer in charge of the mine.

The Kadainski mine, which is one of the oldest and most extensive silver mines in the Ner-

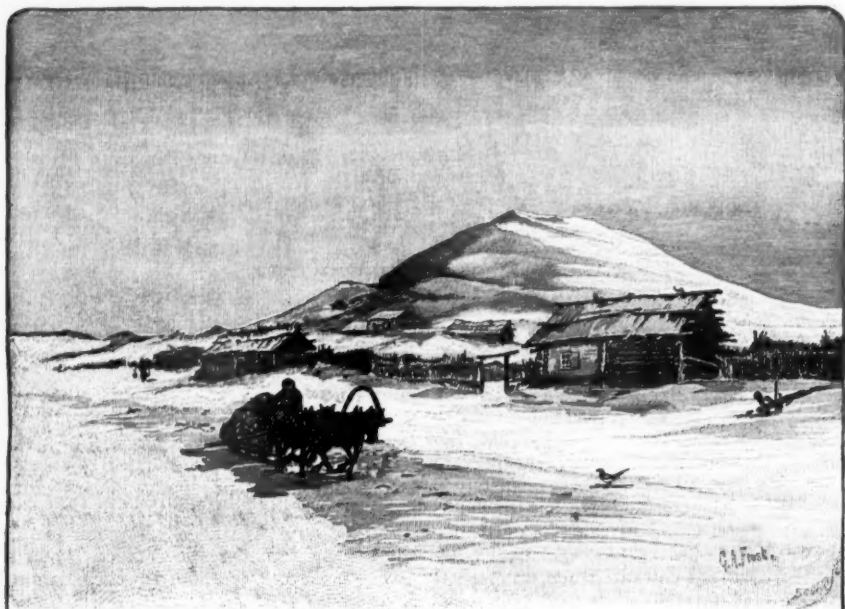
chinsk district, is situated on the side of a bold, steep, round-topped mountain about 300 yards from the village and 200 or 300 feet above it. It has been worked for more than a century and was at one time very productive; but the richest veins of ore in it have been exhausted, and it does not now yield nearly as much silver as the Pokrofski mine or the mine of Algachi.

The ustavshchik, whom I found at work in a log-house near the mine, and who seemed to be an intelligent and well-educated Siberian peasant, received me pleasantly but with some surprise, read my letters of introduction, expressed his willingness to show me everything that I desired to see, and in ten minutes we were on our way to the mine. In the tool-house, which stood over the mouth of the main shaft, I put on the outer dress of one of the convicts, — which I soon found to be full of vermin, — the ustavshchik donned a long, mud-stained khalat, a battered uniform cap, and a pair of heavy leather mittens, and providing ourselves with tallow candles we lowered ourselves into the black mouth of the Voskresenski (Voss-kre-sen'-skee) or Ascension shaft. After descending ten or twelve ladders, we reached, at a depth of about 120 feet, a spacious chamber from which radiated three or four horizontal galleries much wider and higher than any that I had seen in the mines of Pokrofski and Algachi. The floor of the chamber was covered with water to a depth of three or four inches and moisture was

dripping everywhere from the walls. At a depth of 200 feet we reached another landing and entered the mouth of a very wide and high gallery leading away into the heart of the mountain. There had just been a blast somewhere in this part of the mine, and as we proceeded through the gallery filled with powder smoke I could see absolutely nothing except the faint glimmer of the ustavshchik's candle in the mist ahead. Guided by that, I stumbled along the uneven floor of the gallery, stepping

—some upward, some horizontally, and some downward at a steep angle into an abyss of darkness. It was evident that the ore had been followed wherever it went and scooped out in the cheapest and most expeditious manner possible, without regard to safety, and with little attention to timbering. It was the most dangerous-looking place I had ever seen.

From these great caverns, of the time of Catherine II., we proceeded to the deepest part of the mine by descending a shaft cut through



THE KADAINSKI MINE.

now and then into a hole or splashing into a pool of water, and imagining for an instant that I had tumbled into an abandoned shaft. In one place we passed a very extensive excavation, out of which the ustavshchik said an immense body of ore had been taken as long ago as the middle of the last century. An immense area of roof had been left supported by quadrangular piles of crossed logs, which were so black from lapse of time that they were hardly recognizable as wood, and in many cases so soft that I could take pinches of rotten fiber out of them with my fingers. This part of the mine the ustavshchik said was regarded as very dangerous, and he did not think it prudent to go any farther. From the point where we turned to retrace our steps black, irregular caverns could still be seen stretching away in every direction

the solid rock at an angle of about forty-five degrees and not provided with ladders. A heavy and rusty chain had been festooned against one side by means of staples driven into holes drilled in the rock, and clinging to this chain we cautiously descended the shaft with a stream of water running ankle-deep around our legs and tumbling in cascades into the depths of the mine. On the lowest level that we reached a party of convicts was at work blasting out a new gallery with dynamite. A perpendicular climb of 300 or 400 feet up slippery ladders in another shaft brought us once more to the surface, and when, wet, muddy, and breathless, I stepped from the end of the last ladder upon the floor of the tool-house I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand on my feet.

*George Kennan.*



## MOLIÈRE AND SHAKSPERE.

BY C. COQUELIN, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

**E**VERYTHING has been said about Molière, and in France he has been the object of the most extravagant theories. There is only one suggestion which no one has ventured: this is to deny that he is the author of his works. In England there is a school which declares that Shakspeare was but a man of straw, and that the true poet of "Hamlet" and of "The Tempest" was the lord chancellor Bacon. We have not yet a school like this. Is an hypothesis of this sort impossible? Could we not, with equal likelihood, attribute the paternity of the "School for Wives" and "Don Juan" to the great Condé, for instance, to whom tradition already imputes at least one line of "Tartuffe"—

Il est de faux dévots ainsi que de faux braves,—

and who was the avowed protector of Molière? He prided himself, as we know, on his wit and on his freedom of thought, and he was fond of the stage. Why may he not have had a hand in these plays? That would explain why this same "Tartuffe" was acted at his house in full long before it was revised; why it was at his house again that the revised version was first seen; and also why Molière left no manuscripts behind him.

It would not be difficult, I think, if some imaginative scholar would but undertake it, to establish this hypothesis as solidly as the famous Baconian theory; and it could be proved that Molière and Shakspeare are but masks, just as it has been proved that Napoleon and Mr. Gladstone have never existed and that the first of these is a sun-myth and the second an old Breton deity—no doubt, the deity of eloquence!

But I have no intention of fighting the Baconian revelation, nor of building up any theory of that kind; I wish only to throw on paper a few notes, inspired by the study and the comparison of the two masters of the stage.

If Molière seems like a belated twin of Shakspeare, it is not only because of an admirable equality of genius, it is also because of the many likenesses shown in their lives and in their habits. First actors, then authors, then managers, they entered the profession very young and pretty poor; and both made money by the theater and died rich, one at fifty-two and

the other at fifty-one; leaving almost the same number of works, as to which they seem to have been negligent, since these were printed in full only after their deaths, and by the care of their comrades. Born in the burgher class, they had princes for friends and knew the royal favor; and Louis XIV. asked Molière for the "Magnificent Lovers," as Queen Elizabeth had asked Shakspeare for the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Thus one and the other, turn by turn, amused the court and the city, the people of quality and the rabble. Their free genius brought them out safely.

Wherefore the classic Ben Jonson cried out against his comrade Shakspeare; wherefore also the rigorous Boileau condemned judiciously the author of "The Misanthrope," thrust into the sack of *Scapin*. Nevertheless, they went on, taking their property where they found it, borrowing everywhere the matter which their alchemic genius turned to gold, bearing in mind no rules but to be true and to please; pleasing indeed, and always pleasing, the foolish as well as the wise, the ignorant as well as the refined.

Not only did they skirmish with pedants, but they also quarreled with the envious, a viler tribe: Shakspeare had Greene, Molière had Visé; they were hunted even into their private life, and infamous vices were imputed to them. They were, however, excellent comrades, liking a large life, good fare, and frank friendships; they gladly had wit-combats at the "Syren" or at the "Cross of Lorraine"; and they kept open house. If we believe the legend, it was because he entertained too liberally his old friend Ben Jonson and his compatriot Drayton that Shakspeare took to his bed and died. It is thus that our Regnard died; but it is not thus that Molière died. His heartrending death is familiar; and God, who does not disdain an antithesis, crowned these careers so alike with the most opposite ends, making a comedy of the death of the great tragedian and of the death of the great comedian a drama.

In yet another point the end of Shakspeare differed from that of Molière. He had retired. He was living in his dear Stratford, as a rich country gentleman, taking very good care of his property; even careless of his glory, and not having written, when he died, perhaps one verse in four years. His will does not mention his works, nor do the four lines inscribed over





PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

M. COQUELIN AS MASCARILLE IN THE "PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES."

his tomb. Æschylus also, in the epitaph he wrote for himself, forgot his hundred tragedies, but he had fought at Marathon, and this he recalled proudly; and it is conceivable that he should claim this glory in preference to the other. But the tomb of Shakspeare makes no similar claim: it begs that it be left alone, and this is not for the sake of "Hamlet" or of "Lear" or of so many masterpieces, but for Jesus' sake.

Molière never retired; scarcely even did he take a vacation: he worked while ill and he worked when dying; and he died almost on the stage. One of the reasons for this difference—not enough noticed, I think—is that Molière was a much better actor than Shakspeare.

Shakspeare the actor has left no trace. It is vaguely known that he played the old *Adam* in "As You Like It," and the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." But it was not he but Burbage who "created" his great parts. Becoming an actor by accident, it seems probable that he was such without passion, and that he ceased to play as soon as possible.

This was not the case with Molière. There is no doubt that his vocation as an actor was his master-passion. He did not leave the paternal roof for the purpose of writing plays—but for the purpose of acting them. And we know that these were not comedies—the illustrious Theater had in stock at first nothing but tragedies. When he wrote "*L'Étourdi*," his first work, Molière had been an actor for nine years, and for fifteen when he wrote the "*Précieuses Ridicules*." Never could his great success as an author tempt him to leave the boards. He not only continued to act in his own plays, but he acted in the plays of others and did not consider this as lost time. He acted, as we have said, although coughing and spitting blood; and to Boileau, who advised him to leave the stage, he replied, "It is for my honor that I remain"—so much did he love his profession, which was killing him. But then he excelled in it. His contemporaries are unanimous on this point. He was extraordinary—"Better actor even than author," one of them goes so far as to say. We can imagine what joy it must have been to see him in his great parts—*Sganarelle*, *Orgon*, *Alceste*, *Harpagon*.

He had come to this degree of excellence only by dint of hard work, as his appearance was not pleasing and his voice difficult to manage. It was his voice, above all, that gave him trouble; but, notwithstanding the hiccough that remained, he made it so rich in varied inflections that it seemed as though he had many. He was particular about the articulation: it is to him that we owe the right way of pronouncing certain words; for example, the infinitives

in *er*. He left nothing to chance, and insisted that an actor should have counted all his steps and decided upon every glance before he stepped upon the stage. We have in the "Impromptu" a theatrical criticism of his that we can compare to the theatrical criticism of Shakspeare in "Hamlet." At bottom they agree: they have the same passion for nature, the same aversion from emphasis—but Molière had the advantage in that he practiced what he preached.

It will be objected that he was not good in tragic characters. That is possible; it is so human to err! But perhaps we have been too quick to believe his enemies on this point. The manner of acting tragedy in those days was very different from his theories. He may have disconcerted the public by abstaining from bombastic delivery and by bringing down the heroes to a more natural level. Notice, however, that he played Corneille up to the very last. It seems likely that if the pit had disapproved of him so strongly in these parts, he would not have been so insistent; then it would have affected the receipts—and Molière was a manager. Finally, it was he who trained Baron; and Baron in tragedy, as in comedy, was incomparable. This passion of Molière's for his profession as actor was eminently advantageous. It increased his power of observation. The gaze he fixed on man was in some sort a double mirror; he studied first to know, and afterwards so as to reproduce. What might have escaped him had he only written the play came to him when he acted it. Then—forgive me the metaphor—the ink became blood. Therefore it is, I think, because Molière was a greater actor than Shakspeare that he was a more suré and more complete observer, although in a narrower sphere.

And to this quality of actor, which was accompanied in both by the gift of stage-management, they each owed the dramatic force that to-day animates their works. We feel that these were not written coldly in the silence of the closet, but thrown alive upon the stage. And it is this too—I think the remark is Sainte-Beuve's—that explains the indifference of Shakspeare and Molière to the printing of their works. They did not recognize these on paper. "Taruffe" and "Hamlet" existed for them only before the footlights. It was only there that they felt their plays bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.

It has been possible, after much erudition, to establish the chronological sequence of the works of Shakspeare; and through this study has been evolved the history of his thought. It is at first a period of experiment; Shakspeare begins, he feels the need of living, he is the Jack-at-all-trades at the Globe; he makes

over old pieces and writes new ones in imitation of Plautus or the Italians: no originality as yet, and, oddly enough, no dramatic genius; he was, above all, the poet of "Venus and Adonis," in whom it was difficult to foresee the writer of "Hamlet." But the time of groping ceased: he wrote "Richard III.," and in that he discovered character; he wrote "Romeo and Juliet," and in that he discovered drama. Still the second part of his career is almost entirely devoted to comedy. If he attempts drama, it is through the national history; which gives him the chance of creating *Falstaff*, perhaps his best rounded comic type. This was the time when he began his fortune and his glory. He is full of hope and gaiety; he takes delight in those adorable compositions "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing." Fancy is his queen, and if Melancholy seizes him, it is to draw him to that marvelous forest of Arden, where so many songs are sung that the wickedest become good and the things that seem the most difficult to arrange end there—as you like it.

To this period of youth succeeds the prime of life. Shakspeare is rich and seems happy; but his thoughts are more somber. He doubts, he despairs, "Man pleases him not," and if he forgives Woman it is to make her fall under the injustice of destiny. From 1601 to 1607 were written these dramas: "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Timon of Athens"—masterpieces, all of them, and all disconsolate; it is the triumph of evil; the more *Hamlet* thinks the more he is discouraged; and it finishes with the anathema of *Timon* giving society at large over to destruction.

But now what happens? Because he has so often shown Man as the miserable plaything of heredity and chance, Shakspeare takes pity on him; and pity engenders serenity. Then the last period opens, the period of "A Winter's Tale," of "Cymbeline," of "The Tempest," of the fragments of "Pericles." Always life and its troubles; but a dream mingles strangely with action, and it is Providence that settles the end. The drama loses in concentration; but, on the other hand, the poetry becomes wonderful: it attains to the ineffable in "The Tempest," the most divine poem ever dreamed by man.

Is it now possible to discover in the work of Molière, as in that of his rival, a history of his private thought? And does the chronological sequence of his comedies reveal to us something of his views on man and of the secret leanings of his genius?

I think so; but only on one condition: the

date of "Tartuffe" must be that of its composition, and not that of its first representation, as is generally taken. Then we find in the work of Molière, as in that of Shakspeare, four distinct periods.

The period of groping, first: Molière is likewise the Jack-at-all-trades of his company; he acts in tragedy, tinkers old plays with the help of Madeleine Béjart, and writes farces, most of them imitated from the Italian, many of them derived from our old stock of *fabliaux*. Then, as success came, he attempts better things—writes "L'Étourdi" and the "Lover's Quarrel." We have there only his gaiety unfailing and full of *go*; his observation betrays itself only in comic touches, and does not rise as high as character-drawing; but what an admirable choice of words—lively, alert, and full of savor! And he not only finds words but scenes, such as the delicious quarrel in the "Dépit."

At last he is in Paris; and as though he became conscious of his genius upon touching his native soil, he throws "Les Précieuses" at the society of the day. No imitation of the ancients this time, no more Italian comedy; he paints the times, but he paints only its absurdities.

It is a great step forward. No matter. The work is brave and alive; it begins the second period; but strange to relate, although the "Précieuses" was a success, Molière did not follow it up; he returned to bolder farce with "Sganarelle," to tragi-comedy with "Don Garcia de Navarre"; and it is from the ancients, from Terence, that he borrows the "School for Husbands." But these still were but gropings: the last was at all events a real work, and Molière became more confident. A lucky chance brings him to the notice of the king, for whom he acts "Les Fâcheux," a sparkling improvisation; and then he is in favor, sure of himself, sure of the princes; and he writes the "School for Wives."

It is the first of the great masterpieces, it is the beginning of the third period; Molière has discovered himself. He has the vocabulary, he has the daring and the invention; he creates; *Arnolphe*, *Agnes*, are immortal. But there is still more, and this it is that to my mind characterizes this third manner: the "School for Wives" is a social comedy. I beg pardon for the word, which is modern, but I could replace it only by a long periphrase. What I mean is that the "School for Wives" shows society itself; *Arnolphe* has his own ideas on these eternally serious points, woman's education and marriage, and he calls religion to the aid of his ideas.

Molière is there on delicate ground, but it is by his own wish; and it is very valiantly

that he takes part against *Arnolphe's* theories and turns them into ridicule. This causes a tempest; the bigots discover an enemy. Molière is censured, cast forth, vilified. He does not care. Ever since the "Critique of the School for Wives" one feels that he will not recede. In that play he attacks the marquises, and more than one anecdote shows that this needed courage. But what is this skirmish compared with the battle of "Tartuffe"! Here evidently is comedy as it was dreamed of by the master in full possession of his strength; it turns towards satire of society; it makes itself a power, and shows on the stage the secrets of social organization. What will he respect, this Molière? He touches the Church! And it is in the name of nature that he scoffs at the theories of the mystics. But what happens? This time he is beaten. "Tartuffe" is forbidden. Well! Molière does not give in. Such is then his ardor for the fray that, after having attacked false piety, he combats what next is most dangerous—false science. He begins his war on the physicians. But this is a mere episode: he meditates a revenge; he creates "Don Juan." This is his most extraordinary work; we are stupefied by what he has dared to say in the scene with the *Poor Man*, and in that with *Don Louis*, and in the whole of the fifth act. After the Church, it is autocracy which he shakes. He was never so free, or, as they said in those days, so *libertine*.

Unfortunately—others perhaps will say fortunately—"Don Juan" was not enough of a success, and the piece met much dangerous hostility in high quarters; at the same time the flood of insults increases. Molière ill, perhaps discouraged, and feeling, doubtless, that he could not go farther on this road, that the people of his century would not follow him there—Molière reasons with himself. A contest arises within him: Molière, the indignant, protests, wants to combat, and would let loose "the vigorous hatreds"; Molière, the philosopher, puts reason first, which wishes that we be wise with sobriety, and which counsels man, being incorrigible, to accept fate without cursing him, and to observe him as one observes the "evil apes" and with "mad wolves."

This profound mental debate gave birth to "The Misanthrope," another masterpiece, that belongs to third manner by *Alceste* and to the last by *Philinte*. For it is *Philinte* who gets the best of it. Certainly Molière does not renounce the correction of men, but he gives up calling to judgment the powers of society. With more sharpness than ever he studies character, but individual character, not the social character. He avoids the soldier, he leaves the speculator to Le Sage; while the judge will await Beaumarchais.

He no longer fights—he contemplates. Even after "Tartuffe" was authorized he persisted in not giving a companion piece to "Tartuffe." He will come back to Plautus—"Amphitryon," the "Miser"; he will come back to Italian comedy—the "Tricks of Scapin"; he will come back to the satire of the provincials—"Pourceaugnac," "Georges Dandin"; and in each of these returns he will create masterpieces, for he is absolute master of his art, and not for one instant does his genius pale. But he never returns to "Don Juan." Twice he approaches the forbidden ground; but the "Would-be Gentleman" is not the whole of the burgher class; and if you would see how much the new Molière differs from the old, compare the youth, the fierceness, the set purpose of the "School for Wives" with the serene maturity, impartial and profound, of the "Learned Ladies."

We must say at once that Molière's self-denial cost his vivacity nothing; this dazzles us to the last moment, and it is with one of his gayest farces that he ends. It is true that this farce is, upon reflection, one of his strongest comedies. He is, I repeat, in this last period absolute master of his art; I would add that he is much more careful of form; to such an extent that not having time to give to his verses that degree of perfection which he desired, he wrote no more except in prose. From the "Physician in Spite of Himself" to the "Imaginary Invalid" there are ten plays in prose, three in verse, in with which must be counted "Psyche," although "Psyche," it is well known, was principally by Corneille. But the other two are the most finished works of Molière in point of style. We may regret sometimes Rabelaisian freedom of the earlier manner, the large and oily brush marks of "Tartuffe"; but we must render homage to the adorable workmanship of "Amphitryon" as well as to the judicial and sustained grandeur of style of the "Learned Ladies."

After all, if he from preference used prose, it was not that he might be negligent, for now he cadences it and fills it with blank verse, and now, as in the "Would-be Gentleman," he gives it such a variety of shading that the author disappears, leaving only his characters to be heard, each one speaking his own language, like that good *Madame Jourdain*, according to the frankness of their nature.

I will not enter upon the comparisons that these historical portraits of the minds of the two masters might suggest. I would insist on but one point. It does not appear that, at any moment of his career, Shakspeare thought it possible to reform society by the stage. Neither in his fantastic, optimistic comedy nor in the merciless, pitiless drama of the somber period,



nor in the providential drama of the last period, did he appear to occupy himself with correcting men of their vices. He makes works of art—that is all. If there be in them a lesson, it is, in a way, unmeant by him, and as there might be one in the spectacle of human affairs. Molière, on the contrary, has taken seriously his duty as a comic author. He has, just like old Corneille, frankly wished to put into practice Aristotle's principle of purging mankind of its faults. He has accepted comedy as a social power. And, even after he was forced to renounce "*Tartuffe*," he renounced neither correcting nor instructing; and almost all his plays, if not all, have an aim and a moral. This difference is accounted for, I think, by another, which is to a certain extent primary: Molière was a Latin, Shakspeare was not. Shakspeare very probably received a much better education than Ben Jonson leads us to believe. He loved and read the ancients much; many Latinisms have been found in his style. In his youth he imitated the "*Menæchmi*" of Plautus; and in his maturity he took from Plutarch not only the plots of dramas, but phrases, even whole discourses, to which he gave only the rhythm of verse, but which are absolutely opposed in tone to his poetry. Notwithstanding all this he remains free, original, and modern. It is with deliberation that he rejects the classic rules promulgated and put in use by the Ben Jonsons.

What connection is there between the spirit of antiquity and that of "*Venus and Adonis*," his sensual poem, all sparkling with *conceits* of the Italian type? Has he not gone as far as to parody the "*Iliad*" in "*Troilus and Cressida*"? Finally, in his great Roman drama, are they real Romans that he shows us? The place, the costume, the speech, and the soil—all are contemporary with Shakspeare. Romans, no; but men surely! And that is enough. And as for the people, whom he loved to paint,—though not to flatter,—it is the populace that he has known and mingled with, the mob and not the plebeians, to such an extent that one might say that "*Coriolanus*" was one of the most English of Shakspeare's plays.

In short, the spirit of the Renaissance breathed upon Shakspeare, but did not transform him. Shakspeare was in his country, the definite and supreme end of the Middle Ages. In France, on the contrary, the Middle Ages did not end. In the sixteenth century the Latin spirit seized the people once more, and instead of finding, with Shakspeare, their inspiration in the miracle-plays, in the Gesta, in the Round Table, in the fabliaux, our authors turned back to Rome. Thus did Molière. It was not that he despised our immense repertory of farces and moralities; he was too fond of Rabelais for

that, and he borrowed from the fabliaux for his little pieces, now almost all lost; but for his great comedies it is Plautus, it is Terence, who are his models and his inspiration. He imitated them, one may say, up to his last hour. To this he was predisposed not only by race, but by education; we know what vigorous training he had received, and that one of his pastimes—if he ever had any pastimes—was translating Lucretius in verse.

It is the alliance of the Latin and the French genius that has given to our comedy its character and its superiority. The Frenchman has inherited from the Celt, at the same time with the love of combat and the love of speech-making, an admirable promptness in seizing the ridiculous and in imitating it. He has found in his Latin heritage the taste for generalizations, the sentiment of measure, and the cult of reason. French comedy has been born of all these. It is gay on its Celtic side, and on its Latin side realistic and practical. In its most dizzy flights you would never see it, like the comedy of Shakspeare, beat its wings and fly into pure fantasy and the dream of a midsummer's night; it would not leave the earth, it would observe, it would keep one shred of truth, it would wish to be of use, to serve, to prove something.

*Castigat ridendo mores.* It has a mission; later, we might call it a function. I have said that it is a power, and Beaumarchais is there to show it. It has not been lost. What is Augier? What is Dumas? They are reformers! What is Labiche? A moralist! Sterne has said and shows in his way that the French people is the most serious of peoples; for he who loved so much to laugh does not care to laugh for nothing. He wishes that something should stay in the mind after even the lightest of vaudevilles, and that after having laughed one should think. Musset went further: he wished us to weep. That is too much. And I ask myself if there be not a grain of exaggeration in our contempt for the useless laugh. To laugh is good in itself. What is left after a laugh? the philosophers ask. Ah! what remains of a beautiful day after it has passed? And yet happiness is made up of beautiful days. But, to be definite, it is this taste for truth, this respect for reason, even this pretension of lifting up human nature, that makes the force of our comedy, and this is why it would be unjust to compare the comedies of Shakspeare with those of Molière.

Shakspeare's comedies are mostly youthful works. We find in them humors rather than characters, and no comedy of situation. They are imaginings, often charming; equivoques; disguises; forest surprises, as in "*As You Like It*," where every one becomes good; islands,



as in "The Tempest," enchanted with invisible music, where life is painted like a soap bubble—iridescent and empty. What likeness can there be between these exquisite fairy tales, made of dreams, and the comedy of Molière, all kneaded with reality?

There are exceptions, however. There is one of Shakspeare's comedies that approaches the French manner: it is the "Taming of the Shrew." This has a logical action and a moral. *Petruchio* tames his devilish wife by showing himself more of a devil than she. But they both are eccentrics rather than true characters; and the play is a farce, where caricature injures the truth. No matter, it is one of the gayest, and—see the power of the French form—it has remained one of the most popular.

He has been less successful, to my mind, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," another exception in his works, for it is a contemporaneous satire, notwithstanding the date, and a portrait of middle-class manners. It has excellent scenes. *Ford* recalls our *Arnolphe*. Like *Arnolphe* he is jealous, like *Arnolphe* he is kept informed of all that is being prepared against him (at least he thinks so), and like *Arnolphe* he succeeds only in getting himself laughed at. But how feeble and brutal he is! What unreason in all his actions! In short, he is any husband, while *Arnolphe*, in representing the old sect which insists on the subjection of woman, is one of those faces in which the humanity of all times recognizes itself laughing at the recognition. Even in the *Falstaff* of the "Merry Wives" one can pick flaws. Is this the *Falstaff* of "Henry IV.," who was always brimming over with audacity and humor? Alas! how he is faded! What a fall! No, no; this dupe is not *Falstaff*! Shakspeare was no more at ease in working on an idea of Elizabeth's than was Molière when he composed the "Magnificent Lovers" on an outline of Louis XIV.'s.

A few words must be added on the wit of Shakspeare, the sparkling of which fills the first plays of Shakspeare. It is with double meanings, with puns, that he makes the laughter break out; counterfeit coin, doubtless, but so prettily struck off, so brilliant, so resonant! Recall the battles of wit between *Beatrice* and *Benedict*, and the loving chatter of *Rosalind* and the elegant babble of *Mercutio*. But all this has sadly cooled in three centuries.

Molière has no mere wit. Puns, points, the collocation of droll sounds, words taken one for another—all these are absent from his work. At most he permits himself, in his farces, some Gallic equivocations. He wishes to bring a laugh only by touches of nature. It is not from him as author that come his witticisms; it is from his characters, and they come naturally and by the force of things. He himself explains this

in his criticism. "The author has not put this in as a clever saying of his own, but only as a thing that characterizes the man." So with him there is nothing unnecessary. Each touch brings out the character in the living reality.

Can we here say that from this point of view Molière has the better of his rival? But it would be easy to reply that Shakspeare in his mighty maturity renounced witticisms to seek effects only from nature. And it is by their masterpieces that these great men must be compared. Thus we admire in them the same creative fecundity, the same intensity of life, the same dramatic vigor. This latter is so great in Molière that it was able to lead astray his fervent admirer the great Goethe, who attributed to him tragic genius. This seems an error; but nothing shows better than this error the force of the situations in "The Misanthrope," in "Tartuffe," and elsewhere. They have suggested to Molière, as to Shakspeare, those phrases that suddenly shed light into the very depths of the soul. Pathetic in Shakspeare, comic in Molière, they are sublime in both. Sublime, you say? Can the comic be sublime? Why not? After all, the sublime is but a stroke of truth, so brilliant, so deep, that it calls for no explanation or reasoning, leaves nothing to be said, and sometimes—like the *Qu'il mourût* of the old *Horace*—attains a pure and simple absurdity.

Even in Shakspeare there are strokes of this kind of comedy; such is the famous acclamation of the "Brutus! Hail Brutus! Let Brutus be Caesar." And another saying, in "Coriolanus," "Let us kill Marcius, and we'll have corn at our own price." As for the pathetic cries it is unnecessary for me to recall the apostrophe of *Lear* to the storm, "Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters!" Nor the saying of *Macduff*, "He has no children!" Nor all those that spring from the troubled conscience of *Hamlet*. But is not the *Poor Man* in "Tartuffe" of the same caliber? Does not *Alceste's* "Morbieu! Faut-il que je vous aime?" spring from the same depths? And the innocent question of *Arnolphe*, "Why not love me, Madam Impudence?" But Molière has whole scenes written in this tone. Recall the scene before the last in the third act of "Tartuffe" between *Orgon*, *Tartuffe*, and *Damis*. There is not a line that does not carry. If it were not so funny it would be terrible. Never has human credulity been so truly painted, neither has the faculty which Tartuffes have of dishumanizing the best of us. If one forgets to laugh, the scene leaves an impression of stupefaction, and this I think is the duty of the sublime.

In Shakspeare *Othello* is less deeply duped by *Iago*. For from the moment that he has

made the germ of jealousy tremble that had been sleeping in his breast, from the moment that this frightful passion is awakened, it is this which acts and governs; it is this that makes the unhappy creature believe what it will; it is this that, in one word, cheats him and makes him breathe blood and death.

Passion—this is the true domain of Shakspeare. It is the domain of the drama. (Shakspeare has the heart, Molière the head.) Shakspeare's personages are the *changing* and *differing* men, frequently made or unmade by the torrent of blood and of life. Those of Molière are man built all of a piece, born what he is, and dying as he was born. Could anything modify *Tartuffe*? Could *Alceste* have been different from what we see him? And was not *Harpagon* from his mother's womb a petty usurer? Did *Arnolphe* need to develop to become the pedant and the brute that he is? Scarcely has study added to the natural bent. And it is certainly not by philosophizing on a school bench that *Don Juan* came to the denying of all things. He came into the world unbelieving, and never admitted the existence of any other God but his own good pleasure. Molière shows us these unchanging characters in the most diverse situations; they remain there true to themselves and make their own fate.

Shakspeare likes to take an irreproachable man; he shows him coming straight from nature's hands, full of the milk of human kindness and seeking nobly all that he most ardently craves. But there is in him a germ, sometimes imperceptible; this germ, circumstances, chance, the perfidy of an *Iago*, the meeting of the three old women on the heath, a dream, even less,—a doubt,—may cause suddenly to ferment; it rises up, swells, and becomes a devouring and irresistible passion; the end is fatal, it is crime, despair, death. Nothing can help it; the will of the man is the sport of chance and the heat of his blood. Even in the last works—in which the ending is happy—the man has had nothing to do with it; it is again chance which this time ends everything well; but *Posthumus* and *Leontes* are as miserably the prey of their imaginations as *Othello* or *Lear*.

Thus Molière's personages are; Shakspeare's become. I leave it to the philosophers to decide which are the more true. But we must not exaggerate; one finds likewise in Shakspeare innate characters. *Iago*, *Lady Macbeth*, are certainly born what they are. Likewise it is a great wrong to Molière to reproach him with not knowing the contradictions of the human heart; his works are filled with it. See *Alceste* in love with *Célimène*, see *Tartuffe* at the same time so arrogant and so humble; see *Orgon*, most tender of fathers and most humane of men, led by his bigotry to sacrifice his daugh-

ter and his whole house to the egotistic needs of his own salvation! These contradictions are marvelously natural; they do not indicate a single modification of man, they only reveal his complexity, and Molière knows how to render the comic side of this with his usual superiority.

This difference between the characters of drama and those of comedy has still another reason. To laugh one must be impersonal. He who sees that it is he himself who is on the stage and made fun of does not laugh willingly. Other people,—that is all right,—one can laugh at others without scruple. And this is why Molière shows us from the first his people well characterized, well possessed by their proper individuality, in a way resembling us as little as possible. After this, quite at our ease, sure of being neither *Harpagon*, nor *M. Jourdain*, nor *Sganarelle*, we can follow the master in laughing at them and at the same time at the *Harpagons* and the *M. Jourdain*s and the *Sganarelles* that we know in real life and that we are delighted to find before us here.

The drama needs a contrary sentiment. To make us shudder or weep it must show us in its personages, if not the man that we are, at least the man that we flatter ourselves to be—good, valiant, and wise. Then we are interested in what happens to these men who are like us. It seems as though we were following our own possible history. And this is why *Othello* or *Macbeth* are at first neither ambitious nor jealous; they only become so after we have contracted a fellow feeling for them.

*Hamlet* has been compared to *Alceste*, but what ground can they offer for comparison? The one delicate, scant of breath, an obstinate dreamer, whom destiny makes a dispenser of justice in spite of himself; and the other robust, bristling, scolding, misanthropic—not as *Hamlet* is, in consequence of a melancholy that makes him see everything through a black veil, but from the effect of a vigorous nature full of itself and not understanding that all the world does not resemble him, and irritated by the differences as by so many personal injuries.

It would be easier to compare *Alceste* and *Timon* of Athens. They have common hatreds and both end with the desert. But *Alceste* is born a misanthrope: *Timon*, on the contrary, begins with the love of man, as immeasured in this liberal tenderness as later he will be in his execrations. With all his faults *Alceste* is better balanced; he is a character. *Timon* is ill. (Note in passing, as a matter of curiosity, that the repast of hot water offered by *Timon* to his lukewarm friends is found again in "Le Misanthrope et L'Auvergnat" of Labiche.)

It is remarkable that in "Timon" Shakspeare, who intended a drama, should have deprived himself of that powerful element, Woman, and that it should be the comic author who had that idea of genius, profoundly dramatic, of making his misanthrope in love with a coquette. Shakspeare had put his *Célimènes* elsewhere: as a young girl she is in *Cressida*; mature and sovereign she is in *Cleopatra*. It would be pleasant to compare with each other these attractive and perverse figures, but let me note only this characteristic point: it is that *Célimène* is cold, and that *Cressida* and *Cleopatra* are sensual. *Cressida*, a maiden yet, has instinctively all the trickery of an accomplished coquette, but she is sensual and she succumbs. And as she belonged to *Troilus* so she will belong to *Diomedes*; she has wit, perfidy, and weakness; she is a courtesan.

As for *Cleopatra* she is the enchantress, but the irresistible grace that emanates from her is sustained by a deep art, which experience has developed. Then, too, how she leads him on, her *Antony*! But she is sensual; she loves him.

*Célimène* is cold: she neither loves nor is she capable of loving; her heart is in her head. She is a flower special to society, selfish, despotic, charming, deceiving everybody to nobody's profit, for the pleasure of it.

In general Shakspeare's women are admired; and yet what diversity in this curious series. The young girls, *Ophelia*, *Cordelia*, sister *Isabella*, *Juliet*, *Perdita*, *Rosalind*, and *Celia*; *Beatrice*; and the wives *Portia*, *Desdemona*, *Hermione*, *Imogen*, *Catherine of Arragon*. I pass over some and not least celebrated. But among these delicious types, either profound or sublime, it is strange that you meet neither an *Agnes* nor an *Armande*. In Shakspeare the most chaste maid is not without knowledge. Ignorance, so dear to *Arnolphe*, seems impossible to our poet. *Juliet* is fourteen years old and she is a woman. And *Miranda*, brought up in a desert island between her father and *Caliban*, and so like *Agnes* in so many ways — *Miranda* has not the innocence of *Agnes*. She feels for *Frederick* the same admiration that *Agnes* feels for *Horace*; when *Prospero* threatens the young prince and inflicts upon him a slave's duties, she gives the same cry that *Agnes* does when *Arnolphe* orders *Horace* to throw a stone from the window if the young man calls, "But he is such a fine fellow!" Finally, like *Arnolphe's* ward, she gives herself secretly to him whom she loves; but she reserves her chastity, as *Agnes* does not, not knowing enough.

I said there is no *Armande* in Shakspeare either. In truth, there is not a trace of that fine contempt of the flesh which the young philosopher boasts. Even sister *Isabella*, so rigid, has only a horror for the sin, and not aversion for the

matter. The severe young girl recognized the sanctity of marriage, which *Armande* will not have mentioned; and in the end she marries the Duke. *Armande*, you will say, would have the same sort of yielding for *Clitandre*. I agree, but none the less does she feel the sentiment that she expresses; and it is rather strange that Shakspeare, although nearer than Molière to the mysticism of the Middle Ages, seems not to have known it. All his plays are of flesh and blood! Besides, Molière, who is the apostle of nature, laughs at the philosophical disgust of the beautiful *Armande*, and is careful not to give it to *Henriette*. Although his young girls are often quite adventurous, they have neither the ardent love of a *Juliet* nor the romantic intrepidity of a *Rosalind*. They are sweet and sentimental, like the adorable *Marianne* in "Tartuffe"; exquisitely sensible, like *Henriette*; very likely later to become sincere *Éliantes*, or wise and keen *Elmires*. As for those whom reading has spoiled, like *Cathos* and *Madelon*, it is not for the love of love that they would lose themselves, but for love of wit.

Other physiognomies might be compared. *Harpon* and *Shylock* for example — two misers. But it seems precisely as though in these two characters Shakspeare and Molière had two absolutely contrary aims; that Shakspeare, with a generosity not common in his day, wished to show the man in the Jew, and in the insulted man surviving the insult and bent on vengeance, the sacred feelings of a father and a husband; while Molière showed in *Harpon* these same feelings and all the human sentiments, smothered by the encroaching vice. I fear that it is Molière who is right. But there is much to say in favor of *Shylock*, in whom avarice — being a fault of his race — has not the dominant and special character that it takes with *Harpon*. Do we find a *Tartuffe* in Shakspeare? *Iago* has been cited: but *Iago* only seeks the satisfaction of a personal hate; *Tartuffe*, in the name of the Church, seeks complete dominion. Honest *Iago* knows what he wants and does not hide from himself the fact that he is a rascal; *Tartuffe* goes so far as to deceive himself; he believes in the goodness of his actions; they are only for the glory of Heaven. *Iago* is but a passing scamp, an individual. As for *Tartuffe* he is legion; *Tartuffe* is eternal, perhaps indestructible.

There is more of *Tartuffe* in *Richard III.*, I think. *Richard* has no illusions about himself, but he plays his part with a perfection worthy of Molière's character. We can even discover rather frequent resemblances between the scene of *Richard* with *Anne* (Act i.) and those of *Tartuffe* with *Elmire*. Both propose to seduce a woman who holds them in horror — *Tartuffe*, the wife of his host whom he ruins

and betrays; *Richard*, the wife of his king whom he murders. Both plead marvelously, with the same catlike softness, the same capacious theories, the same subtleties. In both scenes the husband is present: he is under the table with Molière, in his coffin with Shakspeare. The difference is not as great as might be supposed, since the corpse denounces the presence of its murderer by the bleeding of its wounds. But where the two scenes differ is in their ending. For *Richard III.* succeeds, *Tartuffe* fails. Has, then, *Tartuffe* less wit than *Richard*? No, but he has to do with a stronger woman. *Anne* is the feminine character, feeble, vain, inconstant; *Elmire* is the lady, fashioned by society, who knows and guesses, a woman of taste and reason, who used the advantages of her sex, but who watches herself and does not lose her head. As she has no vanity, no sensuality, *Tartuffe* has no hold on her.

Molière and Shakspeare both worked fast. Molière, however, has retouched none of his plays, except "*Tartuffe*." Shakspeare, on the contrary, has rehandled, sometimes considerably, a number of his. "*Hamlet*," for instance, was probably for him what "*Faust*" was for Goethe—the preoccupation of his whole artistic life. He did not ripen his plans, and in the rapidity of his work he was too easily contented with helping himself from the novels or the histories from which he took his plays to the scenes in the order in which he found them, adding, it is true, the characters and the poetry. From this comes a lack of simplicity, incoherencies, contradictions, that revision does not always efface and sometimes even augments. Molière has more art and more method; he graduates his effects better.

*Volumnia* and the Roman matrons arrive at the camp of *Coriolanus*. The fierce refugee is seized with respect; he bends the knee at once. But *Volumnia* wishes only to be the suppliant; she, in her turn, kneels and makes all those who have followed her kneel, and with them the wife and sons of *Coriolanus*. Here is surely a powerful dramatic effect, but it is not led up to—it ends in nothing. *Coriolanus* gets up, then *Volumnia*, and then long discourses are pronounced that Shakspeare takes almost word for word from Plutarch. The emotion evaporates, the impression disappears. Compare to this the double kneeling of *Tartuffe* and *Orgon* in the scene before the last of Act iii. How well it all goes, how all is developed from it later, and how the effect is prepared and sustained up to the fall of the curtain. It is a marvel of skill, as well as a marvel of truth.

It must, however, be said that Molière, more careful of his plots, neglected his endings; while Shakspeare worked over his with a kind of predilection, which has sometimes given us

some of an unnecessary length. He stuffs them with emotions, makes royal personages appear and pronounce great words. Everything is cleared up, even what the public knows best. No matter, the emotion is immense. See the catastrophe of "*Lear*." The soul of the spectator is plunged into a kind of desolate annihilation with the unfortunate old man. In a different style, re-read the endings of "*Pericles*" and of "*The Winter's Tale*." The sweetest tears that earth can know will flow of themselves from your eyes. And again, that close of the "*Merchant of Venice*" which one does not dare call an ending,—for the play was finished in Act iv.,—and which is a tailing off of a comedy after a comedy. What ravishing poetry and what malicious grace!

Shakspeare delights in complexity. He has often two, sometimes three, plots in his plays. He likes to vary the place of action, which changes without one's knowing why. In "*Antony and Cleopatra*" the scene is the world. The poet leads us almost to the Parthians to present to us *Ventidius*, of whom afterward we shall hear no more, and who is of not the least importance to the play. He needs these vast distances, yet he did not despise the power of concentration (see the last act of "*Othello*" and "*Macbeth*"). But he then falls into the excess that our tragedians are reproached with. He hurries the events, makes them take place in too short a time. If we may trust the text, the duration of "*Macbeth*" is hardly eight days. Who will ever believe that this somber and terrible history developed itself in so short a time, and that the *Lady Macbeth* of the sleep-walking night was but one week more advanced in life than the *Lady Macbeth* of the night of the crime? Molière, on the contrary, fancies the greatest simplicity in his plots and expedients.

There is some resemblance between the "*School for Wives*" and "*Romeo and Juliet*." A perfume of youth is exhaled from these two masterpieces, both of them love-stories. It is impossible to listen to them without profound interest. But to keep up this interest how many incidents did not Shakspeare need? Duels, a secret marriage, a potion, poison, a final killing, where the *County Paris* takes part most unnecessarily! Molière does not ask so much. Hardly anything happens in his play: *Horace* loves *Agnes*, *Agnes* loves *Horace*; they let each other know it, notwithstanding *Arnolphe*; and by the help of some innocent ruses that *Horace's* manly experience suggests and that *Arnolphe's* jealousy cannot detect, they get married in the end, to our great content. The story has happened a thousand times. It has happened to us—or something like it. And this is why it touches us, and why we laugh with such good



will at that jealous wretch, taken in by an innocent girl.

For the rest, poetry is not wanting in the "School for Wives." The whole part of *Agnes* is as poetically naive as the words of children. And the part of *Arnolphe* is comic poetry, rich in color, and rising into humor. But on these two points, poetry and humor, the advantage is with Shakspeare.

Molière contents himself with humanity; he does not know nature. Shakspeare does not separate one from the other. There is in him no deed that has not an echo in things; no phenomenon of nature that is not prolonged in the soul. For him creation is one; the earth feels what man does, and shares his emotions. Is she not full of unknown forces? Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in all philosophy? From this union of the world and man, of the world of things and the world of mind or of forces, Shakspeare draws forth the most strange, the most mighty, the most bewildering poetry. I will not try to describe its thousand sides; it would be beyond my powers. Music has been called the art of expressing the inexpressible; it can be said too of Shakspeare's poetry. In fact, there is visibly too much of it in his last plays, as there was too much wit in the first ones. "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," are lengthened with episodes and descriptions admirable but parasitical, and almost all the characters in them are lyrical. The supernatural is introduced in the action; the gods it is who proclaim the innocence of *Hermione*, the gods bring about the climax (interminable besides) of "Cymbeline." As for "The Tempest," of which I have already said a word, we are there in full fairyland. There the exquisite and visionary poetry is in its true place.

Shakspeare likewise has humor, little known to Molière, although Molière was a grandson of Rabelais. It is to the humor of Shakspeare that we owe the incomparable *Falstaff*. Yet Shakspeare is not, strictly speaking, a humorist, like Swift or Sterne. As it seems to me, humor is more literary than dramatic, with its hints, its ironies, and its intentional incoherencies. It is not always clear; and it is clearness that the pit need.

Many definitions of humor have been attempted. It seems as though the true one were still to be found. It is, I think, that they attempt to make a quality of the mind out of what is rather a state of the spirit. There is the humorous state, just as there is the poetic state. He who is subject to it sees things in a special manner, out of proportion, out of place, upside down; then he discovers in them unexpected resemblances, and he expresses his sensations in appropriate language, that is to say, in affect-

ing the contrary tone to that which he would have used were he in the ordinary state. This manner of seeing things does not absolutely disfigure them; it gives them a new aspect, striking and singular, comic because it is crazy, useful because by exaggerating the proportions it can bring to light certain points of truth that were not before suspected. You know the story of the husband who did not love his wife; he had no knowledge that she was pretty. Chance let him one day see her on the stage masquerading as a man, and he fell desperately in love with her. Humor sometimes renders this same service and ideas; in clothing them in what seems to be the least suitable it makes them most pleasing.

But this turning of things upside down, as the humorist does, to see what is in them, this dislocating of the thought and sentiment, is greatly against the spirit of reason; this is why we care but little for it. Yet, as it is a very Celtic taste, it comes back to us now and again. Witness Rabelais, whom I cited just now, and who is the universal father of humorists; witness also Voltaire's tales.

Molière knows not humor except on the extreme and extravagant side. It is certain that in this kind the ceremony in the "Would-be Gentleman," and above all that of the "Imaginary Invalid," are masterpieces of humor in the Rabelaisian taste, full of vengeful irony and irresistible comedy. But to be definite, Molière did not seek humor any more than he sought wit; one and both were for him too easy. "There is nothing common," said the great Goethe, "that does not appear humorous if you express it in a grotesque way." As for poetry, that of Shakspeare, it will be conceded, would be little in place in the comedy of Molière. But if the force or the delicacy of expression are elements of it, if the freshness or vivacity of the language, if the beautiful marriage of words, if this living breath of truth is poetic, then Molière is a poet. He has the "vigorous hates," "the well-placed soul," "the clearness of everything." He knows where is the "tenderness of the soul," and dictates to *Agnes* a delicious letter. He is, in more than one scene, as eloquent as Corneille, and he handles the popular proverb with the same vigor. There is as much lightness and grace in *Acaste* as in *Mercutio*. And the verses of *Éliante* are as charming as those of *Rosalind*, and truer. What is not in this poetry—what could not be in it—is the dreaming. It is the loyal reflection of the true depth of humanity.

Molière and Shakspeare had an entirely different conception of life. Shakspeare saw it moving, troubled, changing, uncircumscribed in its development by human will, subject to "the winds and the rain and all the breezes

that blow." He says in one of those passages of the "Two Noble Kinsmen" which were evidently written by him:

This world's a city full of straying streets,  
And death's the market-place where each one meets.

It is in these straying streets that Shakspeare moves, the obscure labyrinth where man goes blindly, meeting here an ambush, there a precipice, and where he changes fortune from a chance-meeting. There is nothing certain, not one of his characters who could swear to what he will do an hour later. They do not belong to themselves. They are so much the plaything of a higher force that they do not even feel sure of their conscience. "I believe myself passably virtuous," says *Hamlet*.

But who shall explain *Hamlet*? *Hamlet* is an enigma. How far was he mad? When is he completely mad? But no one in these plays is quite sane. *Lear* is out of his senses long before he is demented; *Macbeth* has hallucinations; *Othello* sees blood at the first word; *Brutus* talks to a ghost; that terrible sceptic *Richard III.* sees visions. Events themselves sometimes seem half crazy. What I have said of "*Macbeth*" might be said of "*Romeo and Juliet*," where in five days *Juliet* sees, loves, marries, dies, and resuscitates, and dies once more. All is falsehood, deceit, bewilderment. This cavalier, it is *Rosalind*; this page, *Imogen*; this judge, *Portia*; this statue, *Hermione*. One scene in "*King Lear*" makes *Lear* (who goes mad from sorrow) and an exile (who pre-

tends to madness) and a fool (who is mad by profession) all talk together amid the thunder and lightning. We ask ourselves, Where are we? Who are we? *Prospero* tells us:

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakspeare saw life as in a dream, and thus he has shown it. Molière saw things in their reality. He went down to the immutable. As for life, in his plays he sees it simple. Only those events happen which happen to all of us. We love, we marry, we have children, we consult the doctor, we die. The other incidents that may occur spring from the shock of character; they can be deducted logically one from the other, and would remain in the control of man if he would but listen to reason.

And this is the great moral that can be drawn from Molière: keep your head, and all will go well. His work is as clear as day; hatred of vice shows itself, and the love of truth—no platonic love, but an active love, armed and fighting to the last hour. For Molière is in the thick of the crowd; Shakspeare dwells in the Temples of Serenity; he observes, somber at first, peacefully later on; and he gives to our meditation and reflection the immense and painful spectacle of the world, but draws from it no rule, for what rule can be found used in a dream? Perhaps, to finish, it might be said that Shakspeare teaches us to think, but that Molière teaches us to live.

C. Coquelin.



## THE MARTENS.

WITH the first chills on August heat,  
From early frosts foreboding fall,  
In ranks arrayed the martens meet,  
And wait their punctual yearly call.

On walls and wires, ridge-pole and eave,  
In patient conclave how they sit,  
Certain the summons to receive  
For all their tiny hosts to flit!

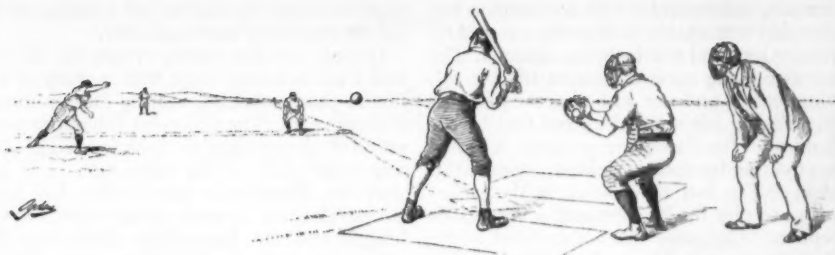
Their coat of jasper, pearly vest,  
Leave royal robes without compare:  
They chirp, yet shiver, thinly dressed,  
And contemplate a change of air.

As prophets, mocking unbelief,  
With lids half shut their faith to clear,  
In head so small—a balm for grief—  
They hold another hemisphere.

When fleets the season out of sight  
Their fluttering feathers are unfurled,  
To show our sky and earth of right  
Are but one half the human world.

Our hope is but a bird's-eye view,  
Our race an emigrating band:  
The way for us will open too,  
While listening for the last command.

C. A. Bartol.



## BASE-BALL—FOR THE SPECTATOR.

**T**HE next generation of Americans will be as thoroughly educated in the technicalities of base-ball as our English cousins are in the intricacies of cricket. Many a man to-day has felt a little defrauded by the increasing space his morning paper gives to the game, and has been inclined to look with disapproval upon the devotion of his boy at school to something apart from his studies. As the present generation of boys become men, however, there will be a softer spot in their hearts for a pastime whose ways they know and whose fascinations they remember. Putting aside for a moment its professional questions, base-ball is for every boy a good, wholesome sport. It brings him out of the close confinement of the school-room. It takes the stoop from his shoulders and puts hard, honest muscle all over his frame. It rests his eyes, strengthens his lungs, and teaches him self-reliance and courage. Every mother ought to rejoice when her boy says he is on his school or collegenine. And she would if she knew what he means when he says he is "in training." It means that he is following, with the closest observation, the laws of health. He is free from the taint of dissipation, and is making of himself a clean, strong young man. This training has been made a study, and the results have been handed down through college and school, until every boy now enjoys the advantages. The enforcement, too, of these laws of training is more strict than that of any rules of teacher or faculty, for, instead of surveillance, the boy is bound by his honor to his captain and his fellows.

The history of the game is an interesting record of progress and development. Away back in the fifties we find it assuming its first stage as a well-defined sport. Previous to that time there were certain games played with bat and ball, but there were not enough points of

similarity to warrant one in attempting to prove or disprove conclusively where the game of base-ball originated. In this early stage the game was chiefly confined to local nines, with here and there a sporadic outbreak of it at the colleges. There were occasional attempts at organization; but while these had existed here and there, an association or league of men making base-ball a profession was unthought of. Men who played ball for a financial consideration had other means of livelihood, and there were no players whose efforts could accumulate a fund sufficient to last through the winter. As the game grew in popular favor it became possible for men to turn it into a money-making venture, and this they did not hesitate to do. The sport had not at that time acquired sufficient strength to withstand the evils dragged into it by those whose sympathies were only with the gambling and pool-selling classes, so that in the sixties the evil of betting had crept into the sport so much as seriously to compromise its prospects and give it a bad odor among respectable communities. Sold games were a common thing, and many of the journals of that day predicted its speedy downfall. As a notable effort to reinstate the game in popular favor and scotch the betting and selling evil, stands out most prominently the convention held in Philadelphia in December, 1867. An idea of the thoroughness of the effort can be gained from the fact that five hundred clubs were represented.

The leading ball clubs during the next year or two were, in the East, the Atlantics of Brooklyn, Athletics of Philadelphia, Unions of Morrisania, and the Mutuels, while the Red Stockings of Cincinnati bore the palm in the West. This latter club made a most successful trip east in 1869, winning all of the twenty-one games played. Such was the enthusiasm produced by these victories that on the return of the

club it was met with a perfect ovation, tendered a banquet, and presented with a champion bat. This rather remarkable testimonial was twenty-seven feet long and nine inches in diameter. The same nine made another Eastern trip the following season, and met with almost equal success, suffering but one defeat, and that by the Atlantics on the Capitoline grounds. A crowd of ten thousand people assembled to witness this match, and so lost their heads in the excitement as to give the Western men a very unfair reception. The game was not decided at the end of the ninth inning, each club having five runs. The tenth inning was played in a pause of breathless excitement, neither club scoring; but in the eleventh inning, in a perfect bedlam of noise, the Atlantics succeeded in making three runs, while the Red Stockings scored but two.

In 1874 American base-ball men made their first foreign trip. The ex-champion Athletics and the champion Bostons crossed the water and played several exhibition games. Their first game was played at Lord's, on Bank Holiday, August 3.

This was fifteen years ago, and this year two nines of representative American ball players, after carrying the sport through almost every civilized quarter of the globe, completed their tour by a game at Lord's.

The comments of the English papers upon the sport at that time are very amusing. Speaking of the practice before the game, they say: "The larking indulged in by the Americans for ten minutes before the match shows great precision, but after the game commenced returns were not so accurate." Comparing the game with cricket, they admit that the fielding is far better, but ascribe it to the difference in the ball used. By this time the American game had also made a fair stand in Canada, the Maple Leaf Club of Guelph, Ontario, being the most prominent in that region.

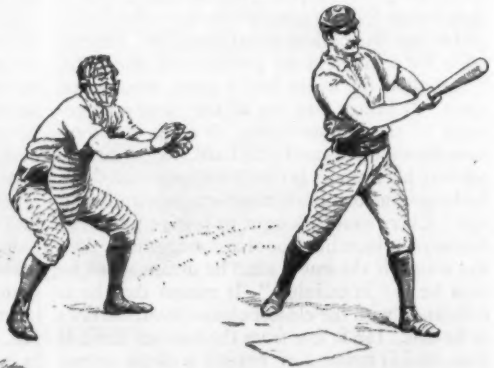
In 1876 the National League was formed of eight clubs, containing the very pick and flower of the ball-playing fraternity. This selection was so small when compared with the large number of people anxious to be spectators of ball games that in 1881 the American Association was organized. Until time had demonstrated that there was plenty of room for both, there was bitter rivalry between the two. This was not long lived, and what is known as the National Agreement now unites the two in respectful and harmonious tolerance. Their united power is quite sufficient to govern, with their blacklists, reservations, and contracts, the entire professional ball-playing community. Their rule is tyrannical and pro-

vokes much hard feeling and occasionally open rebellion, but not as yet a sufficient revolt to overthrow their authority.

During the last twenty years the Boston Ball Club has won more than a third of the annual championships, bearing off the honors in seven years. The Chicago Club stands next, with five championships to their credit. The only other club to win more than once has been the Providence nine, which has been successful twice. A study of the records of the League and the Association shows that the contest is closer in the latter—that there is not so great a difference between the records of the first and last clubs.

Another feature of the records is of interest as showing the tendency of men to drift in and out of this rather nomadic profession. There are but seven men in the books of 1888 who have played through the twelve years upon one or the other of the League nines. These seven men stand, however, with but one exception, high in the profession, and exhibit the same superiority that tenacity of purpose and experience produce in any calling.

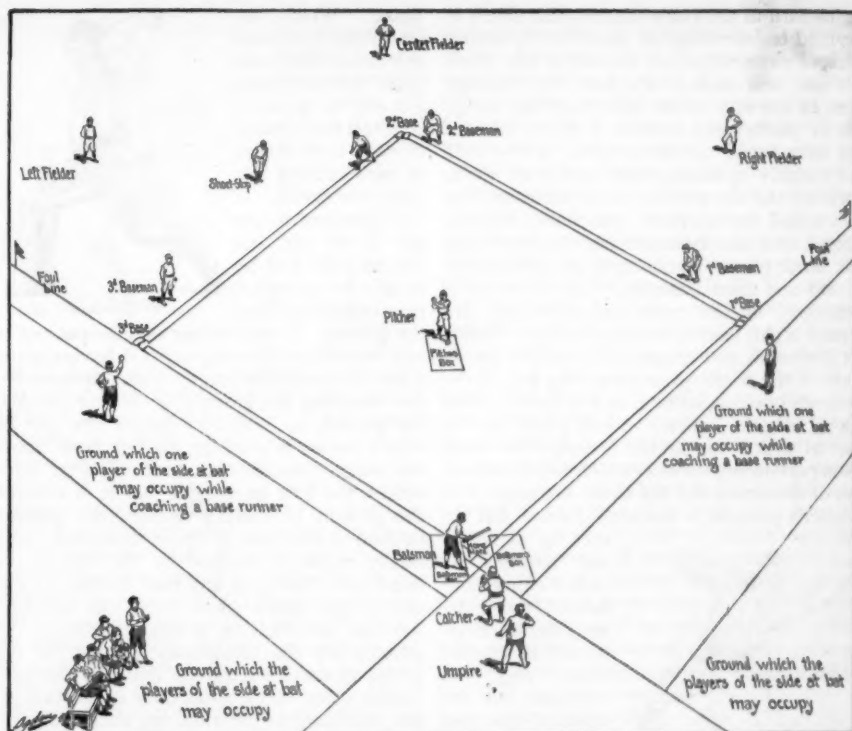
The history of college base-ball follows the line of the professional game very closely. At times the college men have been rather more conservative, and have clung to certain rules for a season or two after their abandonment



THE CATCHER.

by the professionals. In the end, however, in nearly every instance, they have realized the advantage of the change, and followed the lead set them. In the early days of the sport the collegians coped successfully with the majority of the semi-professionals, but even then, when they were pitted against the strongest, the college nines met with defeat. The first game of note between a college nine and professionals was in the spring of 1868, between Yale and the Unions of Morrisania. The Unions were at that time the champions





THE FIELD.

of the country. The game was intensely exciting. At the end of the fifth inning Yale led, 8 to 4, but by the end of the ninth inning the Unions had tied the score and eventually won the game, 16 to 14. Frequently the score sheets of college nines show excellent fielding, but when these same men are brought to face the sharp, hard hitting of the professional batsmen their errors begin to multiply, and, in an inverse ratio, their hits diminish. The increase of errors is due to the difficulty they find in handling the fast drives of the trained batsmen, and also to the nervousness produced by the knowledge that they must play a quicker game. A professional gets away to first base far more rapidly than a college player, and the first sensation of a college infield on meeting a professional nine is one of hurry. A short-stop or third baseman finds that he has no time to "juggle" the ball and then throw the man out, as he often can do with college runners. The ordinary college pitcher is no match for League or Association batters, and they find an easy prey in him. On the other hand, the skill of the professional pitcher readily balks the attempts of the college batsmen to find the ball, and only the best men handle

the stick with any effect. The rest of the nine become nervous over their failure to judge the delivery, and before the end of the game apparently dread to come to the plate for their turn.

Perhaps the host of people who understand the game of base-ball thoroughly will forgive a few words of explanation for the sake of those who have never witnessed a match. It may not be uninteresting to try to realize how the game appears for the first time to an outsider. Any comparatively level piece of ground over a hundred yards square will serve for a base-ball field. Upon this field is laid out a diamond whose sides measure thirty yards, and whose nearest corner is distant about ninety feet from one end of the field. This corner is marked by a white marble plate a foot square, sunk level with the ground, and called the home base. At the other three corners are canvas bags fifteen inches square, and called, beginning at the right as one looks into the field from the home plate, the first, second, and third bases respectively. The lines from home to first and home to third, indefinitely prolonged, are called the foul lines. The game is played by two sides of nine men each, one of these sides tak-

ing its turn at the bat while the other side is in the field endeavoring, as provided by certain rules, to retire or put out the side at bat. Each side has nine turns at the bat. The arrangement of the men in the field, with the exception of pitcher and catcher, is in the form of two arcs facing the home plate, whose radii are, roughly speaking, thirty and sixty yards. Forming the arc with the lesser radius are four men called the infielders, and named the first, second, and third basemen, and the short-stop. The latter player stands midway between the second and third basemen. The other arc is composed of the outfielders, and they are named right, center, and left fielders. Inside the diamond, and distant in a straight line in front of the home plate some fifty feet, is the pitcher's position, or box, as it is called. This is a rectangular space five and a half feet by four in which the pitcher is obliged to stand when performing the duty which devolves upon him of delivering the ball to the batsman. The catcher's position is not thus defined, but according as necessity requires he stands either close behind the batsman or, when no runner is on the bases and the batsman has not reached his last strike, some seventy feet back of the plate. When standing thus he simply performs the duty of returning the ball to the pitcher, as it is unnecessary for him to catch it under these circumstances. The players of the side at the bat take their turn in regular rotation and continue until three of them have been put out by the opponents. This retires the side to the field, and the others come in to the bat. The batsman has a box similar to the pitcher's, in which he must stand when striking at the ball. The batsman becomes a base runner immediately when he has made a "fair hit" (that is, knocked the ball so that it will fall in front of the foul lines); or when he has had "three strikes" (that is, three fair opportunities of hitting the ball); or, finally, when the pitcher has delivered "four balls," none of which have been struck at by the batsman or have passed over the plate at the proper height. In this latter case he is entitled to occupy first base without being put out; in the other cases he is the legitimate prey of the opponents, and his only havens of refuge are the bases, which he must take in regular order, first, second, third, and



AN "OUT CURVE"—THE BEGINNING.

home. When he completes this circuit and crosses the home plate without being put out, he scores a run, and the number of runs thus scored in nine innings decides the match. A batsman is put out if he hits the ball and the ball be caught by an opponent before touching the ground. A base runner may be put out in any one of the following ways: if, having made a fair hit, the ball be caught by an opponent before touching the ground, or, having touched the ground, be held by a fielder any part of whose person is touching the first base before the runner reaches that base; if, after three strikes, the ball be caught before it touches the ground, or, having touched the ground, be held at first base as above described; and, finally, if he be touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder at any time during his circuit of the bases when he is not touching the base to which he is legally entitled. To provide for the satisfactory conduct of the game, an umpire is agreed upon by the contesting nines, and it is his duty to see that all the provisions of the rules are observed. He is also the judge of good and bad balls, put outs, and runs. Any other question liable to become a point of dispute comes under his jurisdiction. Such are, in general, the laws by which the modern game of base-ball is governed. These laws or rules are the growth of many years, and it is to them and to their annual revision and improvement that the game owes in a large measure its success. There are many technical terms, and a knowledge of these is necessary to a perfect understanding of the game. Every ball that the pitcher delivers to the batsman, and which he does not hit with his bat, is called by the umpire either "a strike" or "a ball." If the batsman attempts to hit it and misses it, it is a strike, whether it passed over the plate at the proper height or not. If the batsman makes no attempt to hit it and it passes over the plate at a height

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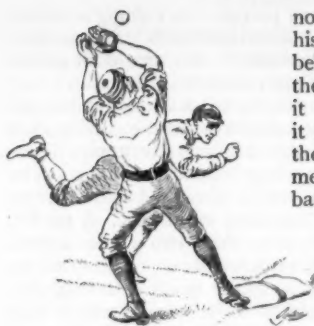
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PITCHING A "DROP" BALL.



AN "OUT CURVE"—THE END.



RUNNING TO FIRST BASE.

not greater than his shoulder or below his knee, the umpire calls it a strike. If it fails to meet these requirements and the batsman makes no attempt to hit it, the umpire calls it a ball. Above described, four of these called balls make the batsman a base runner and entitle him to his base; and at the third strike, whether called or attempted, he becomes a base runner and must reach first or be put out. A base runner cannot run out of the direct line in order to avoid a player with the ball, nor can he interfere with any of his opponents legitimately attempting to handle the ball. It often happens in a game that a base runner is obliged to vacate his base by the occupancy of that base by a following runner. This is called being "forced," and when it happens that runner may be put out by being touched with the ball, or by its being held by a fielder on the base to which this succeeding runner forces him, before he can reach it. There is only one base which a runner may overrun without liability of being touched out, and that is first base. "A balk" is any motion made by the pitcher towards delivering the ball to the batsman without so delivering it, and every base runner is entitled to the next base on such offense. Within the province of the umpire comes the duty of deciding regarding the weather and darkness. In the case of the former the rule is laid down for him that the rain is sufficiently severe to stop the game when the spectators seek shelter. If the rain then continues for a half-hour he "calls" the game, and if five complete innings or over have been played it stands as a game, otherwise not. The same result holds in the case of darkness.

In the scoring of the game there are also technical terms, and a slight knowledge of these enables one to glean from the tabulated forms in the newspapers a fairly good idea of what each man has accomplished. The columns are headed by the initials of these technical terms. The first column shows the number of times the man has been "at the bat," and is usually headed A. B. The next is headed R., and indicates the number of runs he has made. The column headed B. H. indicates the character of his batting, and the letters

stand for the term "base hits." A batsman makes a base hit when he strikes a fair ball in such a direction that it is impossible for his opponents either to catch it on the fly or to field it to first base before he crosses that base. Following this column is one headed S. B., which means "stolen bases." These are bases gained by good running or by strategy, without the assistance of a hit. In addition to these columns, which indicate what each man of the side has accomplished while at the bat, are three columns devoted to the record of the fielding. These are headed P. O., A., and E. The first stands for "put outs," and indicates how many of the opponents he has individually retired. It will be noticed that the first baseman and the catcher usually succeed in taking the lion's share of this column. The next letter stands for "assists," and any player who handles a ball during a play which might or does eventually result in the putting out of an opponent receives for every such assistance a credit of one in this column. The last column indicates the number of missed opportunities or "errors." A player is accredited with an error for every chance he has failed to accept in a manner to result directly or indirectly in the putting out of an opponent. It will be seen, then, that the sum of these three columns shows just how many opportunities each fielder has had, and the relative ratio of the sum of the put outs and assists to the errors indicates his fielding record.

Others special phrases and terms are almost self-explanatory. An "earned run" is one that is made without the assistance of fielding errors; that is, in spite of the most perfect playing of the opponents. From the nature of things, a ball so knocked that it cannot be caught or fielded to the plate before the man can make the entire circuit of the bases yields an earned, or, as it is in such instance more generally called, a "home run." A "passed ball" is a pitched ball which by an error of the catcher is allowed to go behind him so that a runner is advanced a base. A "wild pitch" is a ball delivered by the pitcher so wide of the mark that the catcher cannot recover it before the runner has advanced a base. A "sacrifice hit" is a



FIRST BASEMAN CATCHING A HIGH BALL.

ball so batted as to advance a base runner while it gives an opportunity of putting out the man batting it.

There are certain strategic plays which go to make up the finer points of the game. One of the most common of these is missing a catch in order to put out more than one man. For instance, when there is a runner on first base and a fly is batted near second. If the second baseman caught the fly he would put out the man who hit it, but the man on first would simply hold his base. Whereas if the second baseman misses the catch, the man on first is thereby forced to run to second, and by quick work the second baseman can, after dropping the ball, pick it up, touch second, and throw the ball to first before the runner who struck the ball can reach that point.

In this way he makes what is called a double play, putting out both men. Triple plays are also possible, although seldom made. Another point which shows the brains of the game is in attempting to put out the man who is nearest home in his circuit of the bases. Thus, whenever there is an opportunity of putting out a runner who is coming from third and one who is going to first, the preference is given to the former, unless the chances of putting him out are unusually slender. Still another fine point is the race of man against the ball, as shown in the case of a man on third base when a long fly is batted into the outfield. According to the rule, the runner must touch the base after the fly is caught before he can run, but the distance from the fielder making the catch to the home plate is so great that there is a very fair chance of his getting home before the ball. He therefore stands with his foot touching the bag and leaning forward for a start. Just as the ball settles into the fielder's hands, off he goes. The fielder, too, is prepared for this, and recovering himself almost instantly, he drives the ball in on its long journey towards the plate, often reaching it just as the runner crosses it, but too late for the catcher to touch him.

Of all the positions on the field, the two that command the most attention are those of pitcher and catcher, or battery, as they are called. Upon them are pinned the hopes of every other man. If the pitcher succeeds in deceiving the opposing batsmen and the catcher gives him good support, all will be well; but if the curves and strategies of the pitcher are readily solved, or if the catcher fails to hold him well, the field will have some sorry work to do before the nine innings are finished. Successful batteries are in great demand, and receive the highest salaries among

professional ball players. In valuing a battery the first points of consideration are their effectiveness and endurance, and then their ability to get on well with the rest of the nine.

A pitcher to-day is not a strong pitcher unless he has good command of the curves, a fair amount of speed, and ordinary accuracy. These are only the average recommendations. The crack men have these, combined with excellent judgment and unusual endurance. A pitcher who can pitch more than two games a week successfully through a season can boast of his record. Nor is a catcher much better off. His hands are liable to slight injuries which may keep him off a day or two, or, if he persists in playing, result so badly as to incapacitate him for weeks. The constant strain when under the



SLIDING TO BASE.

bat is too great for him to endure more than two or three games a week. The rest of the men can, if necessary, play their four or five games a week without serious inconvenience, but the battery requires constant care and frequent relief.

Probably no point in the game has been more developed in the last twenty years than the pitching. The old method was to deliver the ball by a perfectly straight swing, the arm passing close to the side of the body, and the ball being sent from a point below the pitcher's hip. This style of delivery would meet with such a reception from the trained batsmen of to-day that an inning would last longer than the ordinary game. The first step from this old-time true pitching was to the use of the wrist in the delivery, making what was known as an underhand throw. At just about the same time the discovery was made that a ball could be so pitched or thrown as to cause it to curve slightly from the straight line. Many were the skeptics regarding the possibility of such a thing. For a long time men versed in physical science and phenomena pooh-poohed at this, saying that it was impossible and that it was simply an optical illusion. But the ball did curve, and the first pitchers to acquire the art proved problems to the best of batsmen. The "out curve" was the one first discovered, as it is the easiest to effect. This is a delivery by a right-handed pitcher which causes the ball to curve away from a right-handed batsman. Shortly after this came the "in curve," or re-



verse of this. The "rise" and "drop," which had probably existed for some time previous, then took on definite names and became combined with the other curves. The most logical explanation of the curvature of a ball depends upon the supposition of the compression of the air just in front of the ball and a corresponding rarefaction immediately behind it, so that the ball by its friction is deflected from its true course. When the curves were mastered, the tendency of the pitchers was to bring the hand up above the hip in order to get more of a twist to the ball and thereby assist the curve. The difficulty experienced by umpires in controlling this tendency led to the adoption of a rule allowing the pitcher to deliver the ball from any point below the shoulder. This rule prevailed for a time, but no sooner were the pitchers allowed this leeway than they began to make the umpire's task equally difficult again by getting their delivery just a trifle higher than the law allowed. In order to put an end to the eternal field discussions upon this point a rule was passed permitting the pitcher to throw the ball in any way he saw fit, and this rule has met with comparatively good success. The pitcher, who had formerly been placed forty-five feet from the batsman, was relegated to a fifty-foot distance. Even then, by taking advantage of a step or two behind his line, he acquired so much speed that it became necessary to fix his position more definitely, and to-day he is even bound to the extent of the exact position of his feet when delivering the ball. In spite of all these restrictions, such is the growing skill of pitchers that the problem is constantly under discussion how to legislate in favor of the batsman.

The rest of the fielding has kept some measure of progress with the pitching, the catcher's position exhibiting the highest development. This development is fortunately accompanied by numerous safeguards against the shocks of the increased speed of the ball. The first catchers who came up under the bat were wont to wear a small piece of rubber in the mouth as a protection to the teeth from foul tips. It was not long before an inventive genius designed a wire mask which buckled about the head, and, while allowing perfect freedom and sight, rendered the catcher safe from any chance ball

striking his face. The next step was the use of a large breastplate extending quite to the legs. This is made of rubber, and inflated so as to make a yielding cushion. The gloves which the catchers have worn ever since the days of the rubber mouth-piece have also undergone radical changes, and are to-day so heavily made as thoroughly to protect both hands, leaving free only the fingers of the right hand.



FIELDER CATCHING A FLY.

Outside the battery, in these days of almost perfect fielding, the strongest factor is team play. Plenty of men can be found who can perform the ordinary duties of basemen and fielders, but the problem is to secure men for these positions who are strong batsmen and who harmonize well with one another. The usual merits for the individual positions are: in a first baseman, ability to catch bad throwing; in a second baseman, an especial capacity for covering a large amount of ground; in a third baseman, rapidity in fielding ground balls over to first. A third baseman must recover himself quickly and have a strong throw. A short-stop should be an accurate thrower, and a man of brains sufficient to take advantage of opportunities for double plays and fielding out advanced runners. The outfielders must be fast, not only in covering ground, but also in returning balls to the diamond.

Base-ball is a game for the people. The materials are inexpensive, and all that is wanted is a field. If one may judge from what one sees by the way, it is more difficult to say what will not answer for a ball-field than what will; for in spite of carts, cabs, and police, no street is too small or too crowded for Young America to make a ball-field of it. With its eager young followers everywhere and with many men now growing into the prime of life who have enjoyed it most heartily in their younger days, it is safe to say that as a sport, and as, par excellence, the American sport, it is sure of a long life.

Walter Camp.



STOPPING A GROUNDER.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

### BLAIR'S MEXICAN PROJECT—THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE—THE XIIIITH AMENDMENT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

#### BLAIR'S MEXICAN PROJECT.



HE triumphant reëlection of Mr. Lincoln in November, 1864, greatly simplified the political conditions as well as the military prospects of the country. Decisive popular majorities had pointedly rebuked the individuals who proclaimed, and the party which had resolved, that the war was a failure. The verdict of the ballot-box not only decided the continuance of a war administration and a war policy, but renewed the assurance of a public sentiment to sustain its prosecution. When Congress convened on the 6th of December, and the President transmitted to that body his annual message, he included in his comprehensive review of public affairs a temperate but strong and terse statement of this fact and its potent significance. Inspired by this majestic manifestation of the popular will to preserve the Union and maintain the Constitution, he was able to speak of the future with hope and confidence. But, with characteristic prudence and good taste, he uttered no word of boasting and indulged in no syllable of acrimony; on the contrary, in terms of fatherly kindness, he again offered the rebellious States the generous conditions he had previously tendered them by various acts and declarations, and specifically in his amnesty proclamation of December 8, 1863. The statement of the whole situation with its alternative issues was so admirably compressed into the closing paragraphs of his message as to leave no room for ignorance or misunderstanding.

The national resources, then [he said], are unexhausted, and, as we believe, inexhaustible. The public purpose to reëstablish and maintain the national authority is unchanged, and, as we believe, unchangeable. The manner of continuing the effort remains to choose. On careful consideration of all the evidence accessible, it seems to me that no attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leader could result in any good. He would accept nothing short

of severance of the Union—precisely what we will not and cannot give. His declarations to this effect are explicit and oft-repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. He cannot voluntarily re-accept the Union; we cannot voluntarily yield it. Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue which can only be tried by war, and decided by victory. If we yield, we are beaten; if the Southern people fail him, he is beaten. Either way, it would be the victory and defeat following war. What is true, however, of him who heads the insurgent cause is not necessarily true of those who follow. Although he cannot re-accept the Union, they can. Some of them, we know, already desire peace and reunion. The number of such may increase. They can, at any moment, have peace simply by laying down their arms, and submitting to the national authority under the Constitution. After so much, the Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them. The loyal people would not sustain or allow it. If questions should remain, we would adjust them by the peaceful means of legislation, conference, courts, and votes, operating only in constitutional and lawful channels. Some certain, and other possible, questions are, and would be, beyond the Executive power to adjust; as, for instance, the admission of members into Congress, and whatever might require the appropriation of money. The Executive power itself would be greatly diminished by the cessation of actual war. Pardons and remissions of forfeitures, however, would still be within Executive control. In what spirit and temper this control would be exercised can be fairly judged of by the past. A year ago general pardon and amnesty, upon specified terms, were offered to all, except certain designated classes; and it was, at the same time, made known that the excepted classes were still within contemplation of special clemency. . . . In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority, on the part of the insurgents, as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the Government, I retract nothing heretofore said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that "While I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress." If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an Executive duty to reënslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument

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to perform it. In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it.<sup>1</sup>

The country was about to enter upon the fifth year of actual war; but at length all the indications were pointing unmistakably to a speedy collapse of the rebellion. This foreshadowed disaster to the Confederate armies gave rise to another volunteer peace project and negotiation, which, from the boldness of its animating thought and the official prominence of its actors, assumes a special historical importance.

The veteran politician Francis P. Blair, senior, who as a young journalist, thirty-five years before, had helped President Jackson throttle the South Carolina nullification; who, from his long political and personal experience at Washington, perhaps knew better than almost any one else the individual characters and tempers of Southern leaders; and who, moreover, was ambitious to crown his remarkable career with another dazzling chapter of political intrigue, conceived that the time had arrived when he might perhaps take up the rôle of a successful mediator between the North and the South. He gave various hints of his desire to President Lincoln, but received neither encouragement nor opportunity to unfold his plans. "Come, to me after Savannah falls," was Lincoln's evasive reply; and when, on the 22d of December, Sherman announced the surrender of that city as a national Christmas gift, Mr. Blair hastened to put his design into execution. Three days after Christmas the President gave him a simple card bearing the words:

Allow the bearer, F. P. Blair, Sr., to pass our lines, go south, and return.

December 28, 1864.<sup>2</sup>

A. LINCOLN.

With this single credential he went to the camp of General Grant, from which he forwarded, by the usual flags of truce, the following letters to Jefferson Davis at Richmond:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
December 30, 1864.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President, etc., etc.

MY DEAR SIR: The loss of some papers of importance (title papers), which I suppose may have been taken by some persons who had access to my house when Genl. Early's army were in possession of my place, induces me to ask the privilege of visiting Richmond and beg the favor of you to facilitate my inquiries in regard to them.

Your mo. ob. st.  
F. P. BLAIR.<sup>3</sup>

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
Dec'r 30, 1864.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, President, etc., etc.

MY DEAR SIR: The fact stated in the inclosed note may serve to answer inquiries as to the object of my visit, which, if allowed by you, I would not communicate fully to any one but yourself. The main purpose I have in seeing you is to explain the views I entertain in reference to the state of the affairs of our country, and to submit to your consideration ideas which in my opinion you may turn to good and possibly bring to practical results—that may not only repair all the ruin the war has brought upon the nation, but contribute to promote the welfare of other nations that have suffered from it. In candor I must say to you in advance that I come to you wholly unaccredited except in so far as I may be by having permission to pass our lines and to offer to you my own suggestions—suggestions which I have submitted to no one in authority on this side the lines, and will not, without my conversation with you may lead me to suppose they may lead to something practicable. With the hope of such result, if allowed, I will confidentially unbosom my heart frankly and without reserve. You will of course hold in reserve all that is not proper to be said to one coming, as I do, merely as a private citizen and addressing one clothed with the highest responsibilities. Unless the great interests now at stake induce you to attribute more importance to my application than it would otherwise command I could not expect that you would invite the intrusion. I venture however to submit the matter to your judgment.

Your most obedient servant,  
F. P. BLAIR.<sup>4</sup>

Mr. Davis returned a reply with permission to make the visit; but by some mischance it did not reach Mr. Blair till after his patience had become exhausted by waiting and he had returned to Washington. Proceeding then to Richmond he was received by Jefferson Davis in a confidential interview on the 12th of January, 1865,<sup>5</sup> which he so thoroughly described in a written report that it is quoted in full:

"I introduced the subject to Mr. Davis by giving him an account of the mode in which I obtained leave to go through the lines, telling him that the President stopped me when I told him 'I had kindly relations with Mr. Davis, and at the proper time I might do something towards peace,' and said, 'Come to me when Savannah falls'—how after that event he shunned an interview with me, until I perceived he did not wish to hear me, but desired I should go without explanation of my object. I then told Mr. Davis that I wanted to know, if he thought fit to communicate it, whether he had any commitments with European powers which would control his conduct in making arrangements with the Government of the United States. He said in the most de-

<sup>1</sup> Message, Dec. 6, 1864.

<sup>2</sup> MS.

<sup>3</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>4</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>5</sup> Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 612.

cisive manner that there were none, that he had no commitments; and expressed himself with some vehemence that he was absolutely free and would die a freeman in all respects. This is pretty much his language; it was his sentiment and manner certainly. I told him that that was an all-important point, for if it were otherwise I would not have another word to say. I then prefaced the reading of the paper—which I had intended to embody in a letter to him, or present in some form if I could not reach him, or if I were prevented from seeing him personally—by saying that it was somewhat after the manner of an editorial and was not of a diplomatic character, and that I was like a shoemaker who sticks to his last, and could not change my mode of expressing my thoughts; moreover, I had become an old man, and what I was about to submit to him might be the dreams of an old man, but that I depended upon his practical good sense to assure me whether they were dreams that could be realized or not; that I had no doubt that he would deal with me with the utmost frankness, and give me credit for the like candor; that he knew that every drop of my blood and that of my children flowed from a Southern source; that I loved my whole country, but could not help feeling the force of the affections which my native instincts, enforced by habit, had attached me to the South. He replied that he gave me his full confidence, knew that I was an earnest man, and believed I was an honest man, and said he reciprocated the attachment which I had expressed for him and his family; that he was under great obligations to my family for kindnesses rendered to his, that he would never forget them, and that even when dying they would be remembered in his prayers. I then read the paper to him.<sup>1</sup>

*“Suggestions submitted to Jefferson Davis, President, etc., etc.”*

“The amnesty proclamation of President Lincoln in connection with his last message to Congress, referring to the termination of the rebellion, presents a basis on which I think permanent peace and union between the warring sections of our country may be reestablished. The amnesty offered would doubtless be enlarged to secure these objects and made to embrace all who sincerely desired to renew and confirm their allegiance to the Government of the United States by the extinction of the institution which originated the war against the National Republic. The proposition of the message is, that the war should be no longer waged by the United States against those who began it, after it had been relinquished by

them, with the designs it was meant to accomplish. This, simply as the first step to peace, is a proposal of an armistice, that, with proper conditions arranged to accommodate it to the feelings, the wishes, the interests of all concerned, might facilitate a restoration of perfect harmony among the parties to the war and lead on again the prosperity which has been so unhappily interrupted.

“Slavery no longer remains an insurmountable obstruction to pacification. You propose to use the slaves in some mode to conquer a peace for the South. If this race be employed to secure the independence of the Southern States by risking their lives in the service, the achievement is certainly to be crowned with their deliverance from bondage. But why should blacks or whites, the slaves or the free, be offered as victims to slaughter to acquire freedom and independence, when both objects are now attainable without such sacrifice? The white race of the South for almost a century have justly considered themselves, both as individuals and States, free and independent. If that proud eminence can again be reached, with the addition of all the material prosperity which has distinguished the free States, without making hecatombs of either whites or blacks, merely by the manumission of the latter, why should the atonement by blood be further insisted on? Slavery, “the cause of all our woes,” is admitted now on all sides to be doomed. As an institution all the world condemns it.

“This expiation made, what remains to distract our country? It now seems a free-will offering on the part of the South as essential to its own safety. Being made, nothing but military force can keep the North and South asunder. The people are one people, speak a common language, are educated in the same common law, are brought up in one common habitude,—the growth of republican representative institutions,—all fixed in freeholds rooted in the soil of a great luxuriant continent bound as one body by backbone mountains, pervaded in every member with gigantic streams running in every direction to give animation and strength like arteries and veins in the human system. Such an embodiment, in such a country, cannot be divided. The instruction of all ages appealing to the intelligence of the race brings conviction that union is strength—strength to build up the grandeur of the Republic; strength essential to secure the peace, the safety, the prosperity and glory of a great Republic. At the birth of the Government the necessities of commerce and the influence of social relations among a people of the same origin overcame the repugnance generated between the Northern and Southern States by the presence of negro slavery in the latter, and

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.



brought them together as one people under a general government in spite of the revolting principle of slavery incorporated into the free system, which made liberty its essential element. Now that the ingredient, adverse to union, which produced disruption is removed, there is nothing left to counteract the powerful attraction that even as colonies brought our people together as a nation and which still resists victoriously the frenzy of revolution. The instincts of kindred, the bonds of commerce delineated on our maps, rivers, railroads, canals, which mark its transit, are circulating the life's blood of a gigantic race which claims the continent for its pedestal. The love of liberty nurtured by popular institutions, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon race, makes its attachments indestructible on this continent. We see them coming together again, after momentary rupture, along the Ohio, the Mississippi, upon the Gulf, the Potomac, and gradually in the interior wherever defense is assured from the military power that at first overthrew the Government. It is now plain to every sense that nothing but the interposition of the soldiery of foreign tyrannies can prevent all the States from resuming their places in the Union, casting from them the demon of discord. The few States remaining in arms that made the war for slavery as the *sine qua non* now propose to surrender it, and even the independence which was coveted to support it, as a price for foreign aid.

"Slavery abandoned, the issue is changed, and war against the Union becomes a war for monarchy; and the cry for independence of a government that assured the independence of the Southern States of all foreign powers and their equality in the Union, is converted into an appeal for succor to European potentates, to whom they offer, in return, homage as dependencies! And this is the price they propose to pay for success in breaking up the National Government! But will the people who have consented to wage this war for an institution once considered a property, now that they have abandoned it, continue the war to enslave themselves? Would they abandon slavery to commend themselves to the protection of European monarchies, and thus escape the embrace of that national Republic as a part of which they have enjoyed almost a century of prosperity and renown? The whole aspect of the controversy upon this view is changed. The patriarchal domestic institution given up and the idea of independence and 'being let alone' in happy isolation surrendered to obtain the boon of foreign protection under the rule of monarchy! The most modern exemplification of this programme for discontented republican States defeating their popular in-

stitution by intestine hostilities is found in the French emperor's Austrian deputy, Maximilian, sent to prescribe for their disorders. Certainly a better choice for a vice-royalty under the auspices of France and Germany could not have been made. This scion of the house of Hapsburg must have inherited from a line of ancestors extending to the Dark Ages the very innate instincts of that despotism which has manacled the little republics of Italy and the little principalities of Germany, and subjected them to the will of the Kaiser for more than a thousand years. With the blessing of Heaven, the great American Republic will foil this design of the central despotism of Europe to destroy all that remains of liberty on the civilized continents of the earth. Great Britain's jealousy and apprehension of her ancient enemy, and the ambition of Russia, looking to the South for aggrandizement, will unite in arresting the strides to power of this new Holy Alliance in the heart of Europe. England, for her wars in Europe, draws her armies from India and America. She will never consent to see France, which is a laboratory of soldiers, add to her means of creating armies by making military colonies of Mexico and the Southern States of this Union for the purpose.

"The design of Louis Napoleon in reference to conquest on this continent is not left to conjecture. With extraordinary frankness he made a public declaration that his object was to make the Latin race supreme in the southern section of the North American continent. This is a Napoleonic idea. The great Napoleon, in a letter or one of his dictations at St. Helena, states that it had been his purpose to embody an army of negroes in San Domingo, to be landed in the slave States with French support to instigate the blacks there to insurrection, and through revolution effect conquest. Louis Napoleon saw revolution involving the struggle of races and sections on the question of slavery made to his hand, when he instantly recurred to his uncle's ideas of establishing colonies to create commerce and a navy for France and to breed the material for armies to maintain his European empire. The moment he perceived our frenzied people engaged in perpetrating a national suicide he invaded Mexico to take up a position on the southern flank of this Republic, to avail himself of its distractions as well as those of Mexico, to give effect to the darling scheme of the Bonapartist dynasty to make for the Latin race in all our regions on the Gulf a seat of power under the auspices of France. His phrase "Supremacy of the Latin race" was to conciliate to his object the whole Spanish as well as the French and the mixed populations which originally founded and built up the colonies that introduced civ-

ilization around the Gulf of Mexico and on the streams of its wilderness interior. Jefferson Davis is the fortunate man who now holds the commanding position to encounter this formidable scheme of conquest, and whose fiat can at the same time deliver his country from the bloody agony now covering it in mourning. He can drive Maximilian from his American throne, and baffle the designs of Napoleon to subject our Southern people to the "Latin race." With a breath he can blow away all pretense for proscription, conscription, or confiscation in the Southern States, restore their fields to luxuriant cultivation, their ports to the commerce of the world, their constitutions and their rights under them as essentially a part of the Constitution of the United States to that strong guaranty under which they flourished for nearly a century not only as equals, but down to the hour of conflict the prevalent power on the continent. All this may be achieved by means which, so far from subjecting the weaker section of our Republic to humiliation or those asserting its cause by secession to dishonor, will add to the glory of both.

"To accomplish this great good for our common country President Lincoln has opened the way in his amnesty proclamation and the message which looks to armistice. Suppose the first enlarged to embrace all engaged in the war; suppose secret preliminaries to armistice enable President Davis to transfer such portions of his army as he may deem proper for his purpose to Texas, held out to it as the land of promise; suppose this force on the banks of the Rio Grande, armed, equipped, and provided, and Juarez propitiated and rallying the Liberals of Mexico to give it welcome and support—could it not enter Mexico in full confidence of expelling the invaders, who, taking advantage of the distractions of our own Republic, have overthrown that of Mexico and established a foreign despotism to rule that land and spread its power over ours? I know Romero, the able, patriotic minister who represents the Republic of Mexico near our Government. He is intimate with my son Montgomery, who is persuaded that he could induce Juarez to devolve all the power he can command on President Davis—a dictatorship, if necessary—to restore the rights of Mexico and her people and provide for the stability of its government. With such hopes inspiring and a veteran army of invincibles to rally on, such a force of Mexicans might be embodied as would make the conquest of the country the work of its own people under able leading. But if more force were wanted than these Mexican recruits and the army of the South would supply, would not multitudes of the army of the North, officers and men, be found ready to embark in an

enterprise vital to the interests of our whole Republic? The Republican party has staked itself on the assertion of the Monroe doctrine proposed by Canning and sanctioned by a British cabinet. The Democrats of the North have proclaimed their adhesion to it, and I doubt not from the spirit exhibited by the Congress now in session, however unwilling to declare war, it would countenance all legitimate efforts short of such result to restore the Mexican Republic. I think I could venture to pledge my son General Blair, now commanding a corps against the Confederacy, to resign his commission, expatriate himself, and join all the force he could draw to the standard borne on a crusade for the expulsion of the European despotism now threatening our confines. There is no cause so dear to the soul of American patriotism as that which embodies resistance to the intrusion of a foreign tyranny. Its infancy, nurtured in the sternest trials of a war against dictation from potentates of another hemisphere, has grown to a manhood that will never permit its approaches. He who expels the Bonaparte-Hapsburg dynasty from our southern flank, which General Jackson in one of his letters warned me was the vulnerable point through which foreign invasion would come, will ally his name with those of Washington and Jackson as a defender of the liberty of the country. If in delivering Mexico he should model its States in form and principle to adapt them to our Union and add a new Southern constellation to its benignant sky while rounding off our possession on the continent at the Isthmus, and opening the way to blending the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, thus embracing our Republic in the arms of the ocean, he would complete the work of Jefferson, who first set one foot of our colossal government on the Pacific by a stride from the Gulf of Mexico. Such achievement would be more highly appreciated in the South, inasmuch as it would restore the equipoise between the Northern and Southern States—if indeed such sectional distinctions could be recognized after the peculiar institution which created them had ceased to exist."

It is of course possible that the hard mental processes in political metaphysics through which Jefferson Davis had forced his intellect in pursuing the ambitious hallucinations which led him from loyalty to treason, had blighted all generous sentiment and healthy imagination. But if his heart was yet capable of a single patriotic memory and impulse, strange emotions must have troubled him as he sat listening to the reading of this paper by the man who had been the familiar friend, the trusted adviser, it might almost be said the confidential voice, of Andrew Jackson. It was as

though the ghost of the great President had come from his grave in Tennessee to draw him a sad and solemn picture of the ruin and shame to which he was bringing, and had almost brought, the American Republic, especially "his people" of the Southern States—nationality squandered, slavery doomed, and his Confederacy a supplicant for life at the hands of European despotisms. If he did not correctly realize the scene and hour in all its impressiveness, he seems at least to have tacitly acknowledged that his sanguinary adventure in statesmanship was moribund, and that it was high time to listen earnestly to any scheme which might give hope of averting from himself and his adherents the catastrophe to whose near approach he could no longer shut his eyes. Mr. Blair's report thus narrates the remainder of the interview:

"I then said to him, 'There is my problem, Mr. Davis; do you think it possible to be solved?' After consideration he said, 'I think so.' I then said, 'You see that I make the great point of this matter that the war is no longer made for slavery, but monarchy. You know that if the war is kept up and the Union divided, armies must be kept afoot on both sides, and this state of things has never continued long without resulting in monarchy on one side or the other, and on both generally.' He assented to this, and with great emphasis remarked that he was like Lucius Junius Brutus, and uttered the sentiment ascribed to him in Shakspeare, without exactly quoting it:

There was a Brutus once that would have brooked  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king.

Then he said that he was thoroughly for popular government, that this feeling had been born and bred in him. Touching the project, he said, of bringing the sections together again, the great difficulty was the excessive vindictiveness produced by outrages perpetrated in the invaded States during the war. He said reconciliation must depend, he thought, upon time and events, which he hoped would restore better feelings, but that he was certain that no circumstance would have a greater effect than to see the arms of our countrymen from the North and the South united in a war upon a foreign power assailing principles of government common to both sections and threatening their destruction. And he said he was convinced that all the powers of Europe felt it their interest that our people in this quarrel should exhaust all their energies in destroying each other, and thus make them a prey to the potentates of Europe, who felt that the destruction of our Government was necessary to the maintenance of the monarchical

principles on which their own were founded. I told him that I was encouraged by finding him holding these views, and believed that our country, if impressed with them, as I thought it might be universally, would soon resume its happy unity. He said I ought to know with what reluctance he had been drawn out of the Union; that he labored to the last moment to avoid it; that he had followed the old flag longer and with more devotion than anything else on earth; that at Bull Run when he saw the flag he supposed it was his own hanging on the staff,—they were more alike then than now,—and when the flag of the United States unfurled itself in the breeze he saw it with a sigh, but he had to choose between it and his own, and he had to look to it as that of an enemy. He felt now that it was laid up, but the circumstances to which he had adverted might restore it and reconciliation be easier. With regard to Mexico, if the foreign power was driven out, it would have to depend on the events there to make it possible to connect that country with this and restore the equipoise to which I looked; nobody could foresee how things would shape themselves.

"In relation to the vindictiveness produced by the war, I said I thought he was mistaken in supposing it would be attended with great difficulty in producing reconciliation between the States and people; I told him I had spent four hours on the picket line and perceived that kind feeling existed, instead of estrangement, between the men on both sides who stood armed to shoot each other. There was nothing to prevent the immediate indulgence of hostile feelings if they felt them. But they manifested a friendly feeling. A Boston Captain Deacon, who carried me through the lines to deliver me over to Captain Davis of South Carolina, drew his bottle from his bag and proposed to drink his health. They drank together with mutual good-will and gave each other their hands. This spirit of magnanimity exists in the soldiery on both sides. It is only the politicians and those who profit, or hope to profit, by the disasters of the war who indulge in acrimony. Mr. Davis said that what I remarked was very just in the main. He admitted that it was for the most part the people at home, who brooded over the disasters of the war, who indulged in bitterness.

"Touching the matter of arrangement for reconciliation proposed by me, he remarked that all depended upon well-founded confidence, and, looking at me with very significant expression, he said, 'What, Mr. Blair, do you think of Mr. Seward?' I replied: 'Mr. Seward is a very pleasant companion; he has good social feelings, but I have no doubt that where his ambition is concerned his selfish

feelings prevail over all principle. I have no doubt he would betray any man, no matter what his obligations to him, if he stood in the way of his selfish and ambitious schemes. But,' I said, 'this matter, if entered upon at all, must be with Mr. Lincoln himself. The transaction is a military transaction, and depends entirely upon the Commander-in-Chief of our armies. If he goes into it he will certainly consider it as the affair of the military head of the Government. Now I know that Mr. Lincoln is capable of great personal sacrifices—of sacrificing the strongest feelings of his heart, of sacrificing a friend when he thinks it necessary for the good of the country; and you may rely upon it, if he plights his faith to any man in a transaction for which he is responsible as an officer or a man, he will maintain his word inviolably.' Mr. Davis said he was glad to hear me say so. He did not know Mr. Lincoln; but he was sure I did, and therefore my declaration gave him the highest satisfaction. As to Mr. Seward, he had no confidence in him himself, and he did not know any man or party in the South that had any.

"In relation to the mode of effecting the object about which we had been talking, he said we ought soon to have some understanding, because things to be done or omitted will depend upon it; that he was willing to appoint persons to have conferences, without regard to forms; that there must be some medium of communication; that he would appoint a person or persons who could be implicitly relied on by Mr. Lincoln; that he had on a former occasion indicated Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court, as a person who could be relied on. I told him he was a person in whom I had unbounded confidence, both as regarded talents and fidelity.

"In reply to some remarks that I made as to the fame he would acquire in relieving the country from all its disasters, restoring its harmony, and extending its dominion to the Isthmus, he said what his name might be in history he cared not. If he could restore the prosperity and happiness of his country, that was the end and aim of his being. For himself, death would end his cares, and that was very easy to be accomplished.

"The next day after my first interview he sent me a note, saying he thought I might desire to have something in writing in regard to his conclusion, and therefore he made a brief statement which I brought away."<sup>1</sup>

The substantial accuracy of Mr. Blair's re-

port is confirmed by the memorandum of the same interview which Jefferson Davis wrote at the time and has since printed.<sup>2</sup> In this conversation the rebel leader took little pains to disguise his entire willingness to enter upon the wild scheme of military conquest and annexation which could easily be read between the lines of a political crusade to rescue the Monroe doctrine from its present peril. If Mr. Blair felt elated at having so quickly made a convert of the Confederate President, he was still further gratified at discovering yet more favorable symptoms in his official surrounding at Richmond. In the three or four days he spent at the rebel capital he found nearly every prominent personage convinced of the hopeless condition of the rebellion, and even eager to seize upon any contrivance to help them out of their direful prospects. The letter which he bore from Jefferson Davis to be shown to President Lincoln was in the following language:

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, January 12, 1865.

F. P. BLAIR, Esq.

SIR: I have deemed it proper, and probably desirable to you, to give you, in this form, the substance of remarks made by me, to be repeated by you to President Lincoln, etc., etc. I have no disposition to find obstacles in forms, and am willing now, as heretofore, to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace; and am ready to send a commission whenever I have reason to suppose it will be received, or to receive a commission, if the United States Government shall choose to send one. That, notwithstanding the rejection of our former offers, I would, if you could promise that a commissioner, minister, or other agent would be received, appoint one immediately, and renew the effort to enter into conference, with a view to secure peace to the two countries. Yours, etc.,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.<sup>3</sup>

But the Government councils at Washington were not ruled by the spirit of political adventure. Abraham Lincoln had a loftier conception of patriotic duty and a higher ideal of national ethics. The proposal to divert his nation, "conceived in Liberty," from its grand task of preserving for humanity "government of the people, by the people, for the people," and degrade its heroic struggle and sacrifice to the low level of a joint filibustering foray, which, instead of crowning his work of emancipation, might perhaps eventuate in a renewal, extension, and perpetuation of slavery, did not receive from him an instant's consideration. His whole interest in Mr. Blair's mission was in the despondency of the rebel leaders which it disclosed, and the possibility of bringing them to an acknowledgment of their despair and the abandonment of their resistance. His only response to the overture thus half officially brought to his notice was to open the door of negotiation a little wider than he had done

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished MS.

<sup>2</sup> Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 612 et seq.

<sup>3</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.



before, but for the specific and exclusive objects of union and peace. As an answer to Jefferson Davis's note he therefore wrote Mr. Blair the following:

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1865.

F. P. BLAIR, Esq.

SIR: You having shown me Mr. Davis's letter to you of the 12th instant, you may say to him that I have constantly been, am now, and shall continue ready to receive any agent whom he, or any other influential person now resisting the national authority, may informally send to me, with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country.

Yours, etc.,

A. LINCOLN.<sup>1</sup>

With this note Mr. Blair returned to Richmond, giving Mr. Davis such feeble excuses as he could hastily frame why Mr. Lincoln had rejected his overture for a joint invasion of Mexico,<sup>2</sup> alleging that Mr. Lincoln was embarrassed by radical politicians and could not use "political agencies." Mr. Blair then, but again without authority, proposed a new project, namely, that Grant and Lee should enter into negotiations, the scope and object of which, however, he seems to have left altogether vague. The simple truth is evident that Mr. Blair was, as best he might, covering his retreat from an abortive intrigue. He soon reported to Davis that military negotiation was out of the question.

Jefferson Davis therefore had only two alternatives before him—either to repeat his stubborn ultimatum of separation and independence, or frankly to accept Lincoln's ultimatum of reunion. The principal Richmond authorities knew, and some of them had tacitly admitted, that their Confederacy was nearly in collapse. Vice-President Stephens, in a secret speech to the rebel Senate, had pointed out that "we could not match our opponents in numbers, and should not attempt to cope with them in direct physical power," and advocated a Fabian policy which involved the abandonment of Richmond.<sup>3</sup> Judge Campbell, rebel Assistant Secretary of War, had collected facts and figures, which a few weeks later he embodied in a formal report, showing the South to be in practical exhaustion.<sup>4</sup> Lee sent

a dispatch saying he had not two days' rations for his army.<sup>5</sup> Richmond was already in a panic at rumors of evacuation. Flour was selling at a thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate currency. The recent fall of Fort Fisher had closed the last avenue through which blockade runners could bring them foreign supplies. Governor Brown of Georgia was refusing to obey orders from Richmond and characterizing them as "usurping" and "despotic."<sup>6</sup> Under such circumstances a defiant cry of independence would not reassure anybody; nor, on the other hand, was it longer possible to remain silent. Mr. Blair's first visit to Richmond had created general interest. Old friends plied him with eager questions and laid his truthful answers concerning their gloomy prospects solemnly to heart. The fact of his secret consultation with Davis transpired. When Mr. Blair came a second time and held a second secret consultation with the rebel President wonder and rumor rose to fever heat.

Impelled to take action, Mr. Davis had not the courage to be frank. He called, first, Vice-President Stephens, and afterward his cabinet, to a discussion of the project. A peace commission of three was appointed, consisting of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President; R. M. T. Hunter, senator and ex-Secretary of State; and John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War—all of them convinced that the rebellion was hopeless, and yet unwilling to admit the logical consequences and necessities. The drafting of instructions for the guidance of the commissioners was a difficult problem, since the explicit condition prescribed by Mr. Lincoln's note was that he would only receive an agent sent him "with the view of securing peace to the people of our one common country." The astute Mr. Benjamin, rebel Secretary of State, in order to make the instructions "as vague and general as possible," proposed the simple direction to confer "upon the subject to which it relates."<sup>7</sup> His action and language were broad enough to carry the inference that in his secret heart he too was sick of rebellion and ready to make terms. Whether it was so meant or not, his chief refused to receive the delicate suggestion.

<sup>1</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.

<sup>2</sup> "He [Blair] then unfolded to me [writes Davis] the embarrassment of Mr. Lincoln on account of the extreme men, in Congress and elsewhere, who wished to drive him into harsher measures than he was inclined to adopt; whence it would not be feasible for him to enter into any arrangement with us by the use of political agencies; that if anything beneficial could be effected it must be done without the intervention of the politicians. He therefore suggested that Generals Lee and Grant might enter into an arrangement by which hostilities would be suspended, and a way paved for the restoration of peace. I responded that I would

willingly intrust to General Lee such negotiation as was indicated." [Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., pp. 616, 617.]

<sup>3</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 587-589.

<sup>4</sup> See "Open Letters" of this number of the magazine, for a letter from Judge Campbell to Judge Curtis entitled, "A View of the Confederacy from the Inside."—EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup> J. B. Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 384.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., p. 395.

<sup>7</sup> Benjamin to Davis, May 17, 1877. "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., pp. 212-214.

With the ruin and defeat of the Confederate cause staring him full in the face Davis could bring himself neither to a dignified refusal nor to a resigned acceptance of the form of negotiation as Mr. Lincoln had tendered it. Even in this gulf of war and destitution into which he had led his people he could not forego the vanity of masquerading as a champion. He was unwilling, says Mr. Benjamin, to appear to betray his trust as Confederate President. "You thought, from regard to your personal honor, that your language ought to be such as to render impossible any malignant comment on your actions."<sup>1</sup> But if so, why not adopt the heroic alternative and refuse to negotiate? Why resort to the yet more humiliating absurdity of sending a commission on terms which he knew Mr. Lincoln had pointedly rejected?<sup>2</sup> With greater sacrifice of personal dignity the Confederate President adopted the devious alternative—a continuation of the narrow, unmanly, pettifogging misrepresentation with which Southern leaders had deluded the Southern people. Instead of Mr. Benjamin's phraseology, Jefferson Davis wrote the following instruction to the commissioners, which carried a palpable contradiction on its face:

RICHMOND, January 28, 1865.

In conformity with the letter of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are requested to proceed to Washington City for informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries. Your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.<sup>3</sup>

#### THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

WITH this double-meaning credential the commissioners presented themselves at the Union lines near Richmond on the evening of January 29, 1865, and, instead of frankly showing their authority, asked admission "in accordance with an understanding claimed to exist with Lieutenant-General Grant, on their way to Washington as peace commissioners."<sup>4</sup> The application being telegraphed to Washington, Mr. Stanton answered that no one should be admitted under such character or profession until the President's instructions were received.<sup>5</sup> Mr. Lincoln, being apprised of the application, promptly dispatched a

special messenger with written directions to admit the commissioners under safe conduct if they would say in writing that they came for the purpose of an informal conference on the basis of his note of January 18 to Mr. Blair, "with a view of securing peace to the people of our one common country."<sup>6</sup> Before this messenger arrived, however, the commissioners reconsidered the form of their application and addressed a new one to General Grant, asking permission "to proceed to Washington to hold a conference with President Lincoln upon the subject of the existing war, and with a view of ascertaining upon what terms it may be terminated, in pursuance of the course indicated by him in his letter to Mr. Blair of January 18, 1865."<sup>7</sup>

Pursuant to this request, they were provisionally conveyed to Grant's headquarters. One of them records with evident surprise the unostentatious surroundings of the General-in-Chief.

I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of everything like affectation, show, or even the usual military air or *mien* of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log-cabin, busily writing on a small table, by a kerosene lamp. It was night when we arrived. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. . . . He furnished us with comfortable quarters on board one of his dispatch boats. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. During the time he met us frequently and conversed freely upon various subjects, not much upon our mission. I saw, however, very clearly that he was very anxious for the proposed conference to take place.<sup>8</sup>

The commissioners' note to Grant had been a substantial compliance with the requirements of President Lincoln; and so accepting it, he, on the 31st of January, sent Secretary Seward to meet them, giving him for this purpose the following written instructions:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, January 31, 1865.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State:

You will proceed to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, there to meet and informally confer with Messrs.

'the two countries,' to which Mr. Davis replied that he so understood it. A. LINCOLN."

[ "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 229.]

<sup>3</sup> "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., p. 214.

<sup>4</sup> Wilcox to Parke, Jan. 29, 1865. "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p. 230.

<sup>5</sup> Stanton to Ord, Jan. 29, 1865, 10 P. M. Ibid., p. 230.

<sup>6</sup> Lincoln to Eckert, Jan. 30, 1865. Ibid., p. 231.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid., p. 232.

<sup>8</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 597.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin to Davis, May 17, 1877. "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. IV., p. 213.

<sup>2</sup> [INDORSEMENT BY MR. LINCOLN.]

"To-day [January 28] Mr. Blair tells me that on the 21st instant he delivered to Mr. Davis the original, of which the within is a copy, and left it with him; that at the time of delivering it Mr. Davis read it over twice in Mr. Blair's presence, at the close of which he (Mr. Blair) remarked that the part about 'our one common country' related to the part of Mr. Davis's letter about

Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, on the basis of my letter to F. P. Blair, Esq., of January 18, 1865, a copy of which you have. You will make known to them that three things are indispensable, to wit: *First*, the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States. *Second*, no receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress, and in preceding documents. *Third*, no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government. You will inform them that all propositions of theirs, not inconsistent with the above, will be considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality. You will hear all they may choose to say, and report to me. You will not assume to definitely consummate anything.

Yours, etc.,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Seward started on the morning of February 1, and simultaneously with his departure the President repeated to General Grant the monition which the Secretary of War had already sent him two days before through the special messenger, "Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder, or delay your military movements or plans."<sup>2</sup> Grant responded to the order, promising that no armistice should ensue, adding, "The troops are kept in readiness to move at the shortest notice, if occasion should justify it."<sup>3</sup> The special messenger, Major Thomas J. Eckert, arrived while Mr. Seward was yet on his way. On informing the commissioners of the President's exact requirement, they replied by presenting Jefferson Davis's instruction. This was receding from the terms contained in their note to Grant, and Major Eckert promptly notified them that they could not proceed further unless they complied strictly with President Lincoln's terms. Thus at half-past nine on the night of February 1 the mission of Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell was practically at an end. It was never explained why they took this course, for the next day they again changed their minds. The only conjecture which seems plausible is that they hoped to persuade General Grant to take some extraordinary and dictatorial step. One of them hints as much in a newspaper article written long after the war. "We had tried," he wrote, "to intimate to General Grant, before we reached Old Point, that a settlement generally satisfactory to both sides could be more easily effected through him and General Lee by an armistice than in any other way. The attempt was in vain."<sup>4</sup> The general had indeed

listened to them, with great interest; and in their eagerness to convert him they had probably indulged in stronger phrases of repentance than they felt. About an hour after the commissioners refused Major Eckert's ultimatum General Grant telegraphed the following to Secretary Stanton, from which it will be seen that at least two of the commissioners had declared to him their personal willingness "to restore peace and union."

February 1, 10.30 P. M., 1865.

Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

Now that the interview between Major Eckert, under his written instructions, and Mr. Stephens and party has ended, I will state confidentially, but not officially, to become a matter of record, that I am convinced, upon conversation with Messrs. Stephens and Hunter, that their intentions are good and their desire sincere to restore peace and union. I have not felt myself at liberty to express even views of my own, or to account for my reticency. This has placed me in an awkward position, which I could have avoided by not seeing them in the first instance. I fear now their going back without any expression from any one in authority will have a bad influence. At the same time I recognize the difficulties in the way of receiving these informal commissioners at this time, and do not know what to recommend. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Lincoln cannot have an interview with the two named in this dispatch, if not all three now within our lines. Their letter to me was all that the President's instructions contemplated to secure their safe conduct, if they had used the same language to Major Eckert.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-General.<sup>5</sup>

On the morning of February 2, President Lincoln went to the War Department, and, reading Major Eckert's report, was about to recall Mr. Seward by telegraph, when Grant's dispatch was placed in his hands. The communication served to change his purpose. Resolving not to neglect the indications of sincerity here described, he immediately telegraphed in reply, "Say to the gentlemen I will meet them personally at Fortress Monroe as soon as I can get there."<sup>6</sup> The commissioners by this time had decided to accept Mr. Lincoln's terms, which they did in writing to both Major Eckert and General Grant, and thereupon were at once conveyed from General Grant's headquarters at City Point to Fort Monroe, where Mr. Lincoln joined Secretary Seward on the same night.

On the morning of February 3, 1865, the rebel commissioners were conducted on board the *River Queen*, lying at anchor near Fort Monroe, where President Lincoln and Secretary Seward awaited them; and in the saloon of that steamer an informal conference of four hours' duration ensued. It was agreed beforehand that no writing or memorandum should be made at the time, so that the record of the interview remains only in the separate accounts

<sup>1</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p.

233.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 234.

<sup>4</sup> "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. III., p. 175 (April, 1877).

<sup>5</sup> "House Journal," 2d Session 38th Congress, p.

235.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 235.

which each of the rebel commissioners afterward wrote out from memory, neither Mr. Seward nor President Lincoln ever having made any report in detail. Former personal acquaintance made the beginning easy and cordial, through pleasant reminiscences of the past and mutual inquiries after friends. In a careful analysis of these reports, thus furnished by the Confederates themselves, the first striking feature is the difference of intention between the parties. It is apparent that Mr. Lincoln went, honestly and frankly in all friendliness, to offer them the best terms he could to secure peace and reunion, but to abate no jot of official duty and personal dignity; while the main thought of the commissioners was to evade the express condition on which they had been admitted to conference; to seek to postpone the vital issue; and to propose an armistice, by debating a mere juggling expedient, against which they had in a private agreement with one another already committed themselves.

Mr. Stephens began the discussion by asking whether there was no way of restoring the harmony and happiness of former days; to which Mr. Lincoln replied, "There was but one way that he knew of, and that was, for those who were resisting the laws of the Union to cease that resistance." Mr. Stephens rejoined that they had been induced to believe that both parties might for a while leave their present strife in abeyance and occupy themselves with some continental question till their anger should cool and accommodation become possible.

Here Mr. Lincoln interposed promptly and frankly: "I suppose you refer to something that Mr. Blair has said. Now it is proper to state at the beginning that whatever he said was of his own accord, and without the least authority from me. When he applied for a passport to go to Richmond, with certain ideas which he wished to make known to me, I told him flatly that I did not want to hear them. If he desired to go to Richmond of his own accord, I would give him a passport; but he had no authority to speak for me in any way whatever. When he returned and brought me Mr. Davis's letter, I gave him the one to which you alluded in your application for leave to cross the lines. I was always willing to hear propositions for peace on the conditions of this letter, and on no other. The restoration of the Union is a *sine qua non* with me, and hence my instructions that no conference was to be held except upon that basis."

Despite this express disavowal Mr. Stephens persisted in believing that Mr. Lincoln had come with ulterior designs, and went on at considerable length to elaborate his idea of a

joint Mexican expedition, to be undertaken during an armistice and without a prior pledge of ultimate reunion. Such an expedition, he argued, would establish the "right of self-government to all peoples on this continent against the dominion or control of any European power." Establishing this principle of the right of peoples to self-government would necessarily also establish, by logical sequence, the right of States to self-government; and, present passions being cooled, there would ensue "an Ocean-bound Federal Republic, under the operation of this *Continental Regulator*—the ultimate absolute sovereignty of each State." His idea was that "All the States might reasonably be expected, very soon, to return, of their own accord, to their former relations to the Union, just as they came together at first by their own consent, and for their mutual interests. Others, too, would continue to join it in the future, as they had in the past. This great law of the system would effect the same certain results in its organization as the law of gravitation in the material world."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Stephens does not seem to have realized how comically absurd was his effort to convert President Lincoln to the doctrine of secession by this very transparent bit of cunning, and the others listened with considerate and patient gravity. Mr. Seward at length punctured the bubble with a few well-directed sentences, when Mr. Hunter also intervened to express his entire dissent from Mr. Stephens's proposal. "In this view," reports Mr. Stephens naively, "he expressed the joint opinion of the commissioners; indeed, we had determined not to enter into any agreement that would require the Confederate arms to join in any invasion of Mexico."<sup>2</sup> But the rebel Vice-President fails to record why, under these circumstances, he had opened this useless branch of the discussion.

At this stage President Lincoln brought back the conversation pointedly to the original object of the conference:

He repeated that he could not entertain a proposition for an armistice on any terms while the great and vital question of reunion was undisposed of. That was the first question to be settled. He could enter into no treaty, convention, or stipulation, or agreement with the Confederate States, jointly or separately, upon that or any other subject, but upon the basis first settled that the Union was to be restored. Any such agreement, or stipulation, would be a *quasi* recognition of the States then in arms against the National Government, as a separate power. That he never could do.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 600-604.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 608.

<sup>3</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 608.



This branch of the discussion [also reports Judge Campbell] was closed by Mr. Lincoln, who answered that it could not be entertained; that there could be no war without the consent of Congress, and no treaty without the consent of the Senate of the United States; that he could make no treaty with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of those States, and that this could not be done under any circumstances; that unless a settlement were made there would be danger that the quarrel would break out in the midst of the joint operations; that one party might unite with the common enemy to destroy the other; that he was determined to do nothing to suspend the operations for bringing the existing struggle to a close to attain any collateral end. Mr. Lincoln in this part of the conversation admitted that he had power to make a military convention, and that his arrangements under that might extend to settle several of the points mentioned, but others it could not.<sup>1</sup>

The sophistical theory of secession as a conservative principle, and the filibustering bait of a joint expedition to steal Mexico under guise of enforcing the Monroe doctrine, being thus effectually cleared away, the discussion at length turned to the only reasonable inquiry which remained. Judge Campbell asked how restoration could be brought about if the Confederate States would consent, mentioning important questions, such as the disbandment of the army, confiscation acts on both sides, the effect of the Emancipation Proclamation, representation in Congress, the division of Virginia, and so on, which would inevitably arise and require immediate adjustment. On these various topics much conversation ensued, which, even as briefly reported, is too long to be quoted entire. It will be more useful to condense, under specific headings, the substantial declarations and offers which the commissioners report Mr. Lincoln to have made.

**I. RECONSTRUCTION.**—The shortest way the insurgents could effect this, he said, was "by disbanding their armies and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions." Mr. Seward called attention to that phrase of his annual message where he had declared, "In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it." As to the rebel States being admitted to representation in Congress, "Mr. Lincoln very promptly replied that his own individual opinion was they ought to be. He also thought they would be; but he could not enter into any stipulation upon the subject. His own opinion was that when the resistance ceased and the national authority was recognized the States would be immediately restored to their practical relations to the Union."

**II. CONFISCATION ACTS.**—"Mr. Lincoln said that so far as the confiscation acts and other penal acts were concerned, their enforcement was left entirely with him, and on that point he was perfectly willing to be full and explicit, and on his assurance perfect reliance might be placed. He should exercise the power of the Executive with the utmost liberality."<sup>2</sup> "As to all questions," says Judge Campbell's report, "involving rights of property, the courts could determine them, and that Congress would no doubt be liberal in making restitution of confiscated property, or by indemnity, after the passions that had been excited by the war had been composed."<sup>3</sup>

**III. THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.**—"Mr. Lincoln said that was a judicial question. How the courts would decide it he did not know, and could give no answer. His own opinion was, that as the proclamation was a war measure, and would have effect only from its being an exercise of the war power, as soon as the war ceased it would be inoperative for the future. It would be held to apply only to such slaves as had come under its operation while it was in active exercise. This was his individual opinion, but the courts might decide the other way, and hold that it effectually emancipated all the slaves in the States to which it applied at the time. So far as he was concerned, he should leave it to the courts to decide. He never would change or modify the terms of the proclamation in the slightest particular."

At another point in the conversation "He said it was not his intention in the beginning to interfere with slavery in the States; that he never would have done it if he had not been compelled by necessity to do it to maintain the Union; that the subject presented many difficult and perplexing questions to him; that he had hesitated for some time, and had resorted to this measure only when driven to it by public necessity; that he had been in favor of the General Government prohibiting the extension of slavery into the Territories, but did not think that that Government possessed power over the subject in the States, except as a war measure; and that he had always himself been in favor of emancipation, but not immediate emancipation, even by the States. Many evils attending this appeared to him."

Recurring once more to the subject of emancipation, "He went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate the South-

<sup>1</sup> Campbell in "Southern Magazine," December, 1874, p. 191.

<sup>2</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 609, 612, and 617.

<sup>3</sup> Campbell in "Southern Magazine," December, 1874, p. 192.

ern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South; and if the war should then cease, with the voluntary abolition of slavery by the States, he should be in favor, individually, of the Government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence at the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred millions of dollars for this purpose. I could mention persons, said he, whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war shall now cease without further expense, and with the abolition of slavery as stated. But on this subject, he said, he could give no assurance—enter into no stipulation. He barely expressed his own feelings and views, and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject."

IV. THE DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.—"Mr. Lincoln said he could only give an individual opinion, which was, that Western Virginia would be continued to be recognized as a separate State in the Union."

V. THE XIII<sup>TH</sup> AMENDMENT.—Mr. Seward brought to the notice of the commissioners one topic which to them was new; namely, that only a few days before, on the 31st of January, Congress had passed the XIII<sup>TH</sup> Amendment to the Constitution, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, would effect an immediate abolition of slavery throughout the entire Union. The reports of the commissioners represent Mr. Seward as saying that if the South would submit and agree to immediate restoration, the restored States might yet defeat the ratification of this amendment, intimating that Congress had passed it "under the predominance of revolutionary passion," which would abate on the cessation of the war. It may well be doubted whether Mr. Seward stated the case as strongly as the commissioners intimate, since he himself, like Mr. Lincoln and his entire cabinet, had favored the measure. It is probable that the commissioners allowed their own feelings and wishes to color too strongly the hypothesis he stated, and to interpret as a probability what he mentioned as only among the possible events of the future.

It will be seen that in what he said upon these various propositions Mr. Lincoln was always extremely careful to discriminate between what he was under the Constitution authorized to do as Executive, and what would devolve upon coördinate branches of the Government under their own powers and limitations. With the utmost circumspection he pointed out the distinctions between his personal opinions and wishes and his official authority. More especially, however, did he repeat and emphasize

the declaration that he would do none of the things mentioned or promised without a previous pledge of reunion and cessation of resistance. "Even in case the Confederate States should entertain the proposition of a return to the Union," says Mr. Stephens's narrative, "he persisted in asserting that he could not enter into any agreement upon this subject [reconstruction], or upon any other matters of that sort, with parties in arms against the Government." Mr. Hunter interposed, and in illustration of the propriety of the Executive entering into agreements with persons in arms against the acknowledged rightful public authority referred to repeated instances of this character between Charles I. of England and the people in arms against him. Mr. Lincoln in reply to this said: "I do not profess to be posted in history. On all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I distinctly recollect about the case of Charles I. is that he lost his head." The pertinent retort reduced Mr. Hunter to his last rhetorical resource—a wail of protest, in the very worst tone of sectional egotism, that the Confederate States and their people were by these terms forced to unconditional surrender and submission. To this Mr. Seward replied with patience and dignity "That no words like unconditional submission had been used, or any importing or justly implying degradation, or humiliation even, to the people of the Confederate States. . . . Nor did he think that in yielding to the execution of the laws under the Constitution of the United States, with all its guarantees and securities for personal and political rights, as they might be declared to be by the courts, could be properly considered as unconditional submission to conquerors, or as having anything humiliating in it. The Southern people and the Southern States would be under the Constitution of the United States, with all their rights secured thereby, in the same way, and through the same instrumentalities, as the similar rights of the people of the other States were."

The reader will recall that in his last annual message President Lincoln declared his belief, based "on careful consideration of all the evidence accessible," that it was useless to attempt to negotiate with Jefferson Davis, but that the prospect would be better with his followers. Mr. Lincoln had evidently gone to Fort Monroe in hope of making some direct impression upon Stephens and Hunter, whom Grant represented as having such good intentions "to restore peace and union." He did not neglect to try this joint of the rebel commissioners' armor. Seizing the proper opportunity, he pressed upon Stephens the suggestion of separate State action to bring about a cessation of hostilities. Addressing him, he said:

If I resided in Georgia, with my present sentiments, I'll tell you what I would do if I were in your place. I would go home and get the governor of the State to call the legislature together, and get them to recall all the State troops from the war; elect senators and members to Congress, and ratify this constitutional amendment prospectively, so as to take effect—say in five years. Such a ratification would be valid, in my opinion. I have looked into the subject, and think such a prospective ratification would be valid. Whatever may have been the views of your people before the war, they must be convinced now that slavery is doomed. It cannot last long in any event, and the best course, it seems to me, for your public men to pursue would be to adopt such a policy as will avoid, as far as possible, the evils of immediate emancipation. This would be my course, if I were in your place.

The salutary advice was wasted. Mr. Stephens was a very incarnation of political paradoxes. Perhaps in all the South there was not another man whose personal desires were so moderate and correct, and whose political theories were so radical and wrong. At the beginning he had opposed secession as premature and foolish, war as desperate and ruinous; yet, against his better judgment, he had followed his "corner-stone" theory of slavery and his "supremacy" theory of States rights to the war and the ruin he foretold. Now, at the end of four years' experiment, he still clung obstinately to his new theory of secession as a "continental regulator," and the vain hope that Mr. Lincoln would yet adopt it. When at last the parties were separating, with friendly handshakings, he asked Mr. Lincoln to reconsider the plan of an armistice on the basis of a Mexican expedition. "Well, Stephens," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I will reconsider it; but I do not think my mind will change." And so ended the Hampton Roads conference.<sup>1</sup>

The commissioners returned to Richmond in great disappointment, and communicated the failure of their efforts to Jefferson Davis, whose chagrin was as great as their own. They had all caught eagerly at the hope that this negotiation would somehow extricate them from the dilemmas and dangers whose crushing portent they realized, but had no power to

avert except by surrender; and now, when this last hope failed them, they were doubly cast down. Campbell says he "favored negotiations for peace"<sup>2</sup>—doubtless meaning by this language that he advocated the acceptance of the proffered terms. Stephens yet believed that Mr. Lincoln would be tempted by the Mexican scheme and would reconsider his decision. He therefore advised that the results of the meeting should be kept secret; and when the other commissioners and Davis refused to follow this advice, he gave up the Confederate cause as hopeless, withdrew from Richmond, abandoned the rebellion, and went into retirement.<sup>3</sup> His signature to the brief public report of the commissioners stating the result of the Hampton Roads conference was his last participation in the ill-starred enterprise.

Davis took the only course open to him after refusing the honorable peace which Mr. Lincoln had tendered. He transmitted the commissioners' report to the rebel Congress with a brief and dry message, stating that the enemy refused any terms except those the conqueror may grant; and then arranged as vigorous an effort as the circumstances permitted, once more to "fire the Southern heart." A public meeting was called, and on the evening of February 6 Jefferson Davis and others made speeches at the African Church,<sup>4</sup> which, judging from the meager reports that were printed, were as denunciatory and bellicose as the bitterest Confederate could have wished. Davis, particularly, is represented to have excelled himself in that lurid flow of partisan passion and vaunting prophecy which he so effectively used upon Southern listeners for many years. "Sooner than we should ever be united again," he said, "he would be willing to yield up everything he had on earth—if it were possible he would sacrifice a thousand lives"; and further announced his confidence that they would yet "compel the Yankees, in less than twelve months, to petition us for peace on our own terms."<sup>5</sup> He denounced President Lincoln as "His Majesty Abraham the First," and said "before the campaign was over he

<sup>1</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 610-618.

<sup>2</sup> Campbell, "Recollections," etc. Pamphlet.

<sup>3</sup> Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 224-226.

<sup>4</sup> This meeting at the African Church was supplemented, a few days later, by a grand concerted effort at public speech-making at different places in Richmond, intended to electrify the South. Pollard, the Southern historian, thus describes it: "All business was suspended in Richmond; at high noon processions were formed to the different places of meeting; and no less than twenty different orators, composed of the most effective speakers in Congress and the cabinet, and the most eloquent divines of Richmond, took their stands in the halls of legislation, in the churches and the the-

<sup>5</sup> "Richmond Dispatch," Feb. 7, 1865.

and Seward might find 'they had been speaking to their masters.'"<sup>1</sup>

This extravagance of impotent anger, this rage of baffled ambition, would seem merely pitifully grotesque were it not rendered ghastly by the reflection that it was the signal which carried many additional thousands of brave soldiers to bloody graves in continuing a palpably hopeless military struggle.

#### THE XIIIITH AMENDMENT.

WE have enumerated with some detail the series of radical antislavery measures enacted at the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, which ended July 17, 1862—the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the prohibition of slavery in the national Territories; the practical repeal of the fugitive slave law; and the sweeping measures of confiscation which in different forms decreed forfeiture of slave property for the crimes of treason and rebellion. When this wholesale legislation was supplemented by the President's preliminary Emancipation Proclamation of September 22, 1862, and his final edict of freedom of January 1, 1863, the institution had clearly received its *coup de grâce* in all except the loyal border States. Consequently the third session of the Thirty-seventh Congress ending March 4, 1863, occupied itself with this phase of the slavery question only to the extent of an effort to put into operation the President's plan of compensated abolishment. That effort took practical shape in a bill to give the State of Missouri fifteen millions on condition that she would emancipate her slaves; but the proposition failed, largely through the opposition of a few conservative members from Missouri, and the session adjourned without having by its legislation advanced the destruction of slavery.

When Congress met again in December, 1863, and organized by the election of Schuyler Colfax of Indiana as Speaker, the whole situation had undergone further change. The Union arms had been triumphant—Gettysburg had been won and Vicksburg had capitulated; Lincoln's edict of freedom had become an accepted fact; fifty regiments of negro soldiers carried bayonets in the Union armies; Valandigham had been beaten for governor in Ohio by a hundred thousand majority; the draft had been successfully enforced in every district of every loyal State in the Union. Under these brightening prospects, military and political, the more progressive spirits in Con-

gress took up anew the suspended battle with slavery which the institution had itself invited by its unprovoked assault on the life of the Government.

The President's reference to the subject in his annual message was very brief:

The movements [said he] by State action for emancipation in several of the States not included in the Emancipation Proclamation are matters of profound gratulation. And while I do not repeat in detail what I have heretofore so earnestly urged upon this subject, my general views and feelings remain unchanged; and I trust that Congress will omit no fair opportunity of aiding these important steps to a great consummation.<sup>2</sup>

His language had reference to Maryland, where during the autumn of 1863 the question of emancipation had been actively discussed by political parties, and where at the election of November 4, 1863, a legislature had been chosen containing a considerable majority pledged to emancipation.

More especially did it refer to Missouri, where, notwithstanding the failure of the fifteen-million compensation bill at the previous session, a State convention had actually passed an ordinance of emancipation, though with such limitations as rendered it unacceptable to the more advanced public opinion of the State. Prudence was the very essence of Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship, and he doubtless felt it was not safe for the Executive to venture farther at that time. "We are like whalers," he said to Governor Morgan one day, "who have been on a long chase: we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one 'flop' of his tail he will yet send us all into eternity."<sup>3</sup>

Senators and members of the House, especially those representing antislavery States or districts, did not need to be so circumspect. It was doubtless with this consciousness that J. M. Ashley, a Republican representative from Ohio, and James F. Wilson, a Republican representative from Iowa, on the 14th of December, 1863,—that being the earliest opportunity after the House was organized,—introduced, the former a bill and the latter a joint resolution to propose to the several States an amendment of the Constitution prohibiting slavery throughout the United States. Both the propositions were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, of which Mr. Wilson was chairman; but before he made any report on the subject it had been brought before the Senate, where its discussion attracted marked public attention.

Senator John B. Henderson, who with rare courage and skill had, as a progressive conservative, made himself one of the leading champions of Missouri emancipation, on the 11th of January, 1864, introduced into the

<sup>1</sup> Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 411.

<sup>2</sup> Message, Dec. 8, 1863.

<sup>3</sup> Carpenter in Raymond, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 752.



Senate a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution that slavery shall not exist in the United States.<sup>1</sup> It is not probable that either he or the Senate saw any near hope of success in such a measure. The resolution went to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, where it caused some discussion, but apparently without being treated as a matter of pressing importance. Nearly a month had elapsed when Mr. Sumner also introduced a joint resolution, proposing an amendment that "Everywhere within the limits of the United States, and of each State or Territory thereof, all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave."<sup>2</sup> He asked its reference to the select committee on slavery, of which he was chairman; but several senators argued that such an amendment properly belonged to the Committee on the Judiciary, and in this reference Mr. Sumner finally acquiesced. It is possible that this slight and courteously worded rivalry between the two committees induced earlier action than would otherwise have happened, for two days later—February 10—Mr. Trumbull, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported back a substitute in the following language, differing from the phraseology of both Mr. Sumner and Mr. Henderson:

## ARTICLE XIII.

SECTION 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

SECT. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.<sup>3</sup>

Even after the Committee on the Judiciary by this report had adopted the measure, it was evidently thought to be merely in an experimental or trial stage, for more than six weeks elapsed before the Senate again took it up for action. On the 28th of March, however, Mr. Trumbull formally opened debate upon it in an elaborate speech. The discussion was continued from time to time until April 8. As the Republicans had almost unanimous control of the Senate, their speeches, though able and eloquent, seemed perfunctory and devoted to a foregone conclusion. Those which attracted most attention were the arguments of Reverdy Johnson of Maryland and Mr. Henderson of Missouri,—senators representing slave States,—advocating the amendment. Senator Sumner, whose pride of

erudition amounted almost to vanity, pleaded earnestly for his phrase, "All persons are equal before the law," copied from the Constitution of revolutionary France. But Mr. Howard of Michigan, one of the soundest lawyers and clearest thinkers of the Senate, pointed out the inapplicability of the words, and declared it safer to follow the Ordinance of 1787, with its historical associations and its well-adjudicated meaning.

There was, of course, from the first no doubt whatever that the Senate would pass the constitutional amendment, the political classification of that body being thirty-six Republicans, five Conditional Unionists, and nine Democrats. Not only was the whole Republican strength, thirty-six votes, cast in its favor, but two Democrats,—Reverdy Johnson of Maryland and James W. Nesmith of Oregon,—with a political wisdom far in advance of their party, also voted for it, giving more than the two-thirds required by the Constitution.

When, however, the joint resolution went to the House of Representatives there was such a formidable party strength arrayed against it as to foreshadow its failure. The party classification of the House stood one hundred and two Republicans, seventy-five Democrats, and nine from the border States, leaving but little chance of obtaining the required two-thirds in favor of the measure. Nevertheless there was sufficient Republican strength to secure its discussion; and when it came up on the 31st of May the first vote showed seventy-six to fifty-five against rejecting the joint resolution.

We may infer that the conviction of the present hopelessness of the measure greatly shortened the debate upon it. The question occupied the House only on three different days—the 31st of May, when it was taken up, and the 14th and 15th of June. The speeches in opposition all came from Democrats; the speeches in its favor all came from Republicans, except one. From its adoption the former predicted the direst evils to the Constitution and the Republic; the latter the most beneficial results in the restoration of the country to peace and the fulfillment of the high destiny intended for it by its founders. Upon the final question of its passage the vote stood: yeas, ninety-three; nays, sixty-five; absent or not voting, twenty-three. Of those voting in favor of the resolution eighty-seven were Republicans and four were Democrats.<sup>4</sup> Those voting against it were all Democrats. The resolution, not having secured a two-thirds vote, was

<sup>1</sup> Henry Wilson, "Antislavery Measures in Congress," p. 251.

<sup>2</sup> "Globe," Feb. 8, 1864, p. 521.

<sup>3</sup> "Globe," March 28, 1864, p. 1313.

<sup>4</sup> The Democrats voting for the joint resolution Vol. XXXVIII.—112.

were Moses F. Odell and John A. Griswold of New York, Joseph Bailly of Pennsylvania, and Ezra Wheeler of Wisconsin, the latter having also made the only speech in its favor from the Democratic side.

thus lost; seeing which Mr. Ashley, Republican, who had the measure in charge, changed his vote so that he might, if occasion arose, move its reconsideration.

The ever-vigilant public opinion of the loyal States, intensified by the burdens and anxieties of the war, took up this far-reaching question of abolishing slavery by constitutional amendment with an interest fully as deep as that manifested by Congress. Before the joint resolution had failed in the House of Representatives the issue was already transferred to discussion and prospective decision in a new forum.

When on the 7th of June, 1864, the National Republican Convention met in Baltimore, the two most vital thoughts which animated its members were the renomination of Mr. Lincoln and the success of the constitutional amendment. The first was recognized as a popular decision needing only the formality of an announcement by the convention; and the full emphasis of speech and resolution was therefore centered on the latter, as the dominant and aggressive reform upon which the party would stake its political fortunes in the coming campaign.

It is not among the least of the evidences of President Lincoln's political sagacity and political courage that it was he himself who supplied the spark that fired this train of popular action. The editor of the "New York Independent," who attended the convention, and who with others visited Mr. Lincoln immediately after the nomination, printed the following in his paper of June 16, 1864: "When one of us mentioned the great enthusiasm at the convention, after Senator E. D. Morgan's proposition to amend the Constitution, abolishing slavery, Mr. Lincoln instantly said, 'It was I who suggested to Mr. Morgan that he should put that idea into his opening speech.'" The declaration of Morgan, who was chairman of the National Republican Committee, and as such called the convention to order, immediately found an echo in the speech of the temporary chairman, the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge. The indorsement of the principle by the eminent Kentucky divine, not on the ground of party, but on the high philosophy of true universal government and of genuine Christian religion, gave the announcement an interest and significance accorded to few planks in party platforms. Permanent chairman Dennison reaffirmed the doctrine of Morgan and Breckinridge, and the thunderous applause of the whole convention greeted the formal proclamation of the new dogma of political faith in the third resolution of the platform:

*Resolved*, That as slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the prin-

ciples of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the Republic; and that while we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government in its own defense has aimed a death blow at this gigantic evil, we are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people, in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States.

We have related elsewhere how upon this and the other declarations of the platform the Republican party went to battle and gained an overwhelming victory—a popular majority of 411,281, an electoral majority of 191, and a House of Representatives of 138 Unionists to 35 Democrats. In view of this result the President was able to take up the question with confidence among his official recommendations; and in the annual message which he transmitted to Congress on the 6th of December, 1864, he urged upon the members whose terms were about to expire the propriety of at once carrying into effect the clearly expressed popular will. Said he:

At the last session of Congress a proposed amendment of the Constitution, abolishing slavery throughout the United States, passed the Senate, but failed, for lack of the requisite two-thirds vote, in the House of Representatives. Although the present is the same Congress, and nearly the same members, and without questioning the wisdom or patriotism of those who stood in opposition, I venture to recommend the reconsideration and passage of the measure at the present session. Of course the abstract question is not changed; but an intervening election shows, almost certainly, that the next Congress will pass the measure if this does not. Hence there is only a question of *time* as to when the proposed amendment will go to the States for their action. And as it is to so go at all events, may we not agree that the sooner the better? It is not claimed that the election has imposed a duty on members to change their views or their votes any further than, as an additional element to be considered, their judgment may be affected by it. It is the voice of the people, now for the first time heard upon the question. In a great national crisis like ours unanimity of action among those seeking a common end is very desirable—almost indispensable. And yet no approach to unanimity is attainable unless some deference shall be paid to the will of the majority, simply because it is the will of the majority. In this case the common end is the maintenance of the Union; and among the means to secure that end, such will, through the election, is most clearly declared in favor of such constitutional amendment.<sup>1</sup>

On the 15th of December Mr. Ashley gave notice that he would on the 6th of January, 1865, call up the constitutional amendment for reconsideration;<sup>2</sup> and accordingly on the

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln, Annual Message, Dec. 6, 1864.

<sup>2</sup> "Globe, Dec. 15, 1864, p. 53.

day appointed he opened the new debate upon it in an earnest speech. General discussion followed from time to time, occupying perhaps half the days of the month of January. As at the previous session, the Republicans all favored, while the Democrats mainly opposed it, but the important exceptions among the latter showed what immense gains the proposition had made in popular opinion and in congressional willingness to recognize and embody it. The logic of events had become more powerful than party creed or strategy. For fifteen years the Democratic party had stood as sentinel and bulwark to slavery; and yet, despite its alliance and championship, the peculiar institution was being consumed like dry leaves in the fire of war. For a whole decade it had been defeated in every great contest of congressional debate and legislation. It had withered in popular elections, been paralyzed by confiscation laws, crushed by Executive decrees, trampled upon by marching Union armies. More notable than all, the agony of dissolution had come upon it in its final stronghold—the constitutions of the slave States. Local public opinion had throttled it in West Virginia, in Missouri, in Arkansas, in Louisiana, in Maryland; and the same spirit of change was upon Tennessee, and even showing itself in Kentucky. Here was a great revolution of ideas, a mighty sweep of sentiment, which could not be explained away by the stale charge of sectional fanaticism, or by alleging technical irregularities of political procedure. Here was a mighty flood of public opinion, overleaping old barriers and rushing into new channels. The Democratic party did not and could not shut its eyes to the accomplished facts. "In my judgment," said Mr. Holman of Indiana, "the fate of slavery is sealed. It dies by the rebellious hand of its votaries, untouched by the law. Its fate is determined by the war; by the measures of the war; by the results of the war. These, sir, must determine it, even if the Constitution were amended."<sup>1</sup> He opposed the amendment, he declared, simply because it was unnecessary. Though few other Democrats were so frank, all their speeches were weighed down by the same consciousness of a losing fight, a hopeless cause. The Democratic leader of the House, and lately defeated Democratic candidate for Vice-President, Mr. Pendleton, opposed the amendment, as he had done at the previous session, by asserting that three-fourths of the States did not possess constitutional power to pass it, this being—if the paradox be excused—at the same time the weakest and the strongest argument: weakest, because the Constitution in terms contradicted the assertion; strongest, because under the circumstances nothing less than unconstitutionality could jus-

tify opposition. But while the Democrats as a party thus persisted in a false attitude, more progressive members had the courage to take independent and wiser action. Not only did the four Democrats—Moses F. Odell and John A. Griswold, of New York; Joseph Baily, of Pennsylvania; and Ezra Wheeler, of Wisconsin—who supported the amendment at the first session again record their votes in its favor, but they were now joined by thirteen others of their party associates, namely: Augustus C. Baldwin, of Michigan; Alexander H. Coffroth and Archibald McAllister, of Pennsylvania; James E. English, of Connecticut; John Ganson, Anson Herrick, Homer A. Nelson, William Radford, and John B. Steele, of New York; Wells A. Hutchins, of Ohio; Austin A. King and James S. Rollins, of Missouri; and George H. Yeaman, of Kentucky; and by their help the favorable two-thirds vote was secured. But special credit for the result must not be accorded to these alone. Even more than of Northern Democrats must be recognized the courage and progressive liberality of members from the border slave States—one from Delaware, four from Maryland, three from West Virginia, four from Kentucky, and seven from Missouri, whose speeches and votes aided the consummation of the great act; and, finally, something is due to those Democrats, eight in number, who were absent without pairs, and thus, perhaps not altogether by accident, reduced somewhat the two-thirds vote necessary to the passage of the joint resolution.

Mingled with these influences of a public and moral nature it is not unlikely that others of more selfish interest, operating both for and against the amendment, were not entirely wanting. One, who was a member of the House, writes:

The success of the measure had been considered very doubtful, and depended upon certain negotiations the result of which was not fully assured, and the particulars of which never reached the public.<sup>2</sup>

So also one of the President's secretaries wrote on the 18th of January:

I went to the President this afternoon at the request of Mr. Ashley, on a matter connecting itself with the pending amendment of the Constitution. The Camden and Amboy railroad interest promised Mr. Ashley that if he would help postpone the Raritan railroad bill over this session they would in return make the New Jersey Democrats help about the amendment, either by their votes or absence. Sumner being the Senate champion of the Raritan bill, Ashley went to him to ask him to drop it for this session. Sumner, however, showed reluctance to adopt Mr. Ashley's suggestion, saying that he hoped the amendment would pass anyhow,

<sup>1</sup> "Globe," Jan. 11, 1865, p. 219.

<sup>2</sup> George W. Julian, "Political Recollections," p. 250.

etc. Ashley thought he discerned in Sumner's manner two reasons: (1) That if the present Senate resolution were not adopted by the House, the Senate would send them another in which they would most likely adopt Sumner's own phraseology and thereby gratify his ambition; and (2) that Sumner thinks the defeat of the Camden and Amboy monopoly would establish a principle by legislative enactment which would effectually crush out the last lingering relics of the States rights dogma. Ashley therefore desired the President to send for Sumner, and urge him to be practical and secure the passage of the amendment in the manner suggested by Mr. Ashley. I stated these points to the President, who replied at once: "I can do nothing with Mr. Sumner in these matters. While Mr. Sumner is very cordial with me, he is making his history in an issue with me on this very point. He hopes to succeed in beating the President so as to change this Government from its original form and make it a strong centralized power." Then calling Mr. Ashley into the room, the President said to him, "I think I understand Mr. Sumner; and I think he would be all the more resolute in his persistence on the points which Mr. Nicolay has mentioned to me if he supposed I were at all watching his course on this matter."<sup>1</sup>

The issue was decided in the afternoon of the 31st of January, 1865. The scene was one of unusual interest. The galleries were filled to overflowing; the members watched the proceedings with unconcealed solicitude. "Up to noon," said a contemporaneous formal report, "the pro-slavery party are said to have been confident of defeating the amendment, and after that time had passed, one of the most earnest advocates of the measure said, 'T is the toss of a copper.'"<sup>2</sup> There were the usual pleas for postponement and for permission to offer amendments or substitutes, but at four o'clock the House came to a final vote, and the roll-call showed, yeas, 119; nays, 56; not voting, 8. Scattering murmurs of applause had followed the announcement of affirmative votes from several of the Democratic members. This was renewed when by direction of the Speaker the clerk called his name and he voted aye. But when the Speaker finally announced, "The constitutional majority of two-thirds having voted in the affirmative, the joint resolution is passed," "the announcement"—so continues the official report printed in the "Globe"—"was received by the House and by the spectators with an outburst of enthusiasm. The members on the Republican side of the House instantly sprung to their feet, and, regardless of parliamentary rules, applauded with cheers and clapping of hands. The example was followed by the male spectators in the gal-

leries, which were crowded to excess, who waved their hats and cheered loud and long, while the ladies, hundreds of whom were present, rose in their seats and waved their handkerchiefs, participating in and adding to the general excitement and intense interest of the scene. This lasted for several minutes."<sup>3</sup> "In honor of this immortal and sublime event," cried Mr. Ingersoll of Illinois, "I move that the House do now adjourn," and against the objection of a Maryland Democrat the motion was carried by a yeas and nays vote. A salute of one hundred guns soon made the occasion the subject of comment and congratulation throughout the city. On the following night a considerable procession marched with music to the Executive Mansion to carry popular greetings to the President. In response to their calls, Mr. Lincoln appeared at a window and made a brief speech, of which only an abstract report was preserved, but which is nevertheless important as showing the searching analysis of cause and effect which this question had undergone in his mind, the deep interest he felt, and the far-reaching consequences he attached to the measure and its success.

He supposed [he said] the passage through Congress of the constitutional amendment for the abolishment of slavery throughout the United States was the occasion to which he was indebted for the honor of this call. The occasion was one of congratulation to the country and to the whole world. But there is a task yet before us—to go forward and have consummated by the votes of the States that which Congress had so nobly begun yesterday. He had the honor to inform those present that Illinois had to-day already done the work. Maryland was about half through, but he felt proud that Illinois was a little ahead. He thought this measure was a very fitting if not an indispensable adjunct to the winding up of the great difficulty. He wished the reunion of all the States perfected, and so effected as to remove all causes of disturbance in the future; and to attain this end, it was necessary that the original disturbing cause should, if possible, be rooted out. He thought all would bear him witness that he had never shrunk from doing all that he could to eradicate slavery, by issuing an Emancipation Proclamation. But that proclamation falls far short of what the amendment will be when fully consummated. A question might be raised whether the proclamation was legally valid. It might be urged, that it only aided those that came into our lines, and that it was inoperative as to those who did not give themselves up; or that it would have no effect upon the children of slaves born hereafter; in fact, it would be urged that it did not meet the evil. But this amendment is a king's cure-all for all the evils. It winds the whole thing up. He would repeat, that it was the fitting if not the indispensable adjunct to the consummation of the great game we are playing. He could not but congratulate all present—himself, the country, and the whole world—upon this great moral victory.

<sup>1</sup> J. G. N., "Personal Memoranda." MS.

<sup>2</sup> Report of Special Committee of the Union League Club of New York. Pamphlet.

<sup>3</sup> "Globe," Jan. 31, 1865, p. 531.



## IN SORROW'S HOUR.

THE brambles blow without you,—at the door  
 They make late April,—and the brier too  
 Buds its first rose for other folk than you ;  
 In the deep grass the elder bush once more  
 Heaps its sweet snow ; and the marsh-marigold  
 With its small fire sets all the sedge aflare,  
 Like flakes of flame blown down the gray, still air ;  
 The cardinal-flower is out in thickets old.  
 Oh, love! oh, love! what road is yours to-day ?  
 For I would follow after, see your face,  
 Put my hand in your hand, feel the dear grace  
 Of hair, mouth, eyes, hear the brave words you say.  
 The dark is void, and all the daylight vain.  
 Oh, that you were but here with me again !

*Lizette Wordsworth Reese.*

## FRA FILIPPO LIPPI (1402-12-1469).

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



THE character of the work of Masaccio in art may be compared to that of Luther in religion, in kind if not in measure. It was the first bold and unequivocal departure from the authority of the traditions

of art recognized by all the followers of Giotto, the first frank declaration of the value of individuality in art. Like Luther's, this reform did not extend to the repudiation of the great motives of the fathers, but was devoted to limitation of the manner of interpreting them and the forms they should take. The example set by Masaccio of turning his back on the world of the ecstasies and the types of authority and opening his eyes to the living flesh and blood about him was followed by his pupil, Fra Filippo Lippi, with a hearty and unreserved abandonment to the logical consequences, which would perhaps have surprised and repelled the master as much as the later doctrines of reform would have shocked Luther. In Masaccio we found the first unbiased, natural inspiration ; in Filippo we have the first direct recourse to the individual as a substitute for the ideal. For though far from ideal in the large and now generally accepted use of the word, embracing the old and the new, the Greek as well as the Christian, the Byzantine type was an ideal as completely as the Phidian, and the imagery of the ecstatic school was drawn from the inner vision. Its Christ was the man of many sorrows, emaciated by spirit-

ual struggles and not beautiful to look on ; its Madonna, the woman who mothered all human griefs—spiritual ideals, between which and the Greek ideals of physical beauty there was all the antagonism of the religions from which they grew.

Not to push a parallel too far, the art of the school of Masaccio was an art involving the reform of externals ; and in it, as might be expected, the departure of the followers in reform from the old canons was a rapidly accelerating progress. In Filippo the ideal becomes personal ; and whatever may be the truth as to the stories of his relations to Lucrezia Buti, there is no mistaking the fact that some fair face had come between his eyes and the Madonna. The forms of beauty to him became all of one mold, and there is for the first time in the progress of Christian art a distinct and systematic employment of the individual and the personal in the representation of sacred personages, especially of the Madonna, an employment which later becomes the rule.

No doubt the work of Donatello contributed greatly to this result, but that was still ideal. His system of types had a kind of individuality not known before in sculpture ; but those types, distinct as they were, do not bear the mark of the model, but seem rather the outcome of an imaginative conception of the character more analogous to Greek idealization than to that of the art which began with Fra Filippo. From this time forward the naturalism of painting becomes more and more

concrete; and though direct work from a model as practiced to-day does not appear for a long time after Fra Filippo, the naturalistic element gains strength with every generation of painters.

It is not easy to decide upon the exact date of Fra Filippo's birth. Vasari says in his first edition 1402, in the second, 1412; and if we could accept his assertion that the Frate died at the age of fifty-seven the latter date would be correct, for we know that he was buried in 1469. The records state that he was the son of a Florentine butcher, that his mother died in 1412, shortly after his birth, and that his father died two years later, leaving the orphan to the care of an aunt, Monna Lapaccia, a woman in poor circumstances, as were all his relatives. Milanese, however, says that the ledger of the Carmelite convent where Filippo passed his youth states that he professed at the age of sixteen, the date given being 1421, which would put the date of his birth at 1405-06. The legend runs that Monna Lapaccia kept him till he was eight years old, when, unable to support him longer, she placed him in the monastery of the Carmine, which, as fate would have it, was in the immediate vicinity of her house. Here the boy proved to be dexterous in all kinds of handicraft, but absolutely dull and indolent at his books. The "grammar-master" could make nothing of him: instead of studying he drew little figures all over his own and his classmates' books, so at last the prior very sensibly put him to drawing, and gave him every facility for developing his talent. Masaccio's frescos in the monastery were a source of great delight to the boy artist, who would spend long hours every day studying them. He made such rapid progress that every one prophesied that he would become famous, and Vasari says that "many thought that the spirit of Masaccio must have entered into Filippo." He painted many frescos in the Carmine, all of which have perished.

In 1431-32 he seems to have left the monastery, though the reasons that are attributed to him for so doing are of the most opposite natures. Vasari says that, having become elated by the praise of all those who saw his work, he cast off his monkish garb and went into the world, where he led a life of dissipation. Being one day at Ancona in a little pleasure-boat with some friends, the party was captured by Moorish pirates and carried off to Barbary, where Filippo remained eighteen months. One day he amused himself by drawing his master in charcoal on a white wall, and this feat so much astonished and delighted the Moors that, having caused him to paint one or two pictures for them, they took him to Naples and set him free. There he

painted a panel in tempera for King Alfonso, and then returned to Florence.

This whole story is denied by modern historians. Cavalcaselle declares that Fra Filippo was never at Ancona or at Naples; that he never abandoned his monkhood, since he signed himself to the end "*Frater Filippus*," and was by others given the same name; and finally that Vasari is untruthful when he speaks of the Carmelite as a dissolute man, as a letter of his to Piero de' Medici shows him in a very different light. In this letter he complains of having been underpaid for one of his pictures, and says that it has pleased Heaven to leave him the poorest friar in Florence, in charge of six marriageable nieces, who are entirely dependent on him: he begs Piero to allow him a grant of corn and wine to support them while he is away.

This certainly does not look like the letter of a man whom, according to Vasari, Piero de' Medici was forced to lock up in order to get any work done, and who knotted his sheets together and escaped by the window after two days to get off and revel. Vasari relates that, being engaged by the nuns of St. Margaret to paint a panel, he fell in love with a young girl of whom the Sisters had charge, Lucrezia Buti—Filippino Lippi being, according to this account, the child of this unlawful union. This again Cavalcaselle indignantly denies, and points out that it is unlikely that so immoral a person as was Fra Filippo should have been created chaplain to a convent of nuns in 1452, and rector of St. Quirico at Legnaia in 1457. He supposes the younger artist to have been adopted by the older, as was frequently done in those days.

Very few of Fra Filippo's earliest works are known. Probably the Nativity in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence belongs to the period of his monastic life, and it may be the one painted for Cosimo de' Medici of which Vasari speaks. It shows the influence of Fra Angelico much more than his later work. Another altar-piece, in the Berlin museum, bearing his signature, belongs to the same epoch. In the Louvre is a Madonna and Child painted by Fra Filippo at the age of twenty-six; in the Lateran Gallery another altar-piece, executed to the order of Carlo Marzuppin, in which the donor of the piece is introduced. Vasari says that Marzuppin called the artist's attention to the careless manner in which the hands and feet were drawn, and that Fra Filippo hid them with the drapery to hide their imperfection—one of those curious technical details continually occurring in the history of the art of this epoch which shows as clearly as any tradition can that the practice of drawing the subject from the model was

not yet adopted, but that the figure was drawn from traditional and inherited knowledge of it, as it had been by the Byzantines. To understand the relations of the Italian art of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, it is necessary to have this always in mind, as it will then be easy to see how far and how fast the practice obtained of drawing from nature as a preparation for the final work.

In 1441 Fra Filippo executed a commission for the nuns of S. Ambrogio; and in the "Coronation of the Virgin," which he executed for them, there is a half-length portrait of himself, tonsured, which proves that at least as late as 1441 he retained the badge of monastic life.

From this time Fra Filippo seems to have orders enough, one would think, to furnish means of subsistence for any number of relatives, yet he appears to have remained poor and needy. The Medici took him under their patronage, and in 1452 he was made chaplain in the convent of S. Giovannino in Florence.

In 1456 he was at Prato, painting the series of frescos in the choir of the cathedral, which remains on the whole the most important of his works, both for size and for preservation. The next year he received an order from Giovanni de' Medici to leave his work and come to Florence and paint a picture for the king of Naples; and though loath to return to Florence, on account of debts he owed there, he obeyed his patron. We have a letter of his begging for money to buy the gold-leaf he needed to complete the picture; and the agent of the Medici, who went to his shop to urge him on with his work, says in a letter to Cosimo that he found a sale going on in Filippo's studio to pay his rent and some other debts.

The picture for the king, and one for Count de Rohan, were sent to Naples, and gave much satisfaction, as we learn from a letter of Cosimo's; but they are no longer there, unless a panel in the museum, somewhat like one in the National Gallery, London, be by him; but it appears to me more like the work of Filippino. In the Pitti Gallery, Florence, there is an admirable madonna by Fra Filippo, which he is said to have painted from Lucrezia Buti. The head is of the same type as most of his representations of women. There is another reputed portrait of Lucrezia in the Louvre, but Cavalcaselle says the picture is not even by Fra Filippo, and attributes it to Peselli. At Prato, in the gallery, there is a madonna by Filippo, and in the municipal gallery a Virgin and Child with attendant saints. In the refectory of S. Dominico there is an extremely fine Nativity, which, with the frescos noted in the cathedral, shows that Fra Filippo's stay in Prato must have been a considerable one. His work there however seems to have suffered several

interruptions. The first, as we have seen, was caused by a summons from his patron. In 1461 he went to Perugia to value the frescos of Benedetto Buonfigli in the chapel of the Palazzo del Comune; in 1463 and 1464 we find the representatives of Prato meeting in great perplexity as to how the painter can be forced to finish his work, for which he has been in part paid, and deciding to ask Messer Carlo de' Medici to interfere. By some means or other the frescos were completed, and in the last of the series, the "Death of S. Stefano," Lippi introduced a fine portrait of Carlo de' Medici, and one of himself.

From Prato, Fra Filippo seems to have gone to Spoleto, where he painted in the cathedral several scenes from the life of the Virgin, which still remain, though in a damaged condition, being, moreover, never finished, as he died there in 1469, poisoned — according to Vasari again — by the relatives of one of his mistresses. Lorenzo de' Medici erected a tomb to him in the cathedral of Spoleto, and Politian wrote his epitaph.

One of Fra Filippo's chief pupils was Fra Diamante. Cavalcaselle brings forward the theory that he, and not his master, was guilty of Lucrezia's seduction, and that all the libertinism attributed by Vasari to Fra Filippo should be laid on his disciple. This he deduces from the fact that while Fra Filippo was at Prato, completing his commissions there, Fra Diamante was imprisoned in Florence, by order of his superior, and did not join his master till the latter went to Spoleto. He thinks that Fra Filippo would not have been able to continue at Prato had he been guilty of the crime Vasari charges him with, for fear of the vendetta which Lucrezia's father and the nuns would assuredly have tried to bring upon him.

The sacrilegious intrigue, on account of which the life of the Frate has been so charged with obloquy, seems to me to be disputed with reason by Cavalcaselle, and the alleged poisoning at Spoleto for a similar offense is one of those vague statements of which the history of the Middle and subsequent ages is full. Any sudden death was attributed to poisoning, though we know now that many forms of malarial disease, for some of which Italy has always been noted, cause death as sudden and mysterious as poison. There were in Lippi's day no tests and no post-mortems, and suspicion was universal. And where suspicion of poisoning arose a motive was sure to be supplied. Current rumors are not evidence sufficient to establish accusations of such gravity that if recognized by the ecclesiastical authorities they would have brought Fra Filippo before the Inquisition.

It is possible, and indeed probable, that the

whole basis for the tradition was in the artistic sacrilege the artist committed in adopting a living type of womanhood as the sacred image alike of saint and Madonna. That a certain want of ecstatic susceptibility was characteristic of the Frate is clear, not only from his absolute dependence for his types on physical presence, but in a certain mental heaviness and in indifference to real ecclesiastical qualifications. He was of the true modern artistic temperament, which is rarely notably reverential of sacred things; and the simple fact that he drew a living woman as the Madonna may have been to the religious feeling of the day a worse offense than the abduction of a nun.

The innovations introduced by Fra Filippo were not limited to the type. The use of oil over his tempera painting is clear, and to this is no doubt due an advance in color which could otherwise have been the result only of a facility of retouching and overworking such as he did not possess in tempera. The "Coronation of the Virgin" in the Florentine Accademia is a masterpiece in this direction, which anticipates many of the finest qualities of the best modern French art; and the group at the apex of the composition, Christ crowning the Virgin, is as subtle in every way as any work I can re-

call in all the art of the Renaissance. But there is still nothing realistic in it in the sense which I have given to the word in writing of Masaccio. The main motive of the work is decorative; ornament is used much as the earlier men used it; the distinction between frescos and easel pictures is more marked; and we begin to see the foreshadowing of a form of art which the Venetians carried to great perfection. The color is perfectly pure and bright—qualities due to the tempera basis, and only slightly affected by the oil painting in transparent color over it. The blackening, which is the chief vice of oil painting, does not appear till about the time of Fra Bartolommeo, who in his easel pictures appears to have used oil only as his vehicle.

When we go from the Coronation in the Accademia to the frescos at Prato, large in manner and masterly in execution, we can estimate the technical power of Fra Filippo as readily as we can his originality when we compare his conceptions of the sacred personages with those of Masaccio, and can see our way to place him, as I must, as the first great master of modern art in the sense in which modern art is distinguished from that of the schools sprung from the Byzantine.

W. J. Stillman.

#### NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE, ENGRAVER.

THE "Madonna Adoring the Child Jesus," by Fra Filippo Lippi, in the Uffizi, Florence, ranks among his very finest panel pictures. It is painted in tempera on wood, and measures two feet wide by three feet high, exclusive of its beautiful frame of fruit and flowers.

It is a very pretty allusion to the text of Scripture: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee. . . . They shall bear thee up in their hands." (Ps. xci. 11, 12.) The Virgin is by an open window and the infant Jesus is seated upon the sill, when she becomes aware of the presence of the ministering spirits. She is in an attitude of adoration, looking off somewhat as in a reverie. The farther angel, who stands on the other side of the window, has just caught the pious look of the Virgin as he glances up between the arms of Jesus; his mouth is full of the innocence of childhood. The other angel, full of childish glee, turns to look at the spectator. This face is remarkable for the sweetness of its smile. It is most captivating to look close into it and observe the refinement of its treatment, and the young, guileless purity of expression. These are real Florentine boys, and I know of two just such, who might have been the identical models that Filippo Lippi used—the difference of time not considered. They need only wings clapped to their shoulders to make real angels.

The group is gracefully and naturally disposed and forms a charming composition against the quiet background, which also is full of interest. To the right in the distance is a walled city with spires and towers

relieved against the evening sky, which is of a neutral, warm, or greenish tint. Then comes a pile of rocks in which the fissures and coarse texture are minutely painted—too delicately worked to be given adequately in a small engraving. To the left a river winds through cultivated fields, losing itself among distant hills dotted with clumps of bushes and trees. Towards the foreground is seen a little red-topped cottage, part of which is visible through a portion of the elaborate, transparent headdress of the Madonna. It is a chapel, perhaps, as it has a cross on top. The coloring of the whole is rich, though somewhat faded. Perhaps the darks have grown darker and the lights lighter. The robe of the Virgin is a dark green of soft, rich tone, the flesh tints are yellowish. The robe of the laughing angel is of a fine purplish tinge, tipped aside as it is, which brings it more in shade. His white garment in the soft light is delicately felt.

This illustrates a tender and graceful phase of the master's work, and was a favorite subject with him; but to see him in his grandeur we must pay a visit to the Duomo at Prato, a short distance from Florence, where are his most important works—large, grand frescos, which are among the highest creations of the art of the fifteenth century. (See Morelli, "Italian Masters in German Galleries.") I regret very much my inability to engrave an example from these pictures as well; but circumstances were against it, and, after all, no mere detail could convey any idea of their magnificence.



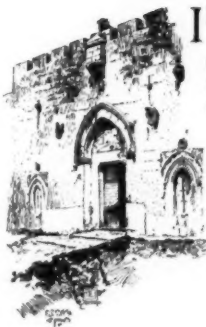


"THE VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST," BY FILIPPO LIPPI.

(IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.)



### THREE JEWISH KINGS.



ZION'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

IN the twenty-first chapter of Judges a Jewish city is located with unusual exactitude—"On the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." The Bible name of the city is Shiloh. The modern Arab calls it Seilûn. It was the chief resort of the Israelites for a long time before the gates of Jerusalem were opened to them. There, after the battle of Ai, Joshua had moved the Tabernacle from Gilgal, and made it his headquarters until his death; there the division of the land took place; there Eli lived; and there Samuel spent his boyhood and was "established to be a prophet of the Lord."

The route from Bethel to Shiloh is exceedingly rough; but the large olive orchards, the rich grain fields, and the millions of flowers which come into view compensate one for the hard traveling. As the journey proceeds the scenery grows sublime. The mountains rise higher, come more closely to one another and narrow the valleys; then, for a time, they are lower and farther apart, and the widening valleys present a picturesque and busy scene. The brown-armed peasants are plowing; girls clad in gay attire are pulling tares from the grain, and children, singing merrily, are helping them. Frequently the tinkling of a bell attracts attention to the pathways which wind around the cliffs, and a tall Bedouin, with a striped *aba* and a long fowling-piece swung across his shoulders, is

discovered guiding his flocks of sheep and goats. A long caravan of camels and donkeys laden with American kerosene may often be seen trailing slowly and demurely along the narrow, zigzag mountain paths. It is one of the busiest neighborhoods in Palestine. The cultivated fields line both sides of the "highway"—only a narrow bridle-path—until the ruins of the old crushed city are made out. What remains of Shiloh is located on a knoll a little higher than its neighbors. As soon as this is reached all the light seems to go out of the picture, so quickly do you climb from the delightful to the desolate. Some walls of an old castle, quite four feet thick, are standing. Several sturdy buttresses brace them up, and broken columns, capitals, and here and there a doorway tell how Shiloh was built to bear the brunt of battle; but they also tell what the Almighty "did to it for the wickedness of . . . Israel." At the southern base of the hill is a low, square building which the Bedouins call a mosque. In it the cattle now gather to escape the fierce rays of the sun when the shade of the splendid old terebinth which stands close by cannot accommodate all. The camera has done its best, with such rough material, to secure a representative view of



AT SHILOH.



SCOPUS FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Shiloh. Part of the walls of the ancient city are in the foreground, while beyond, on the side of a second hill, are the ruins of the building to the thick walls of which reference is made. The prospect is not a familiar one; and yet almost every Christian child on the face of the earth is told the story of the youth who became the great prophet of Shiloh. Probably Hophni and Phinehas, the renegade sons of Eli, descended this very pictured hill when, bearing the sacred ark with them, they went forth to the fatal battle of Ebenezer, where they lost their lives and the ark of God was taken. Not very far away "Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching: for his heart trembled for the ark of God." It may have been very near this "that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died."

Matters did not move on prosperously at Shiloh. Consequently on all sides the opinion grew that some of the neighboring nations were managed better. The Israelites had long been in the grip of the Philistines. Among other sore grievances forced upon them was the necessity of carrying their plows and other farming implements to the Philistine blacksmiths for repairs; because no Israelite was allowed to swell the bellows and swing the sledge lest he forges spears and armor, to say nothing of making iron chariots such as some of the invaders had. The hearts of the older and more serious Israelites were broken by seeing the masses forsake the God of Egypt, the God of Sinai, the God of the Wilderness of Kadesh, the God of Eli, for the diabolical worship of Baal

and Ashtaroth. For twenty years after the ark was taken no priest offered sacrifice, and but few were reverent enough to visit it while it rested quietly at Kirjath-jearim. The only ray of sunshine in all this moral and physical darkness was the devout Samuel. It was he who kept alive what little grace there was left. His work was a personal one for a time, for he did not dare at first to call a public assemblage. But when the Philistines found it was an injury to them and to their gods to hold the stolen ark, they concluded to restore it, and did indeed with great pomp send commissioners with it to Beth-shemesh. Samuel, with keen insight, understood their fear, and grew more bold. He called the famous assemblage of Mizpeh; prayed for the people; sacrificed a lamb at the altar "wholly unto the Lord: . . . and the Lord heard him." The battle of Mizpeh followed; the Philistines were defeated, and so subdued that no more trouble came from their quarter while Samuel lived.

The Bible does not define the location of Mizpeh as exactly as it does that of Shiloh. Nevertheless it is agreed that the long ridge called Scopus, which continues northward from the Mount of Olives, is the spot where Samuel took the oath of allegiance from the wandering people, and that not far from there he set up the stone of Ebenezer.

How marvelous is the view! You can see from the hill of Scopus better than from any other point how much lower is the hill on which



THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.



the holy city is located than any of the surrounding heights. The descent of the Valley of the Kedron and its depression appear much greater than when you are standing in the valley. The roofs of the houses of Siloam and the olive trees of Olivet appear small. Then there are the minarets, the broad domes, and the old gray walls of the city of David, with all of which we are familiar. A few minutes after the feet are turned descending towards Shiloh, the long mountain ridge, like a curtain, hides the historical theater from view, and the aspect presented by nature is desolate enough. The final battle with the Philistines occurred thereabouts. Israel seemed content with Samuel's

no fanatical pilgrims about, you may climb to its roof and obtain a very satisfactory view of the small Mohammedan *wely*, or tomb of a saint, and the hilly country around it. Bethlehem is in full view, and at night seems brought very close by its glimmering lights and the sounds which come from it, though it is a mile away.

While Saul was king down in the fields of Bethlehem, within sight of where Jesus was born more than a thousand years afterwards, David was occupied tending his father's sheep. It makes his history seem very real to visit fields just outside of Bethlehem, say towards the south-east. At first the slopes of the hills



RACHEL'S SEPULCHER.

government until the work grew too burdensome for him, and he sent his sons, Joel and Abiah, as his deputies, to the southern districts, with their headquarters at Beersheba. Then arose again, more strenuously than ever, the cry from the elders and from the people, "Make us a king to judge us like all the nations." Though the aged Samuel was displeased at this at first, the people refused to obey his voice, and in time a king was brought into Samuel's presence and anointed.

This interview and the parting of Saul and Samuel took place but a short distance from Rachel's sepulcher, about two miles south of Bethlehem. The surrounding country cannot have changed much during the thirty centuries and more which have passed away since Jacob set a pillar upon the grave of his wife, unless the stones have increased. If there are

seem barren and lifeless; but when you are upon them you will see that they are green, with plenty of highly tinted flowers growing in families everywhere. The monotony of the scene is broken by groups of olive trees and by the flocks of sheep which gather under them in the heat of the day. You may see young shepherds practicing with their slings, and sometimes putting their home-made weapons to a use which you had not suspected. If a member of the flock strays too far away from his fellows he is first gently called, "Tally-henna, ya gididi" ("Come here, you kid"). But if that does not avail, he is brought to his senses by a stone sent whizzing after him from the shepherd's sling.

In one of the Bethlehem fields you may see the ruins of a strongly built stone structure. It is called the "Shepherd's Castle." Great

blocks of stone, which seem to have formed part of the "castle," lie under the neighboring olive trees. There are several caves close by, which are used now for the protection of the sheep during the colder weather. The long line of dark in the far distance is a part of the hills of Moab. The Dead Sea lies sunken near their western base. No place made familiar by the history of David is very far away. Here David was when Samuel visited the house of Jesse, the father of David, and Jesse sent for his son to come home and meet the man of God. Much of history was written upon the few miles of country which came within his circuit.

The women's quarters are next, separated by tent-cloth and rugs. An improvised divan of the same material is the only piece of furniture in the "hospitality tent."

On such a sumptuous article of antique furniture my companions and I sat and suffered "hospitality" for nearly four hours. A fire of twigs was first built. That was very welcome, for the night was chilly. Twenty-five natives, who, attended by one old veiled woman, came to share the fire and the feast, were not so agreeable. Each one brought a "contribution," usually some twigs for fuel. Coffee was made with great ceremony. Several of the men took part in bruising the blessed bean in a wooden



WHERE DAVID WAS A SHEPHERD, NEAR BETHLEHEM.

The humblest Bedouin does his best to reserve what he dubs his "hospitality tent," and is always willing to entertain strangers, be they "angels unawares," or probable subjects for brigandage after they are a half-day's journey from his quarters. I have good cause to remember always the "hospitality" I accepted from a murderous tribe of Azazimehs not more than a dozen miles away from where David guarded Nabal's flocks. A "feast" was part of the programme, and it was as full and as good as the one which David gave—"a cake of bread and, a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine"—when the ark was brought into Jerusalem, and it was served with much ceremony. In an Arab village the tents are arranged on three sides of a plot of ground with the fourth side open. The "hospitality tent" is usually at one end, near the open.

mortar, with a pestle almost as long as the arm. Tune or time was kept with the rude implements. If a younger person than the one officiating at the pestle entered the tent, he politely resumed the labor and caught up the tune. The coffee was boiled in a ladle and the water was cleared in the same utensil. Oftentimes water is as scarce as coffee—always less plenty than milk. Three times the mocha was served in tiny china cups, one of which had been broken and was mended with copper bands and wire. Next a sheik was sent out with sword in hand to slaughter a sheep for the feast. While he was gone a two-gallon bowl of *leben*, or sour goat's milk, was kept in circulation, all drinking from it. The plenteous American mustache came in protectingly useful then. If it was smeared with the dainty lactate the "hospitality" giver was content.



MODERN JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

How long this ceremony would have continued no one could have conjectured had not a cross-eyed Azazimeh, a nephew of the sheik, come in late and hungry from some marauding jaunt and emptied the bowl. It was the only cause for gratitude we had during the entire feast. In about three hours a great wooden bowl was brought in, filled with stewed meat and barley pancakes — by no means a distasteful combination. With fingers all helped themselves from the same bowl until all were satisfied; then the feast ended. For this accommodation on our part we were treated next day very much as David was by the children of Keilah, for we were not allowed to depart until we had fully paid for the hospitality, with usury added.

Surely these wild people show more of the characteristics of the Bedouin David and his outlaw band than do the modern Hebrews who flock to Palestine and lead an idle, dependent life in order that they may end their days in the land of their forefathers.

RUNNING across the whole country from south-west to north-east, beginning at the Mediterranean just north of Mount Carmel and reaching up like the arm of some great giant submerged in the sea to the mountains which line the west side of the Jordan, and then reaching between the ranges to the very shores of the sacred river, is a vast plain. If you could obtain a topographical view of it from a balloon, the Jordan side would present the appearance of a mutilated hand. The mountain ridges would appear to you like fingers; their highest peaks as knuckles; and the narrow valleys, to carry out the simile, as the spaces between the fingers reaching to the Jordan. This lovely expanse is the plain of Jezreel, or, in softer Greek, the plain of Esdraelon.

Our observations begin at Jenin. It is a typical town of northern Palestine, with its fruit gardens, its lovely water supply, and its groves of palms. There, too, is the inevitable broad dome of the mosque, and, overreaching all in height,



MOUNT GILBOA AND THE FOUNTAIN OF JEZREEL.

the slender minaret whence the muezzin cry may be heard from Samaria to Galilee. The views from this minaret are worth a journey to Palestine to see. The backward look towards Shechem and Samaria affords a new view of Ebal and Gerizim, and not only covers a splendid country under a high state of cultivation, dotted with olive groves as fine as any south of Damascus, but embraces a region full of thrilling history. In some places the long lines of the broken arches of an aqueduct lifted high in the air remind you of the Roman Campagna. Down in the fields near Samaria, if your observations are made in the afternoon, you may see strange-looking vertical masses of light arranged in a long eccentric row, at irregular distances from one another. Sometimes they look like specters, sometimes like masses of water thrown up by some deep artesian power as if intended to irrigate the fertile fields wherein they have been marshaled by kingly direction. They are, indeed, the granite remnants of the great colonnade of Sebaste, which Herod built, reflecting the strong sunlight as it comes to them from across the plain. Right among them you may also see picturesque ruins of the crusader's day. Then, when your eyes fall nearer to your lookout, you will see a richly cultivated country. The whole region is hilly. The rocks protrude from the hills

on every side, yet every spot of ground from the bases to the summits presents testimony to the thrift of the husbandman. Every valley has its stream even now. The tiniest of these is made to drive the wheels of some primitive flour mill. You may see the long line of the Mediterranean on the left. Turning to the north and west, besides the mountains already named, far beyond you may see the spurs of the Anti-Lebanon range with the snowy peak of Mount Hermon looking like the light surrounding clouds. The eastern slopes of Gilboa and Little Hermon lead your mind down to the long, dark, and narrow depression which marks the course of the winding Jordan, and another depth of shadow, at that distance looking almost as round as a well, discloses the location of the Sea of Galilee. At your feet, beginning as soon as you look beyond the borders

of the village, is the lovely plain. The rich carpeting supplied by nature is indescribable. There are no fences between the vast undulating plots of green and gold and pink and gray; but the narrow roads, with soil as red as the shale of northern New Jersey, mark out the boundaries for the Bedouin husbandmen. A silvery stream, whose starting-point cannot be made out, may be discerned finding its way down from west to east. It is the river Kishon, on whose borders Sisera was defeated; where, while he was awaried and asleep, Jael drove the tent-pin through his head and fastened it to the ground; and where Elijah slew the priests of Baal. This view in the springtime looks like a great garden under the highest state of cultivation. The position of the plain supplies the key to its bloody record. It is a broad avenue, open at each end, and has drawn to battle within its narrow limits the Philistines of the western coast, the Israelites of the east, and the Syrians from the north. Later on the armies of the Assyrians and of the Egyptians passed and repassed, rested and manœuvred, previous to the awful struggles which followed. Even Napoleon here pitted his handful against a Mussulman horde that outnumbered him ten times or more. It has always been the main avenue for ingress and egress of the nomadic as well as the civilized





THE POOL IN HEBRON WHERE DAVID HUNG THE MURDERERS OF ISH-BOSHETH.

peoples who combated one another that they might possess the rich land surrounding.

The mountains and the towns which come within the broad encirclement of the eastern half of the plain are what most interest us now. We climb to the top of Mount Gilboa first. Its summit is almost bare. On the western incline every few rods there is a well or pit sunk into the solid rock. It is said that Joseph's brethren hid him in one of these pits, for the plain of Dothan is only a short distance away from the base of the mountain. Such pits are plenty in Palestine, and have been sunk to catch water when the winter torrents come rolling down. They have been provided by some kindly Jacob so that the thirsty traveler may find refreshment on the way.

The range of mountains known as the Little Hermon, the fountain of Jezreel, and the villages of Jezreel, Shunem, and Endor are the points of interest which come into the line marked out by the International Lessons, and they are all within an hour or so of the summit of Mount Gilboa—all within the borders of the plain of Esdraelon. There are only about twenty houses at Jezreel now, and the people are very squalid. Yet they support an ancient tower where they insist upon entertaining strangers at their own expense. Their hospitality does not create a desire to remain with them during the season, but the view from their tower compensates for all the loss of appetite caused by their curdled goat's milk and unleavened bread.

Endor lies near here. There is not much to attract one, except the number of caves or caverns which have been hewn in the cliffs overlooking the village. If bats are witches, as some maintain, and witches are bats, then Endor has lost none of its ancient reputation. At least the appearance of things

thereabouts is uncanny enough, and you will be glad to spur your horse back towards the fountain of Jezreel. This fountain holds the next interest for us. It is a beauty spot and a natural wonder. When on Mount Gilboa, if you have a guide who knows the country, you may ride northward until you come to the point where the mountain abruptly ends, as though a section or at least a part of the slope had been cut away, as is often the case in railway construction: hold your guide's hand while you look over, and you will hear the trickling of water, the splashing of cattle, and the voices of their chattering attendants. They are all a hundred feet below you, where is a wide cavern walled by conglomerate rock, from which the waters break forth with suffi-



GIHON, WHERE SOLOMON WAS ANOINTED.

cient force to turn a little mill. This is the fountain of Jezreel. The rocky sides and the top of the cavern are lined with ferns, and water plants abound. The water flows perennially. After emerging from its source the stream widens into a small lake and feeds one of the winding tributaries which contribute to the waters of the Jordan. The husbandmen of the plain of Esdraelon bring their cattle and their flocks here to drink, but they guard them well, for the visits of the invader are still frequent.

Philistines to stand fight. It was his last battle, and it went hard with him. Three of his sons, including Jonathan, were killed; many of his men were slain, and the rest of his army fled, leaving their king, lying wounded by the arrows of the archers, upon Mount Gilboa. In this dreadful plight Saul pleaded with his armor-bearer to finish the dire work of the enemy, but even that favor was refused him. In his desperation he seized a sword, fell upon it, and died. His armor-bearer immediately followed suit. Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul,



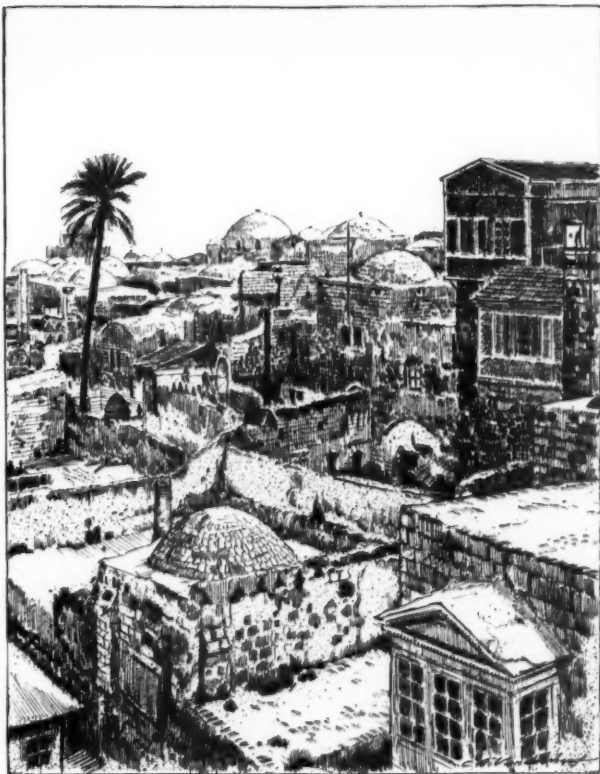
THE TOWERS OF DAVID AND OF JESUS.

It was in Shunem that Saul made his last stand against the Philistines, and gathered his forces together on Mount Gilboa. It was part of his usual tactics to choose a height for his headquarters, rather than the low land. From his encampment on Gilboa he could witness the marshaling of the Philistines across the valley. His spies could creep about among the thickets and watch the enemy's every movement. The reports of his scouts filled him with trembling and fear. He sought for Divine direction in the matter, but it was not given him. He was forsaken of God and down in spirit. In his tribulation at nightfall he left his quarters disguised and went around to Endor to consult a witch. He obtained no comfort from the necromancer and next day was forced by the

had but a short reign, and then David came to the throne.

Comparative quiet now reigned for a time. David was recognized as king by all the elders of Israel. He was only thirty years of age when he began to reign at Hebron. He remained there seven years and a half. Everything grew and prospered under his hands; but Hebron was too small for the capital of so great a king. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion . . . and called it the city of David." His next step was to convey the ark there. He reigned in Jerusalem over thirty years.

Gihon, with its lovely gardens, where Solomon was anointed, was just in the valley below the royal palace—scarce a stone's-throw from



THE CITY OF DAVID NEAR ZION'S GATE.

the strong gate of Zion. There is a great reservoir there now, which for many centuries has been one of the water supplies of Jerusalem. Pictured with the western sides of the city it forms one of the most interesting views — so full of history — in the neighborhood.

*Edward L. Wilson.*

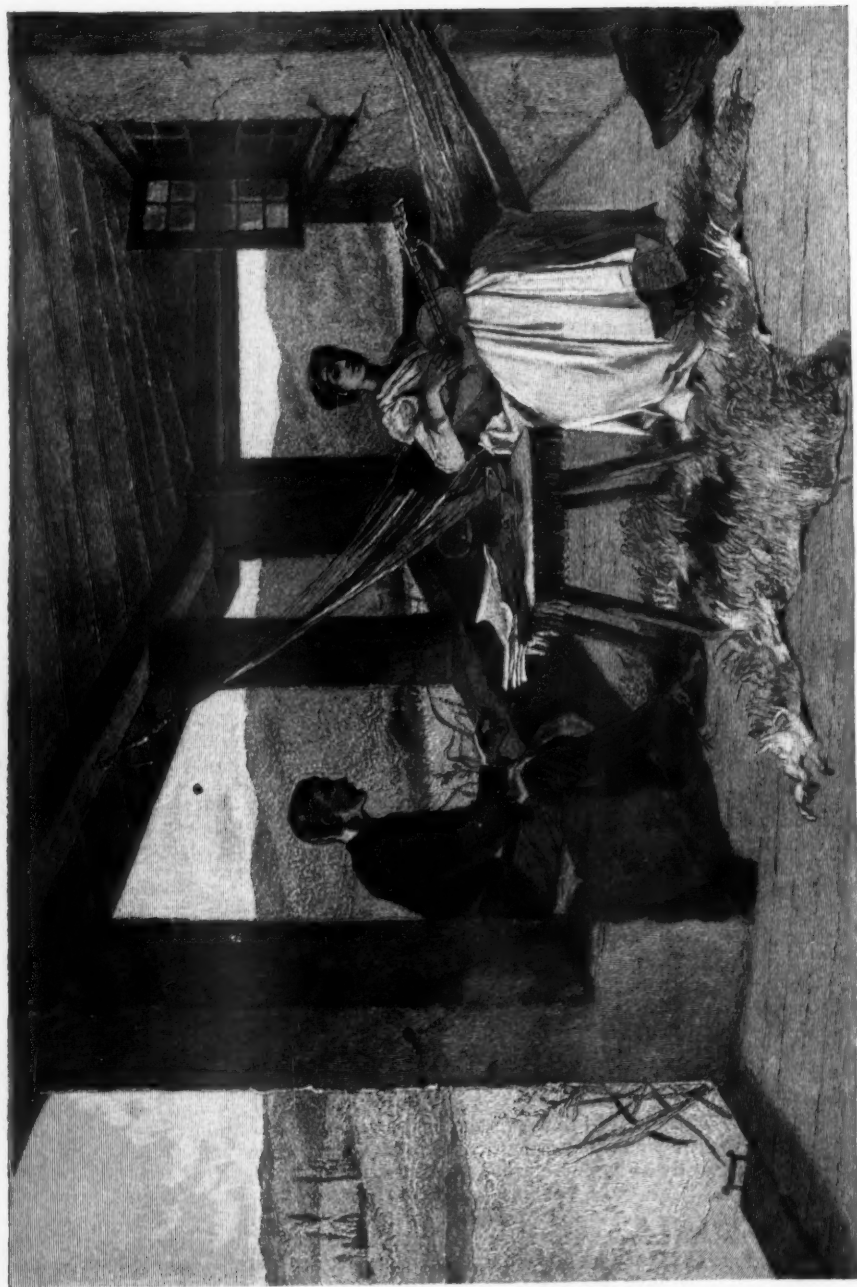
### OVER THEIR GRAVES.

OVER their graves rang once the bugle's call,  
The searching shrapnel, and the crashing ball;  
The shriek, the shock of battle, and the neigh  
Of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay;  
And the loud cannon's thunders that appall.

Now through the years the brown pine-needles fall,  
The vines run riot by the old stone wall,  
By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away,  
Over their graves!

We love our dead where'er so held in thrall,—  
Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul,—  
A love that's deathless! but they look to-day  
With no reproaches on us when we say,  
"Come! let us clasp your hands, we're brothers all,"  
Over their graves!

*Henry Jerome Stockard.*



A PRETTY GIRL IN THE WEST.

DRAWN BY MARY MALLOCH FOSTER.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.



## THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE WEST.

### PICTURES OF THE FAR WEST.—X.



HE wish so often expressed by mothers in the West that their daughters should have a "good time," suggests an inquiry as to what precisely is meant by this fond aspiration.

A mother's idea of a "good time" for her daughter usually signifies the sort of time she has failed to have herself. If she has been a hard-working woman, with many children to care for, she will desire that her daughter shall live easy and be blessed, in the way of offspring, with something less than a quiver-full. Where in the past labor has urged her, often beyond her strength, pleasure in the future shall invite her child.

So the mothers of the West, women of the heroic days of pioneering, unconsciously tell the story of their own struggles and deprivations in the ambitions which they indulge for their children.

Along the roads over which her parents journeyed in their white-topped wagon, their tent by night, their tabernacle, their fortress in time of danger, the settler's daughter shall ride in a tailor-made habit, or fare luxuriously in a drawing-room car. Where the mother's steadfast face grew brown with the glare of the alkali plain, the daughter shall glance out carelessly from behind the tapestry blind of her Pullman "section." Where the mother's hands washed and cooked and mended, and dressed wounds, and fanned the coals of the camp-fire, the daughter's shall trifle with books and music, shall be soft and "manicured" and daintily gloved.

It is one of the curious sights in the shops of a little town of frame houses—chiefly of one story, where the work of the house is not unfrequently done by the house-mother, not from poverty, but from the want in a new community of a servant class—to behold about Christmas time the display of sumptuous toilet articles implying hours spent upon the care of the feminine person, especially the feminine hands. This may be one of the indications of the sort of good time that is preparing for the daughters of the town. There are other and more hopeful suggestions, but none that seriously counteract the plainly projected revolt, on the part of the mothers, against a future of physical effort for their girls.

There are girls and girls in the West, of all

degrees and styles of prettiness; but here, as elsewhere, and in all her glory, is seen the pre-eminently pretty girl—who by that patent exists, to herself, to her world, and in the imagination of her parents. The career of this young lady in her native environment is something amazing to persons of a sober imagination as to what should constitute a girl's "good time." The risks that she takes, no less than her extraordinary escapes from the usual consequences, are enough to make one's time-honored principles reel on the judgment seat of propriety.

It is true she does not always escape; but she escapes so often that it is quite impossible to draw any wholesome deductions from her. The only thing that can be done with her is to disapprove of her (with the consciousness that she will not mind in the least) and forgive her, because she knows not what she does. Why should she not take the good time for which, and for little else, she has been trained—the life of pleasure for which some one else pays!

In the novels she goes abroad and marries an English duke; in real life not quite so often; but she is an element of confusion, morally, in all one's prophecies with regard to her. She may have talent and make an actress or a singer, if she has any capacity for work; or she may marry the man she loves and become an exemplary wife. That which in her history appeals most deeply to one's imagination is the contrast between her fortunes and those of her mother.

If Creusa had survived the fall of Troy to accompany Æneas on his wanderings, with a brood of fast-growing boys and girls, whose travel-worn garments she would have been mending while her hero entertained Dido with the tale of his misfortunes, it is not unlikely that that much-tried woman would have had her ideas as to those qualities in her sex that make for a "good time," and those which mostly go to supply a good time for others. And we may be sure that in planning the futures of the Misses Æneas she would not have chosen for them the virtues that go unrewarded; rather shall they sit, white-handed and royally clad, and turn a smiling face upon some eloquent adventurer—who shall not be, in all respects, a copy of father Æneas.

Whoever has lived in the West must have

observed that here it is the unexpected that always happens; therefore it will be a mistake to take the pretty girl too seriously, or to regard her as a fatal sign of the tendency of the life she is so fitted to enjoy. She is merely a phase,—an entertaining if not an instructive one,—for which her parents' hard lives and changes of fortune are mainly responsible. Her children will reverse the tendency, or carry it to the point of fracture, where nature steps in, in her significant way, and rubs out the false sum.

But as often as not nature permits the whole illogical proceeding to go on, and nothing happens of all that we have prophesied. We see that the fountain *does* rise higher than its source, that grapes *do* grow upon thorns and figs upon thistles, on some theory of cause and effect unknown to social dynamics.

The pretty girl from the East is hardly enough of a "rusher" to please the young Western masculine taste; but there will not be wanting pilgrims to her shrine. Her Eastern hostess will be proud of the chance to demonstrate that she is n't at all the same sort of pretty girl as her sister of the West,—it is the shades of difference that are vital,—and she will receive an almost pathetic welcome at the hands of her young countrymen, stranded upon cattle-ranches, or in railroad or mining camps, or engaged in hardy attempts of one sort or another wherein there is room for feminine sympathy.

Whether she takes her pleasure actively, in the saddle or in the canoe, or sits out the red summer twilights on the ranch piazza, or tunes her guitar to the ear of a single listener who has ridden over miles of desert plain for the privilege, she will be conscious that she supplies a motive, a new meaning to the life around her.

All this is very dangerous. She is in a world of illusions capable of turning into ordeals for those who put them to the proof—ordeals for which there has been no preparation in the life of the pretty girl. Even the ordeal of taste is not to be despised—taste, which en-

virens and consoles and unites and stimulates women in the East, and which disunites and tortures and sets them at defiance, one with another, in the West.

The life of the men may be large and dramatic, even in failure; but the life of women, here, as everywhere, is made up of very small matters—a badly cooked dinner, a horrible wall-paper, a wind that tears the nerves, a child with something the matter with it which the doctor "does n't understand," an acquaintance that is just near enough *not* to be a friend: it is the little shocks for which one is never prepared, the little disappointments and insecurities and failures and postponements, the want of completeness and perfection in anything, that harrows a woman's soul and makes her forget, too often, that she has a soul.

So let our pretty Eastern girl remember, before she pledges herself irrevocably to follow the fortunes of some charming young man she has had a "good time" with on the frontier, that—all good times and masculine assurances to the contrary notwithstanding—the frontier is not yet ready for her kind of pretty girl. There is more than one generation between her and the mother of a new community—unless she be minded to offer herself up on the altar of social enlightenment, or for the particular benefit of her particular young man. This is a fate which will always have a baleful fascination for the young woman who is capable of arguing that, if the frontier be not ready for her, the young man is.

The pity of it is that these young gentlemen always will pick out the pretty girl, when a less expensive choice would be so much more serviceable and fit the conditions of their lives so much better. But they are all potential millionaires, these energetic dreamers. They do not pinch themselves in their prospective arrangements, including the prospective wife. Between them both, the girl who expects to have a good time, and the young man who is confident that he can give it to her, there will probably be a good deal to learn.

• • •

## ON A GREAT POET'S OBSCURITY.

WHAT means his line? You say none knows?  
Yet one perhaps may learn—in time:  
For, sure, could Life be told in prose  
There were no need at all for rhyme.

Alike two waters blunt the sight—  
The muddy shallow and the sea;  
Here every current leads aright  
To deeps where lucent wonders be.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

## THE LONGWORTH MYSTERY.

BY THE CITY EDITOR.



HE eccentric old telegraph editor, in his little sleeping-den in the great publication building of the "Democratic Banner," was writing a compendium of Kant's philosophy, and kept a colony of white mice in a squirrel-cage, feeding them upon soda-crackers and milk. He was a patient, uncomplaining, and gentle slave, who toiled the ten hours of night without a word unless it were asked, and then it was freely, even generously, given. Somehow, with the knowledge that he knew enough to make a compendium of Kant, there came to the young men of the force the conviction that he knew everything else. And thus, in addition to his labors at the telegraph desk, he discharged the important function of encyclopedia-in-chief to the "Banner" staff.

Did anybody want to know the meaning of a word? Kant's disciple nimbly followed it to its Latin, Greek, or even Phœnician root. Those curious expeditions into the infinitude of astronomic lore which the young reporter, in happy and unsuspecting ignorance, is so fond of making when assigned to "a paragraph on the partial eclipse of the moon to-night," were always more or less piloted by the friendly hand of the patient old philosopher, who turned from his work only to lighten that of somebody else. Touching all the astounding and deeply hidden mysteries of earth, air, science, philosophy, and religion that placid mind was a never-failing fount of information.

These things, it is true, were as airy nothings to the stern and immutable mission of the daily newspaper; they merely served to give pedants on the staff an opportunity to "kill space" on the days when storms and electrical phenomena reduced the capacity of the telegraph wires to convey sufficient "copy." But the young men felt a veneration for that mind so deeply stored with knowledge they could not understand, and a kindly pity that it stopped short of the important names upon the 2.30 class of trotters. Alas! it was a blank upon those stirring and absorbing subjects that engage the best intellect of the city editor's practical department. When he passed away it was perhaps in the fullness of a ripe, dry, and musty scholarship, but there was not a "regular," a "special," an "extra," or a "loose" man on the staff who did not recognize with

something of kindly compassion that that gentle spirit had gone to its eternal rest without knowing—or even caring to know, so sublime is the indifference of simple scholarship—the order of finish of the League base-ball clubs for the previous season, and all regardless of the fame of that single batsman who could face Pitchington, the curve terror, with any hope of a safe hit.

It is not pleasant to record these blots upon an otherwise fair page of life. It is, indeed, somewhat of gratuitous cruelty to set them down, for the telegraph editor had nothing whatever to do with Robert Longworth or "The Longworth Mystery." It may be excused, then, as a touch of that local color which accompanies the action of life as the painted scene gives emphasis to the actor's spoutings. It is even true that if the stupendously informed but sadly ignorant delver into Kant's philosophy had never lived, Longworth's career would have been in no wise changed. They occupied adjoining apartments in the building for a year, these two singular and interesting men, without knowing each other, although each knew the firmament and the stars and planets therein as familiarly as Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, knew the stars of his peculiar firmament, or Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, knew the planets that revolved around the twenty-four-foot ring or the mile circle at the racing-park.

These two men, though they resembled each other in the immensity of their knowledge and in the open-handed way in which it was dispensed, were entirely dissimilar. They supplemented, and, as it were, completed each other as practical factors of that staff of talented and industrious journalists. What the patient telegraph editor knew of things so hoary and impracticable as to pass all modern understanding in journalism, Longworth knew of that which was the prime meat, the juice, the essence, the all, of the local newspapers. His wonderful mind reached back and enveloped in the symmetry of minutest detail the prize-fights of the last century; the winners of the Derby when that famous stake was in puling infancy in England; the names and records of the champion high, long, and clear jumpers; the "averages" of the giants of the great base-ball profession; and the gossip, private but reliable, of those smirched in the extension of the

franchise of the Paradise and Paddy's Run Street Railway. Upon the personalities of politics, the drift of issues, and the progress of legislation his mind was a fruitful expanse of information.

Looking back now it is comparatively easy to sum up and credit his great talents and his great services, but these were evolved slowly into recognition. The writer hereof, an entire stranger to the city, had scarcely settled himself in the august chair of the city editorship when Longworth made the almost unnoticed entry through which his genius was destined to filter, enlarging as it came, until it had flooded the local department of the "Democratic Banner" with shame, mortification, and base hatred.

The negligent copy-reader and the unspeakable proof-reader had both passed, in the course of an elaborate description of the new gymnasium, the absurd statement that Sayres had once fought the Tipton Slasher to his knees in the first round. Next morning there lay on the city editor's desk this note:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DEMOCRATIC BANNER."

In the otherwise admirable report of the opening of the new gymnasium, in your valuable paper of this morning, your reporter falls into a common but inexcusable error regarding the mill between Sayres and The Slasher, fought at Tunbridge Wells, May 23, 1857.\* Sayres did *not* fight The Slasher to his knees during the first or any subsequent round of that remarkable contest. The misstatement originated in the Tunbridge Wells "Gazette's" report of the 24th of May, 1857, and was promptly corrected in "Bell's Life" of the succeeding week. Crapster's "Life of Sayres" expressly says that The Slasher slipped upon a pebble which had been overlooked in preparing the ring, and fell to one knee—not his *knees*—by accident. There is no stronger admirer of Sayres than his biographer, Crapster, and if any well-informed person felt any necessity to claim even a doubt of the cause of The Slasher's fall, that doubt would have been perpetuated in Sayres's "Life." But Crapster distinctly disavows any claim for his hero on that point.

ROBERT LONGWORTH.

This communication, written in a feeble and straggling hand, was published. It gave the copy-reader pain, it rebuked the unspeakable proof-reader, and it covered with the first heavy mantle of humiliation the sporting editor himself. That oracular member of the staff had never before experienced the salutary discovery of an equal, much less a superior, mind in the domain of his own peculiar information. Who "Robert Longworth" was the sporting editor did not know; no more did the city editor; but there was the note itself, proof of the presumption that its writer had read the classic of fistiana, with which the sporting editor had no acquaintance. And, knowing

nothing about it at all, the city editor, with that impartial dignity and quick decision which imparts so much strength to his position and elevates him in the respect of the staff, pronounced Longworth's correction to be well-timed, accurate, and due to the truth of history. This decision at once gave the city editor rank in the estimation of the force, which as a stranger he much needed, and he was henceforth looked upon as a remarkably well-informed and cultured journalist. Soon, when he passed opinions upon sporting topics, they were occasionally echoed in the sporting column in the easily detected phraseology of the sporting editor.

But it must be said of Mr. Burke that his first impulse, smarting under the sting of so bold a rebuke, was bitterness to Longworth.

"As if it made a cussed bit of difference," he explained with picturesque animation to Mr. Forrest, the dramatic critic, that night, seated at their regular midnight lunch over Drinkworth's beer and oysters. "The point of my reference was to illustrate the perfection to which the cultivation of the dukes might be carried—not to insist merely, begad, that Sayres had knocked The Slasher down in the first go. There 's lots of duffers that have knocked handy men to their knees in the first round, and that sustains the point. But I happened to hit on Sayres just by accident, because it was a great name, I suppose, and this Longworth wants to come along and knock the whole point out. What difference does it make, anyhow, over a fight fought in '57?"

And the dramatic critic, an unapproachable and gloomy person, who unbent to nobody upon earth save Mr. Burke,—and whose reasons for unbending in that direction were basely attributed to certain selfish desires to obtain passes to all slugging-matches, cock-mains, race-meetings, and base-ball games, which passes were the sole perquisites and entirely within the influence of the sporting editor to obtain,—agreed mutely, but with a bored air, to his friend's defense.

It was soon apparent, however, that Longworth had no petty desire personally to annoy or humiliate the sporting editor. If he had, his malevolence must certainly have extended to other and finally to all the members of the staff; for within a week the note that had been forgotten was followed by another in the same quavering, straggling hand, and which, to the unconcealed delight of the force in whole, was directed to uncovering the fallibility of the religious department. It was plain that Longworth could not have any feeling of malignity towards the pale, amiable, and yearning youth whose duty of once a week, on Saturday, throwing the contributed religious



notices into shape had earned for him the title of the religious editor. He was a rustic youth, with remarkable capacity for enjoying all the privileges of journalism and escaping its grinding demands. The religious editor regarded Mr. Burke, the sporting editor, with a veneration born of similar, but as yet unsatisfied, ambition. Nothing more delighted him than the occurrence of what was technically known as a "double sporting event," in which case he left no pleading unattempted to secure the assignment for reporting the lesser, while Mr. Burke himself attended the greater in person and, with patronizing kindness, corrected the "copy" of his youthful and rapidly fledgling emulator. It is painful to record that these associations and the peculiar ambition of the religious editor soon brought rumors that he was beginning to be seen about the gambling-houses. From that to cigarettes and the chewing of tobacco, with not yet entirely concealed repugnance, was a short step, and he began to swear vigorously as he compiled the church notices on Saturday nights. But he retained a boyish geniality and an engaging amiability, and his elasticity of imagination in circulating unimportant facts that he picked up at random diverted and amused all of us. And thus his title of religious editor was fastened upon him, it is only proper to confess, for purely ribald and satirical reasons.

The religious editor, it appears, in editing a paragraph announcing the subject of the Rev. Dr. Calvin's sermon for the next day had incautiously accepted an opening for pedantic display,—the bane of young journalists,—and upon the result of his attempt (which Burke declared revolutionized at one swoop all preconceived notions of the Mosaic code) Longworth came down in a note that was brief but which weighed like a ton upon the religious editor's self-satisfaction.

This note attracted our attention sharply to Longworth, though nobody had the remotest idea who Longworth was. But the time came when there was no room to doubt that Longworth knew the "Democratic Banner" with a critical intimacy that was wonderful. The office soon learned to fancy Longworth's Eye as being in itself some insatiate monster, roaming up and down the columns of the paper, searching everywhere, penetrating all departments, finding and dragging to light unwary inaccuracies and blunders. Nothing escaped his relentless scrutiny. He challenged alike the book reviewer's reference to the date of the publication of a French work on infidelity and the haughty dramatic critic's smuggled reminiscences of the elder Booth. When a typographical error in the market reports put up the price of eggs seven cents in the dozen

Longworth sent in a communication, full of appalling statistics, to show that it must be a mistake, because in no year since 1817 had eggs ever reached such a figure at that season. He knew the productions of the unsung hen as thoroughly as those of more renowned authors. He sent up, from nobody knew where, in little dirty envelopes, memoranda of all sorts and conditions, setting the court reporter right in regard to the date of certain ordinances and reminding the art critic of facts hitherto unknown to that authority about the origin of pottery in Japan. He fell upon the "Answers to Correspondents," and for weeks the timid bookworm of that department, who stood intrenched behind the awful array of information he had himself heaped up, sat silent, aghast, and stricken with remorse at the ignorance and blunders that had crept into what he had heretofore considered an impregnable wall of passionless and impartial fact.

It was not long until the rumor grew that even the throned omnipotence that fulminated the tariff articles had received a note in which his figures upon the prime cost of pig iron in the southern water-shed were ruthlessly challenged, scattered, and put to flight. Whether this was true will never be demonstrable by actual proof, for no secrets leaked out of the gloomy chamber in which were written articles upon the necessity of a tariff revision, upon a plan that nobody understood, and which could not be explained to anybody. But it was certainly more than a coincidence that about this time the tariff editor's evolutions became tinged with acrid but obscure references to "certain emissaries of the arrogant money classes who, led by gross ignorance and upheld by intolerable effrontery, have questioned our accuracy upon this point." Then followed arrays of figures, with the first cost of raw material multiplied by classifications of multiples and divided by divisors, "selected for reasons explained at length in our articles upon this absorbing subject last year." A few days later the tariff editor fulminated a great broadside of sweeping sarcasm and bitter abuse against the still mysterious "emissary" who, "not content with disputing our facts, actually has the impertinence to deny the correctness of our multiples and divisors."

The young gentlemen who prepared with facile pens the light and airy chronicles of the local page listened to the thunder and roar and watched the flashes of this battle between the giants with openly expressed delight. The denounced "emissary" was never unmasked by name, but continued to stalk purely as an "emissary"; yet we knew, with the accuracy of unerring instinct, that it was Longworth who

was stirring up the splendid but intellectually irritable and unsociable animal in the tariff cage.

"And for one," remarked the sporting editor, with a burst of feeling, "I'm glad of it. The old man" (meaning, without disrespect or familiarity, the venerable editor-in-chief, whose special study was the tariff)—"the old man has been writing that stuff so long, he believes, begad, he knows all about it. Just because nobody has ever tackled him before he thought he was dead right in everything he said about pig iron. I don't know who's right, but I'll bet the drinks, begad, that he don't know as much about it as Longworth does."

Tom Kirby, the police reporter, agreed with Mr. Burke as far as the sporting editor concluded to go. It made Kirby sick, he confessed, to pick up the paper and see the editorial page loaded down with pig iron day after day. There was the old man writing it by the yard, when he, Kirby, would bet that he, the old man, had never seen an iron-furnace in his life. But, notwithstanding the failure of the old man to equip himself with a statistical knowledge of the cost of iron production by apprenticing himself as a puddler in his youth, Kirby was ready to bet his sweet life that the old man was "a dandy" and could write all around anybody else in the West on the tariff question.

This uncertain, but, on the whole, loyal and complimentary, sentiment regarding the old man was indorsed by the assembled judges of the local department, it is a pleasure to say, without a dissenting voice.

As has been declared, we never knew directly that it *was* Longworth who had interposed himself between the tariff editor and his man of straw, but we believed it firmly. By this time we had learned to know Longworth well. If his notes to the tariff editor had been published with Longworth's name attached it would have added little to the weight of conviction. The notes were not published, of course; for the very sensible and sufficient reason that the public ought to be satisfied with what the editor writes without reference to what may be said on the other side. What would be the use of a man devoting his life to journalism if every scribbler who came along were privileged to take issue with him?

In the local department we had long ago ceased publishing Longworth's communications and corrections. If we had continued to give them space they would have impeached the reliability of that great engine itself in which we were merely cogs, wheels, and connections. But though we secreted them, we did not despise them. They secretly furnished the city editor, many a time, the basis for a sharp crit-

icism of somebody's negligence. And, indeed, the entire staff were influenced by the intangible but undoubted presence of Longworth, and were writing more or less in view of and under the fear of Longworth. If the police reporter felt tempted to add any technical frills to the account of a post-mortem in a "three-column crime," he did so only after submitting his notes to the correction of a surgeon. Even Mr. Burke became singularly conscientious touching dates, and Mr. Forrest gradually ceased his reminiscences of the elder Booth, simply because all were challenged or discredited in some point by Longworth.

Only the amiable but unregenerate religious editor scorned and ignored him. Far from being chastened, corrected, or advised by Longworth's notes, the religious editor damned them with fervent vigor when they were laid upon his desk, and damned the mysterious Longworth along with them.

But though Longworth's notes were not published, they continued to arrive every day or two. They came regularly for years. They covered all imaginable subjects, and ruthlessly impeached countless statements that, nevertheless, continued to stand for facts. Longworth was recognized as a member—if a very irritating one—of the staff. At last everybody about the office who chanced to be in urgent need of information upon any subject was sarcastically advised to "Ask Longworth."

But we continued not to know who Longworth was any more than who was the man in the moon. Even the right hand of the city editor, the well-thumbed and faithful city directory, was silent upon the momentous question of his habitation, as it was of his name. His notes came steadily in the mails; but though we ignored them as to publication, we could not discourage Longworth's self-imposed resolution. That he did not finally appear in person and, as "an old and valued contributor," seek some personal benefit from his self-established intimacy with the paper, gave us cause for astonishment. There was the lady who had been selected by the local temperance union to contribute a column of temperance paragraphs to the Sunday edition, and who had been permitted to do so as a special favor: *she* was filling her column in three months with "puffs" of business houses; another lady, who wrote essays upon "Woman's Sphere" and was convinced that intellectual progress suddenly stood still when her essays were temporarily omitted; and still another lady, who had astonishingly frequent attacks of divine frenzy and came out of each with a manuscript poem that nobody understood—these came constantly in person and took such elaborate interest in the fate of their "copy" as would

have made of the managing editor a social pariah if the comments he uttered in private had been publicly circulated. And all of them enjoyed the conviction that their contributions entitled them to such favors as they freely asked in the puffing of numerous enterprises thinly veiled under the alluring name of charity. Longworth alone of all that band of self-invited assistants continued laboriously, conscientiously, and ably to edit the waste-basket in silence and resignation.

Kirby, the police reporter, whose duties frequently constituted him a detective upon most embarrassing mysteries, and whose wonderful capacity for knowing a great deal about everybody had established him as a very remarkable person, could not throw any light upon the mystery of Longworth and his identity.

Out of this grew the usual slang jests. Anybody who volunteered information was "Longworth"; Webster's Unabridged was known as "the office Longworth"; the city directory was "the local Longworth." A patriarchal old printer in the job-printing department, whose benevolent face and appearance of extreme wisdom invited the joke, was commonly called "Longworth." Coming up with this elderly man one day in the elevator, the religious editor asked in a whisper of the sporting editor:

"Who is the old duck?"

"That," answered the sporting editor, as the old man stepped out on the next floor, and with a pitying smile, as if the information ought to be superfluous—"That? Why, that's Longworth."

Months afterward the staff learned with a shout of amusement that the guileless religious editor had been regularly addressing the elderly job printer as "Mr. Longworth" when they chanced to meet in the elevator. This discovery heaped ridicule and mortification upon the ingenuous youth, but he did not entirely succumb.

"I don't care," said he, affecting a smile that was not all an honest and spontaneous smile should be. "When I say, 'How d' ye do, Mr. Longworth,' he says, 'Pretty well, I thank you'; and if the name suits him I'm blessed if it don't answer my purpose."

And it did. The elderly job printer had thenceforth no other name than Longworth. If he had taken pains to inform the whole staff that he possessed another, it is probable that the satisfaction of the slang would still have outweighed the truth of the suggestion.

But there was an end to Longworth, as there is to all other things; though what we thought at first to be the end was really only the beginning. And that beginning of the end was the sudden and complete cessation of

Longworth's notes. Was he ill? Or had he gone on a journey? Both explanations were suggested. Several weeks passed and the religious editor filed the fervent and unchristian hope that he was dead and housed hotly somewhere. But that portion of the staff engaged in embodying facts continued to gather and to write them in full fear of Longworth and with a keen appreciation of his sensitiveness on the subject, which in itself was a silent tribute to the salutary and profound effect of Longworth's unremitting labor. Silent as he was,—perhaps dead, at any rate missing,—the unconscious standard he had compelled continued to be the pole star by which those mariners upon the sea of current events steered their hazardous statements.

It is not the intention to slur truth in this narration, and it is only right, therefore, to admit that, as time passed, the embargo which Longworth had laid upon the imagination and the neglectfulness of the staff was gradually, and, eventually, entirely raised. Mr. Forrest resumed cautiously his reminiscences of the elder Booth, the sporting editor's opinionativeness increased, and even the tariff editor sailed a little farther away from the beacon lights of James Madison at every voyage.

The Longworth mystery was finally solved through the haughty dramatic critic. Panoplied with indignation at an assignment from the city editor to "go to the United States Court to-day and write a column characteristic sketch of the arraignment of moonshiners," Mr. Forrest went to his duty stoically and came back greatly pleased and patronizing in mood.

"Those moonshiners," said he to the city editor, "are worth about as many lines as will hold their names; but there was a case up on demurrer, or something of that sort, and there is a story in it that will make your hair curl."

"What is it all about?" inquired the city editor, who was not in primitive ignorance of the means resorted to by the various persons on the staff to give their discoveries a pretended value that was occasionally intrinsically lacking.

"All about Longworth," said Mr. Forrest, patronizingly and with a trace of annoyance in his tone, as he laid upon the city editor's table a handful of notes labeled: "Tabitha J. Longworth *vs.* the Order of Good Friends."

"Well, what has Longworth been doing?" asked Mr. Forrest's chief, with a tinge of authority and brusqueness in his manner.

"Oh, nothing particularly," snapped out the dramatic critic, with a sneer in his voice, "but to marry and shamelessly deceive two trusting women, involve a noble charitable order in costly litigation, and write a lot of insuf-

ferably impertinent notes to his betters on this paper for the past seven years."

"ROBERT LONGWORTH!" cried the city editor in the unmistakable capital letters of great astonishment.

For answer Mr. Forrest again affected annoyance, and asked if it would be necessary for him to make an affidavit to support the truth of what he had already said.

But the little personal throes of pride, of triumph, and of ill-nature that attend the oiling of the great engine of information are not to be idly exhibited to the public; and it is enough to say that after those throes had subsided in this instance the staff of the "Democratic Banner" were soon seething with curiosity as to Longworth and his duplicity. Only brief and detached outlines had been given by Mr. Forrest, who, with a masterly and supreme affectation of indifference, began early in the evening to compose the "story" that his fellow journalists awaited so eagerly.

The details of Mr. Forrest's story will not be given here. Most of its interest was due to his powerful and inimitable style, and only the entire narrative as he wrote it would preserve that for full appreciation. It must be owned that it was one of the most brilliant efforts of his facile pen, and those who desire to read it may refer to the files of the "Democratic Banner," where Mr. Forrest revealed the mystery and the crime of Robert Longworth, under the captions of

#### A VILLAIN UNVEILED!

ONE OF THE MOST SURPRISING STORIES IN LEGAL ANNALS.

The Unparalleled and Criminal Duplicity of Robert Longworth, who Broke Two Hearts and Cruelly Threw One Away.

A STORY OF FACT RIVALING IN ROMANCE AND MYSTERY THE PLOT OF THE MOST IMPROBABLE NOVEL!

In denouncing Longworth's duplicity Mr. Forrest wrote with all the vigorous and picturesque interjectiveness that small capital "sub-heads" skillfully placed could lend to a style whetted and nerved by recollections of Longworth's ruthless corrections of certain more or less smuggled reminiscences of the elder Booth. It must be admitted that while Mr. Forrest wrote with venom he wrote, also, with certain power.

THOSE DAMNING RECORDS,

HIS BASILISK EYES,

A MYSTERIOUS SECRET,

are some of the catch-lines in small capitals that the reader who cares to look up this

memorable "scoop" upon one of the most loathsome of contemporaries will find standing out boldly in the three columns of leaded minion with which, in the figurative and highly colored language of the religious editor, the "Democratic Banner" "paralyzed that old fraud" at last.

As briefly as possible it may be explained that Longworth was undoubtedly a bigamist. He had, many years before, clandestinely married a well-to-do widow in a Pennsylvania town, and had expended much of her means in attempting to establish a newspaper. He had then left to seek an opening in the West and had never returned to his deserted wife. True, he had maintained a most ingenious and constant correspondence with her, which did not cease even in the happy period when he was enjoying another honeymoon with a second well-to-do and unsuspecting widow. Supporting a most elaborate falsehood and a most ingenious system of detail with his first wife, he had evidently mailed his letters to her from a suburb across the river, while he was as plainly residing in the city. The end came to this fragile fabric when Robert Longworth took passage on the steamboat *Evening Star*, on that memorable night when her boilers exploded and the souls of forty-six excursionists never returned to complain of crowded accommodations. True, his body was never recovered, nor had his name appeared in the list of the lost published in the "Democratic Banner's" splendid account of that deplorable tragedy — an account so infinitely superior to the miserably inaccurate and poorly written story in our loathsome contemporary as to stand out as one of the greatest achievements in Western journalism. This is not said in mere vainglory, but is a well-attested fact, due to the presence on board the ill-starred boat of one of the "Democratic Banner's" reporters, who swam triumphantly ashore on a hen-coop and walked four miles to a telegraph office to send his report, while our miserable contemporary was forced to content itself with the untrained hearsay of a country correspondent.

But though his name was not in the death list Robert Longworth had disappeared in that disaster, and his widow — or, to speak more accurately, his second widow — had promptly received from the Order of Good Friends, of which he was a member, the sum always paid to the families of members who had died.

In the mean time his first wife, missing her accustomed letters, had set on foot a laborious investigation with the aid of a lawyer, had unearthed all his conduct, and was now suing to recover, as his only lawful wife, the benefit already paid to the second wife.



"And this," wrote Mr. Forrest, "was the punctiliously correct and painfully accurate person who in 187-, or thereabouts, began sending to the 'Democratic Banner' communications of all sorts and upon every conceivable subject, finding fault with the statements of everybody. He soon established the repu-

one subject. While all agreed that there was not another man on the force who possessed Mr. Forrest's ability as a first-class, all-around journalist, yet the opinion seemed to prevail that he had taken something of an unfair advantage and a personal delight in making the whole thing look as black as possible for Long-



AT DRINKWORTH'S.

tation in the 'Banner' office of being a first-class crank, desirous of the notoriety that such creatures usually achieve in the way of getting their names in print. Longworth was an aggravation of 'Tax Payer,' the evil quintessence of 'Citizen,' 'Fair-Play,' and 'Veritas.' He thought he knew more than everybody else, and exhibited his ignorance and presumption with a lavishness of pen, ink, and paper that might have bankrupted a stationer.

"The trial of this case," so the article concluded, "will be one of the most famous in local annals, and the facts unfold to us one of those romances of villainy in real life that fiction and the stage so often feebly attempt to portray."

It is needless to say that the proof-slips of Mr. Forrest's three-column story were discussed that night before the paper went to press with an interest not often betrayed towards the most startling episodes that come within the practical province of newspaper work. Displaying in heroic measure his affectation of indifference, Mr. Forrest had turned in his copy and immediately gone home, and his absence left the remainder of the force freer to discuss the

worth. This view of it came out little by little, and was shared by all except the religious editor. That young gentleman, now in the height of a career of dissipation and pleasure which seemed to steel his heart against sympathy, was relentless.

"Serves him right," said he; "and Forrest can't hit him too hard to suit me. I always thought Longworth was too fond of little unnecessary facts to be any good. People of that kind," continued the religious editor, breezily generalizing, "are mostly no good. A man can be so confounded accurate, you know, that he won't have time to be anything else. I like facts about as well as anybody else, but I don't go around proving that everybody else is a liar because he does n't happen to agree with me. That was about Longworth's size. He was so busy trying to keep other people from straying that he did n't have time to keep from becoming an infernal rascal himself."

But this extreme view found not a single echo. In fact, all recognized that Longworth had been more or less a mentor and a benefit to the staff, and there was no resentment harbored against his memory.

The fact that he had married two, or even more, wives did not influence us against him. In newspaper offices, among the men who make up the chronicle of daily history, the moral sense is not necessarily lost, but it is often not aroused by the discovery of wrong-doing. Tireless and inquisitive reporters see so many men doing wrong with impunity and know that so often punishment is a matter of accident or of interested malice, that they give a great deal of weight to the eleventh commandment, against being found out, and become unresponsive to personal morality in others as a moving sentiment to repel or attract. Longworth had been found out, but not until he was beyond punishment, and we bore him no malice on that score. That his crime gave us a good "story" rather told in his favor, and as to his notes and his corrections, there was no denying he had always been right.

"Oh, I'd let it go in that way," said Mr. Burke, from the desk in his corner, illuminated by prints of race-horses and portraits of prize-fighters, where he used to receive all sorts of hard-looking persons in pea-jackets, variously ornamented with ponderous jewelry. "Longworth is dead; he won't care, and both his wives will like to see him roasted. That part about his letters to the paper is very good, I think. It will teach a lot of other ducks of the kind who think they know it all that there are fellows in the office quietly keeping tab on them."

And so adopting this view of it, as, on the whole, journalistically sufficient, at two o'clock in the morning we buried in three columns of the first page all mortal that had been discovered of Longworth. He had been of us for seven or eight years, but it was only above his grave, and standing, as it were, over the wreck of his character and his good name, that we knew him at all. As we walked out of the great building in the early morning, the moon, bright and cloudless, sailing through the sky and marking shadows black and broad along the sidewalk, the burdened and groaning press was busily multiplying the humiliation of one who in his time had humiliated the active spirit of that very engine's existence.

The most startling manifestations of human nature, the most unexpected disappointments of life, do not burden the mind or engage the emotions of the journalist. Wrecks of character, of life, and of hope are, for his professional attention, only just what the most dangerous wounds or most perilous diseases are to engage the trained attention of surgeon or physician. The one soon becomes accustomed to seeing all the sorrow and shame of life pass before him in sad review, as the other listens to the moan of pain or watches the unconscious

throes of the sick. And as each detaches himself from his personal feelings deftly to use the scalpel of his profession upon the abstract subject before him, he devotes no emotion to the effort and rapidly recoups himself for the next "case."

So it was with Longworth's story. Next day the highest feeling left in the bosoms of the "Democratic Banner" staff was that it was a splendid and unqualified "scoop." In our loathsome contemporary appeared not a line of the singular romance the three fascinating columns of which made the "Democratic Banner" a thing of beauty to the trained journalistic eye.

Even the business manager, a person usually of no journalistic instinct, and useful about newspaper offices only to pay editorial salaries, smiled that morning and was moved to approving comment upon the excellence of the exclusive story.

The city editor went to his desk therefore with buoyant spirit. Only, however, to have even his experienced and well-directed ardor dampened by the most unexpected of reactions contained in this note:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DEMOCRATIC BANNER."

Will you kindly state in your issue of to-morrow that the Robert Longworth whose villainies are so vividly and entertainingly described in this morning's paper is not the Robert Longworth who has resided in the thriving suburb of Milltown for so many years? I ask this in justice to myself, because I infer that your reporter has made the error of confounding two Longworths. I have written a great many contributions for the "Democratic Banner," and may have laid myself open to the reflections in which he indulges about them; but I have not been blown upon the *Evening Star*, or on any other boat, and have no desire to be burdened with any other Longworth's shortcomings in addition to those your reporter has so vigorously pointed out as perhaps properly belonging to me.

ROBERT LONGWORTH.

The note was written in the unmistakable feeble, quavering handwriting of Robert Longworth himself—the Robert Longworth who, but the night before, had been dismissed with so much of genuine compassionate feeling. That note seemed like his ghost suddenly returned from its mysterious bourn.

"Who left this note?" the city editor inquired of the office-boy.

"An old man laid it on your desk and walked out," answered the boy.

"Did he seem angry—did he say anything?" pursued the city editor.

"He never showed no signs," answered the astute youth, "of being hot in the collar. He just says, 'Give that to the editor,' and walked out whenst he come."

Here was annoyance! And enough of it to take the keen edge of satisfaction from the delight of the "scoop." Evidently Mr. Forrest had jumped at conclusions and confounded two Longworths. The story was not discredited by that fact, of course; but at best it was a careless and annoying error, entailing upon the paper the mortifying necessity of confusing a

this and in no wise deserved. The city editor relies of course upon the accuracy of the men who obtain the facts for his department, and if he is responsible it is only for perpetuating the mistakes of subordinates. And this much the city editor remarked to Mr. Forrest, adding the off-hand offer to bet fifty dollars against five that if he (the city editor) had



"WHO LEFT THIS NOTE?"

good story by an immaterial explanation and an *amende*. The city editor reflected that Kirby, with his steady training and his unerring instinct for facts, would not have made such a blunder. If he could not have written the story half so well, he would have ferreted out the exact identity at least, or restrained his desire to wreak his vengeance on Longworth until identity was established. The substance of this observation Mr. Kirby did not fail to make to the city editor in confidence afterward.

Mr. Forrest acknowledged with dignified condescension that he might have taken the trouble to make sure, if he had thought there was any doubt. He added with stinging irony, wholly gratuitous, that, considering how notorious was his error, he was astonished that the city editor had not detected it in the copy. This was an ill-natured fling at the writer of

been investigating the story he would not have made the mistake of putting such an error into copy.

But it is unnecessary to waste space upon these disagreeable details. Kirby made a hasty remark about jumping at conclusions, and the city editor admitted in his own mind the absolute unreliability of dramatic critics in matters of pure fact. The sporting editor observed that as the facts about the other Longworth were all true, he could not understand why any Longworth should raise a howl about it. This was unfair in temper, since *our* Longworth had not raised a howl. He had, in the politest manner only, asked to be exculpated from a false accusation.

The new aspect of the case surprised us all. In the general willingness to let Mr. Forrest revenge himself upon a presumptive Longworth the actual Longworth who had offended

him was stirred to activity again. The city editor revolved the situation in his mind all day, and, in order to protect Mr. Forrest's dignity, determined personally to investigate the matter further. In the multiplicity of his labors, however, he neglected to do so that day, and the correcting note was left out of the paper next morning.

The next afternoon the foreman of the job-printing department came up from his separate quarters and inquired of the city editor if a note of that purport had been received.

"Longworth asked me," said he, "to request you to publish it."

"Longworth!" echoed the city editor. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes," said the foreman. "I've known him for years, and he is out here now."

He stepped quickly to the door, called out into the hall very loudly, "Longworth!" and the next moment there entered the benevolent and taciturn old job printer whom the religious editor had been addressing as "Mr. Longworth" for the past two years!

The city editor gave this apparition a keen and reproachful look as if he would not have thought it of him, and then, finding himself at bay, suavely explained that the correction had been carelessly overlooked the night before, but would certainly be published next morning.

"I'll be very much obliged," said Longworth in a thin and quavering voice, that sounded to the city editor like his handwriting translated into sound. The old man said it simply and earnestly, as if it were to be a favor bestowed upon him unworthily, and there was a kindly, pleased smile upon his face.

Longworth was plainly entitled to the explanation, and his gentleness and lack of self-assertion had their due effect in softening the city editor to its admission without further inquiry.

The announcement to the staff that Robert Longworth was the elderly job printer carried its full surprise. Only, the religious editor's eye brightened with the fire of conscious penetration in view of the fact that he had even unwittingly known Longworth so long.

We all knew him better soon; for, needing a copy-reader to assist the city editor, Longworth was sought at his "case" and readily agreed to undertake the duty, which thus gave him the revision of all the copy and an oppor-

tunity to arrest all those errors of haste and imagination that he had been able to detect heretofore only after they had been betrayed in print. A better man for the post could not have been made to hand; and at his table, alongside the city editor's desk, he soon became one of the most valuable aids, one of the most conscientious and untiring of workers.

It was curious to notice that not even the discursive and pretentious dramatic critic or the opinionative Mr. Burke objected to his corrections, so long as they were suggested or made in the privacy of office confidence and not in the publicity of print. Indeed, they soon learned to lean upon his friendly hand and his unerring memory. It was Longworth's exactitude of knowledge that lent additional value to their work; it was his patient attention that made all the force strong in facts, more effective in literary style, and finally more dependent in spirit. Longworth soon pervaded the whole local department, and all relied upon him. He



"A BETTER MAN FOR THE POST COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MADE TO HAND."

was the most honest and toilsome slave that ever served under the lamp. Even the city editor soon took his turn of adding burdens to those willing shoulders, and felt safer that Longworth was at hand to smooth over the difficulties of shirking.

All this is due to him. This story would possess no value if it was not true, and in confidences such as should exist between the reader and this confessor nothing should be reserved. So the confession of his value and his faithfulness is due to the patient and gentle old man who sat night after night at his table, going with rapid fingers through the great piles of copy, his kindly face illumined, as if by a nimbus, by the gaslight that sifted through his white hair.

Longworth was not talkative, but like other agreeable spirits he would converse when the conditions were favorable. When there was a lull in work, or during the brief period of relaxation after the night's labor was done and



the staff lounged about, sitting on the desks, to recall and recount incidents and gather suggestions, Longworth was not averse to engaging in the conversation. He discussed news critically, and frequently gave suggestions that opened up entirely new avenues in sensations apparently exhausted. He watched the merely effective as well as the legal points of all the mysteries and tragedies so dear to the reportorial heart. He always recurred to the other Longworth's bigamy case as one of unusual interest. He it was who unearthed the legal point that, as the body of Longworth had not been produced nor the death absolutely proved, and the statutory time for presumption of death had not elapsed, the payment of the "benefit" to the second wife was legally nothing more than a gratuity from the Order of Good Friends, and that the first wife by proving her prior and legal marriage could secure payment from the Order as if none had ever been made. He returned to the case often—so often that at last it came to be called the "Great Longworth Mystery," and even Kirby became infected with his idea of the possibility of a still more startling dénouement. That Monsieur Vidocq of the staff had little appreciation of the romantic and picturesque in crime, but he possessed a sterling idea of the value of facts, and this drew him nearer to Longworth. For Longworth had unusually combined those qualities so often found divided, a conscientious devotion to facts and an artistic appreciation of their vivid and effective grouping and coloring for honest results.

It would not do to say that Kirby fully comprehended Longworth's sensitive anticipation of the opportunity to heap upon the climax of the story already related by Mr. Forrest any unexpected dénouement; but it may have occurred to him keenly that if the dead Longworth were only missing it would be a triumph of fact to overtake and confound him with punishment, or, if he were dead, to supply the missing link in the first widow's testimony by discovering proof of the fact. The unsympathizing nature of his mind did not see, as Longworth saw, the irony of such a result in its effect upon a jury in compelling it to allow the first widow's claim and thus compensate all the afflicted ones. Perhaps even Longworth was not taking that view of it. Whatever their differing motives, the conversations that we overheard between Longworth and Kirby, in which the old man's quavering and gentle voice was pitched in an ardent tenor key, seemed solely designed to point out the importance of settling the mystery itself as a matter of truth.

"There is nothing at all certain," he would say, "in the mere presumption that, because

this man took passage on the boat and never returned, he is dead. There is nothing certain, either, in the mere presumption that, because he has not returned, he is not dead. The question is, what *is* the fact—*what* is the mystery?"

"A hopeless crank!" continued Mr. Forrest, gloomily, upon one of these occasions, as we walked out for lunch. "I think the old man has a special and personal hatred of that poor dead and gone creature, simply because they bore the same name. And I don't know any more ingenious contrivance for gratifying his malice than to set Kirby on to keep the ghost unquiet."

But it was not hatred. There was genuine journalistic instinct and suggestiveness in his idea: nothing less than that would have finally induced the city editor himself to take a due share of interest in the possibility of there being further development in the "Great Longworth Mystery."

The winter passed, marked along its cold and foggy course by Longworth's asthmatic struggles. He said it was asthma, and it probably was asthma before it became consumption. But he never complained; was even apologetic if one of his paroxysms of coughing drew from any of the nervous and impatient young men a rattling of chairs or the hasty and quickly regretted ejaculation of "Cheese it!" or "Rats!"

When the spring came, only a milder and muggier edition of winter, the old man would come in at noon from his vital waking struggles with his cough, haggard in look and broken in strength, but not the less conscientious in his devotion to his duties. He was upborne by something of that physical heroism which in its contemplation brings the hardest world to its knees in gentleness and sympathy. In some such silent and figurative attitude the little world of the "Democratic Banner" staff stood towards his shattering cough and his oft-times pitiful struggles to gasp back the difficult breath.

"Suppose," he suggested one night to the city editor, "this mysterious Longworth is not dead at all! Suppose he merely stepped ashore at some landing and made away with the intention of creating the impression that he had been lost overboard—an impression which the subsequent destruction of the steamer made unnecessary! He alone knew at that time that he was a bigamist, and the dread of exposure, if any was felt, was felt by him alone. Is there not enough motive there to color the theory of mere disappearance instead of death? It would be nothing to a man who had lived a lie for years and maintained with two wives a theoretical existence to duplicate that existence with a third, or, for that matter, to deceive

all his acquaintances and the whole power of the law itself. Suppose, instead of being destroyed in the explosion, he had merely stepped ashore and into another name and another residence! How do we know his name is Robert Longworth? What do we know of him when his wife could not fathom him? May he not be one of those singular men, incapable of enjoying a regular life and destined to eccentricity—finding security in his very boldness? Is anything certain of him? Is it not at least possible that he merely 'stepped ashore'?"

When Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania arrived with the expressed intention of remaining until her suit was decided and the legality of her widowhood established, Kirby interviewed her upon this line of conjecture. But he found the first Mrs. Longworth a woman of unusual coolness and resolution, who, however easily she might have been inveigled into a romantic marriage, had strict views as to reporters. Her case, she said, was in the hands of her lawyers, and she could not discuss it in the newspapers. Yes, Mr. Longworth *might* be alive. She was prepared for *anything* after hearing of his second marriage. She was not more surprised at *that*, however, than she was at having married him herself. Her acquaintance with him previous to the marriage had been brief, and she knew *absolutely nothing* of his life before she met him. Yes, he *might* have had another name; she was no longer *sure* of *anything*.

Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania impressed Kirby rather unfavorably as a reservoir of journalistic information. But her daughter, he confessed abruptly, was a "daisy."

"Her daughter?" inquired old man Longworth, as he listened to this report.

"The girl," said Kirby, "is as pretty as a peach; young, well educated, and has charming manners."

That she was all Kirby painted her was true. The suit, first passed, then postponed, and again continued, seemed likely to develop into a chancery case. Still Mrs. Longworth of Pennsylvania remained at her post, perhaps



"HE BROUGHT MRS. KIRBY INTO THE OFFICE."

from a very natural hatred of the woman who claimed the name she bore, more than from any desire to secure the mere pittance at stake.

And her stay succeeded in permanently fixing Kirby's interest in the case, since, the first we knew, he was married to the daughter and thus irrevocably committed to the solution of the mystery. They had been quietly married without warning. Kirby was a good fellow, a sensible one, and well deserved his good fortune. And we soon had an opportunity to judge how good it was; for one evening he brought Mrs. Kirby into the office, "just to show her the den, you know, boys," and the city editor's staff of envious celibates looked with unmistakable admiration upon the trim and pretty young girl, her bright eyes just even with Kirby's broad shoulders, whence they glanced up towards his own with a constant and dancing delight in his mere presence and in her pride and young joy. She had surprised all the boys with their coats off, hard at work, but hats were quickly doffed to give her that royal welcome that men willingly express to youthful feminine beauty.

You may be sure there was nothing ever came home to the "Democratic Banner" like this "Great Longworth Mystery." Already there was Longworth's namesake on the staff, landed there by an accident of the case, and now here was his daughter transplanted among us, so to speak, by a stranger accident of the case, and shaking hands in happy and smiling ease with all the young men. She even shook hands with old man Longworth himself, and Longworth's kindly old eyes rested upon her with gentle delight expressed in them, and, with all of us, he followed with appreciation her trim and graceful figure as it moved about the room.

The "Democratic Banner" was committed to the revelation of the "Great Longworth Mystery" beyond escape. It had become something of a family affair too, involving at least a little tact in its new bearings. And so, after Kirby's marriage, the city editor took down his assignment book and made a change of suggestions. The new one read thus:

Sept. 15.—Longworth trial, U. S. Court. Full descriptive report. R. LONGWORTH.

This was a mere memorandum, however, for Longworth was not employed as a reporter and was not assignable to duty of that sort save with his own consent. But, upon the point of delicacy, it was very plain that Kirby could not be assigned to report the trial. When I mentioned to old man Longworth my desire that he, who understood the case so well, should undertake it, he flatly declined the task.

One can never tell how impressions are made; but out of this declination, somehow or other, the shadow of a suspicion developed in the mind of the city editor. Was it something in Longworth's manner?—no; in his voice? Or was it a mere cruelty of fancy, arising from annoyance, that made me suspect that old man Longworth himself, sitting there toiling in his almost pathetic way, was the center of that mystery? The idea seemed to insinuate itself, and every time the old man returned to the subject, with his startling suggestion that Robert Longworth might still be alive, the suspicion grew and fixed itself more firmly in the mind of the city editor. *Was not the Robert Longworth whose mystery seemed to be burned up in that burning boat the Robert Longworth who was possessed of this absorbing interest in the outcome of the case?*

For a month the city editor carried this secret doubt about with him, being debarred, in such phase of the case, from consultation with Kirby or even from taking any member of the staff into his confidence. There was a certain feeling of guilt in harboring the sus-

picion, and yet a certain instinct of its possibility of truth. Finally he determined to take the question to Longworth himself for answer.

And thus it was that one night, while he sat discussing the endless possibilities of the mystery, he fixed his eyes keenly and unflinchingly upon the old man, and asked:

"Mr. Longworth, don't you *know* that this man went safely ashore from that boat and is alive to-day?"

The question was the sword-thrust of Hamlet behind the curtain. If nothing was concealed there nothing would be pierced. As he delivered it the city editor felt his heart beat and the flush rise to his face that was to be of triumph, perhaps—or mortification. But it faded away into the mere heat of expectation, as the old man, looking him steadily in the eye, and with gentle earnestness and simple confidence, answered:

"I can say I *do* know it, Mr. Brown, because I believe it as firmly as I believe you are sitting there. Perhaps it is because I have thought of it so much from the standpoint of that theory. There are more curious things in the world than ever creep into fiction, and I believe this Longworth mystery is one of them. No man who had lived the double life he lived could be trusted to die upon such testimony as there is in this case."

There was no guile in those gentle eyes, no fear or secret emotion in that familiar and eloquent voice, and with guilty pleasure the city editor recognized that the thrust which might have returned so much mortification upon himself or pressed such guilt upon the old man had passed through the curtain only to impale vague shadows.

From that night there never was a time when he heard the hollow knell of old man Longworth's death cough sounding, or looked upon his kindly old face bending over the piles of copy at the little desk beside him, that the city editor did not make reparation in remorse for the wrong of that thought, for the uncleanness of mind, harbored for that long month.

Yet, it might have been—but no matter now.

The crisis of the Longworth mystery approached rapidly. Summer passed, and when September arrived, bringing with it the trial, it brought a summons for old man Longworth from a court whose jurisdiction covers no contempts, since it has no mandates that are not obeyed. Rapidly enough now was the weak but racking cough tearing at the very citadel doors of his life, and Mr. Burke announced, when message came one day that the old man was confined to bed and unable to come to his desk, "There is not another round left in him, and he is out of the ring for good." And

he said it kindly and sympathetically enough—and truly.

For old man Longworth came to his desk no more. Removed to an infirmary where the good Sisters watched the struggle and cared

But on the last day of the trial there came relief; and when the city editor called on his way to the court-room Longworth could talk in a faint whisper, and the cough was easier and less frequent.



"I CAN SAY I DO KNOW IT."

for the weaker side, he lay in his cot with the clammy dew of exhaustion upon his fine old face. Kirby was put at his desk and the city editor himself undertook the assignment:

Sept. 15.—Longworth trial, U. S. Court. Full descriptive report.

And, with Kirby for conferences, he followed the evidence and searched for the clues and failures of testimony in which lay corroboration or disproof of the old man's pet theory.

Poor old man! Beyond interest in any mystery now save that last one which we must all face some day and explore—God helping us—as best we can. We could not carry the burden of details into the room where Death stood at the foot of that low bed and guarded his feeble prey. And Longworth was too weak to ask, if he wanted to know. Even the cough was a mere convulsion now, the voice only a feeble rattle.

"Is it over yet?" he asked, as the city editor bent down at command of his eyes.

"No," was the answer. "It will go to the jury this afternoon."

And the city editor went out at a sign from the good angel in black, lest the patient should over-exert himself.

It was late in the afternoon when Kirby and the city editor walked constrainedly to the old man's door bearing with them more than the import of the verdict. That was, that, in the absence of the *corpus delicti* and the non-intervention of statutory lapse, the payment to the second Mrs. Longworth was not a legal one, but that it was still due to the first and legal Mrs. Longworth. More than this, they bore a cruel suspicion that had been preying upon Kirby all day, and for which the city editor's own conscience had been active in remorse. There was high contention between them.

"I tell you," said Kirby, doggedly, "that



it is very singular this man should begin to recover to-day when this trial is at an end. It is singular that his condition at this particular time should prevent his appearance at the trial, where there were those who might have been able to recognize him. If he is my wife's father, and the scoundrel who has played this villainous deceit upon his wife and child, I will know it."

It was in vain the city editor urged upon Kirby his own suspicion and its dissipation. He was obdurate.

"As long as I thought he was dying," said Kirby, hotly, "I was willing to let it die with him; but now that he begins to get well on this day, I shall know the truth before I go home."

"How will you get it?" asked the city editor, pausing at the top of the stairway, whence at the end of the hall we could see old man Longworth's room.

"From his own lips," said Kirby.

"And would you," cried the other, "go into that old man's room and ask such a question at the side of a death-bed? for I tell you he is not getting well."

Kirby stopped at this, for a hand was laid upon his arm with some weight. He was excited and obstinate.

"Brown," said he, calmly, "I am not cruel. You cannot understand this as I feel it. I have had this suspicion more than a week, keeping it in my own heart. I have never mentioned it even to my wife, nor to you. I could not ask him while he lay there gasping. But—why, man, he may be my wife's father! And if he is," he concluded, deliberately, "I am going to know it."

"Now, Kirby," I said, tightening the grasp upon his arm, and communicating the earnestness I felt, "that old man is not your wife's father. I know it. I would go bail for him upon any charge. You are going back to a suspicion which I myself tested. And I tell you that you shall not go in there and strike to that generous old heart the blow you are so ill-prepared to deal."

"*Shall* not?" cried Kirby.

"*SHALL* not!"

"But —," cried Kirby, with an oath, "I will!" And turning away angrily, he strode down the hall.

In a moment he was overtaken, and two hands were laid upon his shoulders with a grip that was not to be evaded. He turned furiously, but he saw that no violence was intended.

"Kirby," I said, almost in despair, but quite as determined as he, "you are not yourself. You must not do a wrong like this upon the wild desire to right another wrong. You and

I are not enemies, and I propose we shall remain friends."

"You go about your proposition very singularly," he returned.

"No," said I, "I do not. We will go in there, and I will question him in a way to leave it clear to you whether you are called upon to follow up your suspicion or not. You are too excited to do it kindly. If you think you are justified in questioning him when I am done, you may do so. But I tell you that if you are cruel to that old man without justification it will be better for you, so help me God! that you had never gone in there, for I may be compelled to make his injuries my own."

Kirby flushed hotly, but he said, "I will agree to that"; and, turning the knob quietly, we entered the room.

Old man Longworth's eyes shone feverishly bright from the shadows of the pillows among which he lay propped, and as we approached the bed they looked all the curiosity he felt in his undaunted soul.

"Well," said I, "it is over, and we gain the case. That is, the *corpus delicti* was not proved, and Longworth may have 'stepped ashore.'"

The weak eyes gleamed a little brighter and he lifted his hand slightly, only to let it fall wearily. Then we saw that the rally of the morning had been deceptive, and that old man Longworth was deeper in the shadows of that inevitable valley. I hesitated in the presence of such a fact to carry out my part of that inquest of curiosity which was pushing Kirby to such lengths. But I said with as kindly a smile as I could assume to mask the intent:

"But the mystery seems to end there, Mr. Longworth, for all we can do to solve it. We do not know where to turn for the missing Robert Longworth — unless *you* are the man."

The hint, given with a jesting smile, went on its mission. At first there was an answering shadow of a smile upon the old man's face; then a troubled look; and finally the poison of the bitter jest stung him. The possibility of the suspicion flashed fully into his mind. Startled surprise, it seemed, mingled with inexpressible pain, was in his eyes as he signed to Kirby to come nearer. There was upon Kirby's strong countenance a look of determination that made it almost cruel as he bent over the bed to hear the faint whisper.

"Do — you," asked old man Longworth, painfully, as his startled eyes searched Kirby's inmost recesses and conveyed all the astonishment the pitiless suspicion aroused, "do — you — believe — *that*?"

"Do I believe what?" answered Kirby, with nervous but manly hesitation and evasion.

"That—I—am—your—wife's—father?"

The pain, the sorrow, the surprise, the mortification, and the implied reproach in his voice were mirrored upon the wasted face, where there was also infinite and yearning eagerness for answer. His very soul was answering for his innocence. I felt, rather than saw, the remorse that sprung into Kirby's eyes, and recognized that he recoiled from any collision with that gentle spirit in its last struggle. It had all passed quickly, but the old man had perceived that such a suspicion actually existed, and so, after a moment of hesitation, Kirby blurted out in a great explosion of manly recantation:

"No, I don't!"

Peace fell instantly upon the worn old face in the pillows, but succeeding it came a sad smile, as if there might still be a doubt in Kirby's honest mind, when there should be complete re-assurance. Signing Kirby forward again, he murmured:

"You—must—bring—your—wife—and her—mother—to—see—me—to-morrow."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Kirby, in deep distress; "not *that*. I don't know what it was induced me—but I cannot do that."

"Unless," said I, gently, "he might desire it."

"I—do," said old man Longworth; and there was a mute appeal in his eyes to which Kirby answered with a nod. Then, pressing the friendly and thin hands that were never again

to be busy with our work and ambitions, we left him to his repose and the thoughts that I should not dare try to follow, and walked away in silence. But as we parted Kirby said, with his voice a little choked:

"Brown, we shall always be friends. You knew better than I felt."

The next morning Kirby came with his wife and her mother to pay that visit of re-assurance and generous confidence. I had got there hours earlier, but a visitor had entered even before me. So when the girlish young wife and her handsome mother entered, upon the couch near the window, where the sun came streaming into the chamber, now so barren, lay a white coverlid over stark and rigid outlines. With reverent hands I turned down the corner of the folds, and as she looked upon the features Mrs. Longworth uttered one penetrant shriek and gasped:

"My husband!"

But the sound never reached the soul that had quietly "stepped ashore."

Kirby led her from that surprising room, and I drew the pall again over the dead face. But as I did so I wondered what mystery, what depths of motive, or what shallows of expedience, were stilled behind that pallid and serene mask, upon which hovered the trace of a smile so gentle as to wave curiosity back dismayed forever.

*Young E. Allison.*

## COMPENSATION.

"**L**ORD, I am weary!" cried my soul. "The sun  
Is fierce upon my path, and sore the weight  
Of smarting burdens; ere the goal be won  
I sink, unless thou help, dear Lord!" And straight  
My fainting heart rose bravely up, made strong  
To bear its cross: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am conquered! Ceaseless, night and day,  
A thousand cruel ills have hedged me round,  
Till like a stag the hounds have brought to bay  
My stricken heart lies bleeding on the ground!"  
When lo! with new-found life my soul, made strong,  
Spurned all its foes: God granted me a song!

"Lord, I am dying! Earth and sea and sky  
Fade and grow dark; yet, after all, the end  
Wings from my breaking heart a feeble sigh  
For this poor world, not overmuch its friend!"  
But suddenly with immortal power made strong,  
My soul, set free, sprung heavenward in a song!

*Stuart Sterne.*

## SONGS OF IRELAND.

### PANCAKE DAY.

(Pancake day immediately precedes Lent, and the custom of tossing the cake still prevails in every district of the south of Ireland.)

ON pancake day in the morning,  
Shan O'Leary throd his own leather,  
Which is the politeness for sphakin'  
He was barefoot in cold winter weather.  
His clothing was patches and holes,  
But his heart it was merry and light,  
As he knocked at the door of Norah McShane,  
Soon as ever the bog-fire was bright—  
On pancake day in the morning.

On pancake day in the morning,  
Norah opened the door wid a cry  
Of surprise at the sight of young Shan,  
Who gin her a blink wid his eye.  
Swate Norah she bade him come in:  
"Och, vourneen," the rascal he said,  
"Now, Norah, the pancake we 'll toss,  
To thry if this year we will wed—  
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,  
Swate Norah she gave the first toss;  
The pancake fell back in the pan,  
Reversed, without ruffle or loss.  
"Arrah, it 's good luck you will have,"  
Said Shan, "an' now give me a thry;  
An' lest I should toss it askew,  
Och, Norah, jist turn 'way your eye—  
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,—  
The pity, och hone, I should tell,—  
Shan's elbow it got a bad jog,  
An' the cake in the ashes it fell!  
'T was Norah the mischief had done,  
"Ah, vo, an' ah, vo," then she said,  
"Poor Shan, an' whatever you do,  
This year an' you never will wed—  
On pancake day in the morning!"

On pancake day in the morning,  
Shan knew the thrick she had played,  
An' widout so much as a word  
His footsteps he never delayed.  
"What is it yiz afther forgetting,"  
Cried Norah, "to thus run away?"  
"It 's yourself I 'm afther forgetting,"  
Said Shan widout any delay—  
On pancake day in the morning!

On pancake day in the morning,  
Losing Shan was none of her game,  
An' so she fell weeping and wailing,  
An' calling his thratement a shame!  
Then Shan, wid a laugh in his heart,  
Cried, "Norah, 't is never you fret,"  
An' to end up the quarrel, the wedding  
In less than a jiffy was set—  
On pancake day in the morning!

### SWEET MOLLIE.

OF all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,  
My heart is never aisy!  
Ahone, an' I am quarely lost  
Whenever she comes tripping!  
An' afther her widout delay,  
Avick, I 'm lightly skipping!—  
Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though, when I 'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(The cunning crathure, wid her witching  
ways, her gold head, an' her rollicking  
black eyes.)*

My heart is never aisy!

Musha, if Mollie would be mine,  
The world would all admire her;  
A lady I would make of her,  
In silk I would attire her!  
Arrah, an' I would sphake the praste  
Widout a minute's tarry,  
If Mollie would but name the day  
Or night on which she 'd marry!—  
Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(Mollie, my darling, Mollie, acushla, Mollie  
vourneen, alanna machree.)*

My heart is never aisy!

Ah, vo, she 'll be the death o' me,  
My heart wid love is burning,  
An' all because o' love o' her,  
My head is quarely turning!  
Faix, Mollie, if you kill me quite,  
Think on your sitavation,  
Wid you a-weeping day and night,  
Widout my consolation!—

Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(The cruel deludher, who knows bettther than  
to chate me wid her soothing ways, break-  
ing my heart into smithereens, och, hone!)*  
My heart is never aisy!

If Mollie were a prisoner,  
Faix, I would be her warden;  
An' till she 'd give a pogue to me,  
I 'd never thrate o' pardon:  
Bad cess, it 's I 'm the prisoner,  
Wid fetters firm and weighty,  
An' if Mollie will not marry me,  
I 'll stay one till I 'm eighty!—  
Och, of all the colleens in the land,  
Sweet Mollie is the daisy;  
Though when I 'm wid her or widout,  
My heart —

*(Bedad, hold your whisth, for whether she  
loves me or not, I will love her all my life  
long.)*

Though my heart be never aisy!

#### THERE 'S A GREEN GRAVE IN IRELAND.

THERE 's a green grave in Ireland,  
Where my heart lies buried deep;  
Where Mary, my fond sweetheart,  
Rests in her dreamless sleep:  
We loved when both our hearts were young,  
And hope throbb'd in each breast;  
But nevermore has hope been mine  
Since Mary sank to rest!

I 've lived through many weary years,  
Since on that summer morn  
Sweet Mary gave her farewell kiss  
And left me all forlorn:  
I hear her sweet voice calling me,  
I have not long to stay;  
Bright hope will once again be mine  
When death bids me away!

There 's a green grave in Ireland,  
Where my heart lies buried deep;  
Oh, lay me there beside my love,  
In my last, dreamless sleep!

#### HEY FOR A LASS!

I AXED her for a pogue,  
The black-eyed saucy rogue,  
For a single little pogue,  
An' she scornful turned away!  
Wid a blue-eyed swate colleen  
I was shortly after seen,  
An' what did the black-eyed queen  
But weep the livelong day!

#### COME OVER THE S'A.

OCH, Larry, come over the s'a —  
Though you 'll die seven deaths coming over,  
But yiz would n't be stoppin' for that,  
When yiz live ever after in clover:  
Ameriky is a foin land,  
'T is a flowing wid milk an' wid honey —  
Which is only the poethry of sphakin'  
That a man has a pocket o' money! —  
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

Och, Larry, come over the s'a,  
The poorest have praties in store,  
An' though you will miss the poteen,  
There 's whisky and 'baccy galore!  
The men they are all o' them lords,  
An' each colleen I know is a quean;  
If you choose you can vote for yourself,  
An' no one will think it is m'an! —  
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

Och, Larry, come over the s'a,  
An' when comin' fetch over your sthick,  
The chances for foighthen are few,  
But the bobbies may play you a thrick!  
Two dollars a day you can git,  
Widout workin' scarce any at all,  
Jist to throw up a scrapin' o' dirt,  
Or to carry the bricks for a wall! —  
Och, Larry, come over the s'a!

#### AN' IF I HAD MONEY GALORE.

An' if I had money galore,  
I 'd git me a scrapin' o' ground;  
Wid sphadin' I 'd toss it about,  
An' wid praties I 'd set it around:  
I 'd buy me a bit of a cow,  
An' a nate little pig in a pen,  
An' laste I 'd be ch'atin' in Lent,  
I 'd have me a duck of a hen:  
Och! the thought of it sets me agog,  
Till the c'aling is down to the floor!  
Bedad! what a Paddy I 'd be,  
An' if I had money galore!

An' if I had money galore,  
I 'd sphort me a coat wid a tail,  
An' the gossoon that throd on the same  
A b'atin' I 'd give wid a flail!  
I 'd build me a bit of a house,  
To Norah I 'd fall on my kneas,  
An' wid Father McCarthy to wed,  
We 'd live ever after at 'ase:  
Och! the thought of it sets me agog,  
Till the c'aling is down to the floor!  
Bedad! what a Paddy I 'd be,  
An' if I had money galore!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.



## BEN AND JUDAS.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

[I am quite aware of the apparent willfulness which hovers about my action in writing the following bit of social history. I have assailed, so often and so unsparingly, the spirit of dialect, which for a decade has dominated our "school" of fiction makers, that for me, at this late day, to offer a dialect sketch to the public is to bare my breast and defy all comers. Still I have no apology to make, unless it be apologizing when I explain that it is not fiction, but history, which I have written in this simple and clumsy fashion. The days of slavery are gone forever, and so rapidly has the world spun forward since the chains were cut, we can scarcely realize that we have come so far in so short a time. It is due to future generations that every characteristic of the old time shall be recorded ere it be forgotten, that every correlation between master and slave shall be preserved in the cast, that all the curious and touching instances of slave life shall have their places in history, and that no element injected by slavery into the tissues of American civilization shall have its origin obscured a century hence. While their bondage lasted the negroes absorbed a great deal of Anglo-Saxon life and influence, and at the same time the whites as masters took into themselves an indescribable, but very noticeable, something from the negroes. How could it have been otherwise? The very foundations of human nature make it sure that it must often have happened, as in the case I have tried to record, that master and slave shaped each other's lives. I do not know, nor do I pretend to say, that the following instance is a typical one. Like all detached fragments of history, however, it has a trace of allegory in it. When I came upon it I felt the lurking significance which I may have failed to preserve in my imperfect sketch. Those who care for dialect literature, as such, may read lightly; but let the serious reader ponder over what may shimmer between my lines. The editor has suggested to me that the prayer by Judas recorded herein resembles the one in Mr. H. S. Edwards's fine sketch, "Two Runaways." If it does, I hasten to disclaim everything. My story is mere history, for which I am responsible only as the chronicler. If my facts and Mr. Edwards's fiction have even one point in common, the praise is due to Mr. Edwards, not to me.—MAURICE THOMPSON.]



On a dark and stormy night, early in the present century, two male children were born on the Wilson plantation in middle Georgia. One of the babes came into the world covered with a skin as black as the night, the other was of that complexion known as sandy; one was born a slave, the other a free American citizen. Two such screeching and squalling infants never before or since assaulted simultaneously the peace of the world. Such lungs had they and such vocal chords that cabin and mansion fairly shook with their boisterous and unrhythmical wailing. The white mother died, leaving her chubby, kicking, brawling offspring to share the breast of the more fortunate colored matron with the fat, black, howling, hereditary dependent thereto; and so Ben and Judas, master and slave, began their companionship at the very fountain of life. They grew, as it were, arm in arm and quite apace with each other, as healthy boys will, crawling, then toddling, anon running on the sandy lawn between the cabin and the mansion, often quarreling and sometimes fight-

ing vigorously. Soon enough, however, Judas discovered that, by some invisible and inscrutable decree, he was slave to Ben, and Ben became aware that he was rightful master to Judas. The conditions adjusted themselves to the lives of the boys in a most peculiar way. The twain became almost inseparable, and grew up so intimately that Judas looked like the black shadow of Ben. If one rode a horse, the other rode a mule; if the white boy habitually set his hat far back on his head, the negro did the same; if Ben went swimming or fishing, there went Judas also. And yet Ben was forever scolding Judas and threatening to whip him, a proceeding treated quite respectfully and as a matter of course by the slave. Whenever they went Ben walked a pace or two in advance of Judas, who followed, however, with exactly the consequential air of his master and with a step timed to every peculiarity observable in the pace set by his leader. Ben's father, who became dissipated and careless after his wife's death, left the boy to come up rather loosely, and there was no one to make note of the constantly growing familiarity between the two youths, nor did any person chance to

observe how much alike they were becoming as time slipped away. Ben's education was neglected, albeit now and again a tutor was brought to the Wilson place and some effort was made to soften the crust of ignorance which was forming around the lad's mind. Stormy and self-willed, with a peculiar facility in the rapid selection and instantaneous use of the most picturesque and outlandish expletives, Ben drove these adventurous disciples of learning one by one from the place, and at length grew to manhood and to be master of the Wilson plantation (when his father died) without having changed in the least the manner of his life. He did not marry, nor did he think of marriage, but grew stout and round-shouldered, stormed and raved when he felt like it, threatened all the negroes, whipped not one of them, and so went along into middle life, and beyond, with Judas treading as exactly as possible in his footprints.

They grew prematurely old, these two men: the master's white hair was matched by the slave's snowy wool; they both walked with a shuffling gait, and their faces gradually took on a network of wrinkles; neither wore any beard. To this day it remains doubtful which was indebted most to the other in the matter of borrowed characteristics. The negro hoarded up the white man's words, especially the polysyllabic ones, and in turn the white man adopted in an elusive, modified way the negro's pronunciation and gestures. If the African apostatized and fell away from the grace of a savage taste to like soda biscuits and very sweet coffee, the American of Scotch descent dropped so low in barbarity that he became a confirmed 'possum-eater. Ben Wilson could read, after a fashion, and had a taste for romance of the swash-buckler, kidnap-a-heroine sort. Judas was a good listener, as his master mouthed these wonderful stories aloud, and his hereditary Congo imagination, crude but powerful, was fed and strengthened by the pabulum thus absorbed.

It was a picture worth seeing, worth sketching in pure colors and setting in an imperishable frame, that group, the master, the slave, and the dog Chawm. Chawm is a name boiled down from "chew them"; as a Latin commentator would put it: chew them, *vel* chaw them, *vel* chaw 'em, *vel* chawm. He was a copperas-yellow cur of middle size and indefinite age, who loved to lie at the feet of his two masters and snap at the flies. This trio, when they came together for a literary purpose, usually occupied that part of the old vine-covered veranda which caught the black afternoon shade of the Wilson mansion. In parenthesis let me say that I use this word mansion out of courtesy, for the house was small and dilapidated; the custom of the

country made it a mansion, just as Ben Wilson was made Colonel Ben. There they were, the white, the black, and the dog, enjoying a certain story of medieval days, about a nameless, terrible knight-errant who had stolen and borne away the beautiful Rosamond, and about the slender, graceful youth who buckled his heavy armor on to ride off in melodramatic pursuit. Judas listened with eyes half closed and mouth agape; Chawm was panting, possibly with excitement, his red tongue lolling and weltering, and his kindly brown eyes upturned to watch the motions of Ben's leisurely lips. There was a wayward breeze, a desultory satin rustle, in the vine-leaves. The sky was cloudless, the red, country road hot and dusty, the mansion all silent within. Some negro plowmen were singing plaintively far off in a cornfield. The eyes of Judas grew blissfully heavy, closed themselves, his under jaw fell lower, he snored in a deep, mellow, well-satisfied key. Ben ceased reading and looked at the sleepers—for Chawm, too, had fallen into a light doze.

"Dad blast yer lazy hides! Wake erp yer, er I 'll thrash ye till ye don't know yerselves! Wake up, I say!" Ben's voice started echoes in every direction. Chawm sprang to his feet, Judas caught his breath with an indrawn snort and stared up inquiringly at his raging master. "Yer jest go to that watermillion patch and git to yer hoein' of them vines mighty fast, er I 'll whale enough hide off 'm' yer to half-sole my boots, yer lazy, good fer nothin', low-down, sleepy-headed, snorin', flop-yearred—" He hesitated, rummaging in his memory for yet another adjective. Meantime Judas had scrambled up unsteadily and was saying "Yah sah, yah sah," as fast as ever he could, and bowing apologetically while his hands performed rapid deprecatory gestures.

"Move off, I say!" thundered Ben.

Chawm moved off with his tail between his legs; Judas went in search of his hoe, and soon after he was heard singing a camp-meeting song over in the melon patch:

Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,  
Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,  
Ya-a-as, my mother 's over yander,  
On de oder sho'.

To any casual observer who for a series of years had chanced now and again to see these twain, it must have appeared that Ben Wilson's chief aim in life was to storm at Judas, and that Judas, not daring to respond in kind directly to the voluble raging of his master, lived for the sole purpose of singing religious songs and heaping maledictions on Bolus, the mule. If Ben desired his horse saddled and brought to him, he issued the order somewhat as follows:

"Judas! Hey there, yer old humpbacked scamp! How long are yer a-goin' to be a-fetchin' me that hoss? Hurry up! Step lively, er I'll tie ye up an' jest whale the whole skin off 'm' ye! Trot lively, I say!"

Really, what did Judas care if Ben spoke thus to him? The master never had struck the slave in anger since the days when they enjoyed the luxury of their childish fisticuffs. These threats were the merest mouthing, and Judas knew it very well.

"Yah, dar! Yo' Bolus! yo' ole rib-nosed, so'-eyed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed t'ief! I jest wa' yo' out wid er fence-rail, ef yo' don' step pow'ful libly now; sho 's yo' bo'n I jest will!"

This was the echo sent back from the rickety stables by Judas to the ears of his master, who sat smoking his short pipe on the sunken veranda under his vine and close to his gnarled fig tree. The voice was meant to sound very savage; but in spite of Judas it would be melodious and unimpressive, a mere echo and nothing more—*vox, et præterea nihil*.

Ben always chuckled reflectively when he heard Judas roaring like that. He could not have said just why he chuckled; perhaps it was mere force of habit.

"Dad blast that fool nigger!" he would mutter below his breath. "Puts me in mind of a hongry mule a-brayin' fer fodder. I'll skin 'im alive fer it yet."

"Consoun' Mars Ben! Better keep he ole mouf shet," Judas would growl; but neither ever heard the side remarks of the other. Indeed, in a certain restricted and abnormal way, they were very tender of each other's feelings.

The older they grew the nearer came these two men together. It was as if, starting from widely separated birthrights, they had journeyed towards the same end, and thus, their paths converging, they were at last to lie down in graves dug side by side.

But no matter if their cradle was a common one, and notwithstanding that their footsteps kept such even time, Ben was master, Judas slave. They were differentiated at this one point, and at another, the point of color, irrevocably, hopelessly. As other differences were sloughed; as atom by atom their lines blended together; as strange attachments, like the feelers of vines, grew between them; and as the license of familiarity took possession of them more and more, the attitude of the master partook of tyranny in a greater and greater degree. I use the word attitude, because it expresses precisely my meaning. Ben Wilson's tyranny was an attitude, nothing more. Judas never had seen the moment when he was afraid of his master; still there was a line over which he had not dared to step—the line of down-

right disobedience. In some obscure way the negro had felt the weakness of the white man's character, from which a stream of flashing, rumbling threats had poured for a lifetime; he knew that Ben Wilson was a harmless blusterer who was scarcely aware of his own windy utterances, and yet he hesitated to admit that he knew it—nay, he forced himself to be proud of his master's prodigious temperamental expansions. He felt his own importance in the world barely below that of the man who owned him, and deep in his old heart stirred the delicious dream of freedom. What a dream! Amorphous as a cloud, and rosy as ever morning vapor was, it informed his soul with vague, haunting perfumes and nameless strains of song. Strange that so crude a being could absorb such an element into the innermost tissues of his life! Judas had a conscience, rudimentary indeed, but insistent, which gnawed him frightfully at times: not for stealing,—he was callous to that,—but for rebellion, which he could not cast out of him entirely. Occasionally he soliloquized:

"Ef I could jest be de mars erwhile an' Mars Ben be de nigger, bress de good Lor', but would n't I jest mor' 'n mek 'im bounce erroun' one time! Sorty fink I 'd wake 'im up afo' day, an' would n't I cuss 'im an' 'buse 'im an' rah an' cha'ge at 'im tell he know 'zac'ly how it was hese'f! Yo' may say so, honey, dat yo' may!"

Following treasonable thoughts like these came bitings by the hot teeth of the poor slave's conscience, all the deeper and crueller by contrast with the love forever upgushing to be lavished on his truly indulgent, but strongly exasperating, master.

"Lor', do forgib po' ole Judas," he would pray, "kase he been er-jokin' ter hese'f 'bout er pow'ful ticklish ci'cumstance, sho 's yo' bo'n, Lor'; an' he no business trompin' roun' er ole well in de night. Git he neck broke, sho'!"

Notwithstanding conscience and prayer, however, the thought grew clearer and waxed more vigorous in the heart of Judas as the years slipped by and Ben gradually increased his scolding. The more he fought it the closer clung to him the vision of that revolution which would turn him on top and Ben below, if but for a few moments of delirious triumph.

"Lor', but would n't Mars Ben hate 'r hab dis ole nigger er-rahin' an' er-cha'gin' an' er-rantin' an' er-yellin' at 'im, an' jest er-cussin' 'im like de berry debil fo' ebery'ting 'at 's mean, an' de sweat jest er-rollin' off 'm 'im an' 'im jest er-linkin' down ter wo'k, an' me jest eberlastin'ly an' outlandishly er-gibin' 'im de limmer jaw fo' he laziness an' he dog-gone general no 'countness! Ef dat would n't be satisfact'ional ter dis yer darkey, den I dunno nuffin' 't

all 'bout it. Dat 's his way er doin' me, an' it seem lak my time orter be comin' erlong pooty soon ter do 'im dat way er leetle, debil take de nigger ef it don't!"

X In good truth, however, Judas had no right to complain of hard work; he did not earn his salt. A large part of the time he and his master occupied with angling in the rivulet hard by, wherein catfish were the chief game. Side by side on the sandy bank of the stream the twain looked like two frogs ready to leap into the water, so expectant and eager were their wrinkled faces and protruding eyes, so comically set akimbo their arms and legs. With little art they cast and recast their clumsy bait of bacon-rind, exchanging few words, but enjoying, doubtless, a sense of subtle companionship peculiarly satisfying.

"Airy a bite, Judas?"

"No, sah."

"Too lazy to keep yer hook baited?"

"No, sah."

A while of silence, the river swashing dreamily, the sunshine shimmering far along the slowly lapsing current; then Judas begins humming a revival tune.

"Shet yer mouth; stop that infernal howling, yer blasted old ejit, er I 'll take this yer fish-pole an' I 'll naturally lam the life out of ye!" storms the master. "Yer 'll scare all the fish till they 'll go clean to the Gulf of Mexico. Hain't yer got a striffin' of sense left?"

The slave sulks in silence. Ten minutes later Ben takes out a plug of bright, greasy-looking navy tobacco, and after biting off a liberal chew says, in a very soft voice:

"Here, Jude, try some of my terbacker, an' maybe yer luck 'll change."

Judas fills his cheek with the comforting weed and gazes with expectant contentment into the stream, but the luck continues much the same. The wind may blow a trifle sweeter, fluting an old Pan-pipe tune in a half-whisper through the fringe of shining reeds, and the thrushes may trill suddenly a strange, soft phrase from the dark foliage of the grove hard by; still, in blissful ignorance of the voices of nature and all unaware of their own picturesqueness, without a nibble to encourage them, the two white-haired men watch away the golden afternoon. At the last, just as Judas has given up and is winding his line around his pole, Ben yanks out a slimy, wriggling, prickly catfish, and his round face flings out through its screen of wrinkles a spray of sudden excitement.

"Grab 'im, Judas! Grab 'im, yer lubberly old lout ye! What yer doin' a-grinnin' an' a-gazin' an' that fish a-floppin' right back — grab 'im! If yer do let 'im get away, I 'll

break yer old neck an' pull out yer backbone — grab 'im, I say!"

Judas scrambles after the fish, sprawling and grabbing, while it actively flops about in the sand. It spears him cruelly till the red blood is spattered over his great rusty black hands, but he captures it finally and puts a stick through its gills. X

On many and many an afternoon they trudged homeward together in the softening light, Judas carrying both rods on his shoulder, the bait-cups in his hands, and the string of fish, if there were any, dangling somewhere about his squat person. The black man might have been the incarnate shadow of the white one, so much were they alike in everything but color. Even to a slight limp of the left leg, their movements were the same. Each had a peculiar fashion of setting his right elbow at a certain angle and of elevating slightly the right shoulder. Precisely alike sat their well-worn straw hats far over on the back of their heads.

It was in the spring of 1860 that Ben took measles and came near to death. Judas nursed his master with a faithfulness that knew not the shadow of abatement until the disease had spent its force and Ben began to convalesce. With the turn of the tide which bore him back from the shore of death the master recovered his tongue and grew refractory and abusive inversely as the negro was silent and obedient. He exhausted upon poor Judas, over and over again, the vocabulary of vituperative epithets at his command. When Ben was quite well Judas lay down with the disease.

"A nigger with the measles! Well, I 'll be dern! Yer 're gone, Jude — gone fer sure. Measles nearly always kills a nigger."

Ben uttered these consoling words as he entered his old slave's cabin and stood beside the low bed. "Not much use ter do anythin' fer ye 's I know of — bound ter go this time. Don't ye feel a sort of dyin' sensation in yer blamed old bones already?"

But Judas was nursed by his master as a child by its mother. Never was man better cared for night and day. Ben's whole life for the time was centered in the one thought of saving the old slave. In this he was absolutely unselfish and at last successful.

As Judas grew better, after the crisis was passed, he did not fail to follow his master's example and make himself as troublesome as possible. Nothing was good enough for him; none of his food was properly prepared or served, his bed was not right, he wanted water from a certain distant spring, he grumbled at Ben without reason, and grew more abusive and personal daily. At last one afternoon Ben came out of the cabin with a very peculiar look on his face. He stopped just as he left





"SIDE BY SIDE ON THE SANDY BANK OF THE STREAM."

the threshold, and with his hands in his trousers' pockets and his head thrown back he whistled a low, gentle note.

"Well, I'll everlastin'ly jest be dad burned!" he exclaimed. Then he puffed out his wrinkled cheeks till they looked like two freckled bladders. "Who'd 'a' thought it!" He chuckled long and low, looking down at his boots and then up at the sky. "Cussed me! *Cussed me!* The blamed old rooster a-cussin' *me!* Don't seem possible, but he did all the same. Gamest nigger I ever seen!"

It must have been a revelation to the master when the old slave actually swore at him and cursed him vigorously. Ben went about chuckling retrospectively and muttering to himself:

"The old coon, he cussed me!"

Next day for dinner Judas had chicken pie and dumplings, his favorite pot, and Ben brought some old peach brandy from the cellar and poured it for him with his own hand.

In due time the negro got well and the two resumed their old life, a little feeble, a trifle more stoop in their shoulders, their voices huskier, but yet quite as happy as before.

The watermelon patch has ever been the jewel on the breast of the Georgia plantation. "What is home without a watermelon?" runs the well-known phrase, and in sooth what cool, delicious suggestions run with it! Ben and

Judas each had a patch, year in and year out. Not that Ben ever hoed in his; but he made Judas keep it free of weeds. Here was a source of trouble; for invariably the negro's patch was better, the melons were the larger and finer. Scold and storm and threaten as he might, Ben could not change this, nor could he convince his slave that there was anything at all strange in the matter.

"How I gwine fin' out 'bout what mek yo' watermillions so runty an' so scrumpy?" Judas exclaimed. "Hain't I jest hoed 'em an' plowed 'em an' took care ob 'em an' try ter mek 'em do somefin'?" But dey jest kinder wommux an' squommux erlong an' don't grow wof er dern! I jest sw'a' I can't help it, Mars Ben, ef yo' got no luck erbout yo' nohow! Watermillions grows ter luck, not ter de hoe."

"Luck! Luck!" bawled Ben, shaking his fist at the negro. "Luck! yer old lump er lamp-black—yer old, lazy, sneaking scamp! I 'll show ye about luck! Ef I don't have a good patch of watermillions next year I 'll skin ye alive, see ef I don't, yer old villain ye!"

It was one of Ben's greatest luxuries to sit on the top rail of the worm-fence which inclosed the melon-patch, his own particular patch, and superintend the hoeing thereof. To Judas this was a bitter ordeal, whose particular tang grew more offensive year by year as the half-smothered longing to be master, if

for but a moment, gripped his imagination closer and closer.

"Ef I jest could set up dah on dat fence an' cuss 'im while he hoed, an' ef I jest could one time see 'im er-hus'lin' erroun' w'en I tole 'im, dis nigger 'd be ready ter die right den."

Any observer a trifle sharper than Ben would have read Judas's thoughts as he ruminated thus; but Ben was not a student of human nature,—or, for that matter, any other nature,—and he scolded away merely to give vent to the pressure of habit.

One morning, when the melon vines were young,—it must have been late in April,—Judas leaned on his hoe-handle, and looking up at Ben, who sat on the fence top, as usual, smoking his short pipe, he remarked:

"Don' ye yer dat mockin'-bird er tee-diddlin' an' er too-doodlin', Mars Ben?"

"I 'll tee-diddle an' too-doodle ye ef ye don't keep on a-hoein'," raged Ben. "This year I 'm bound to have some big melons, ef I have to wear ye out to do it!"

Judas sprung to work and for about a minute hoed desperately; then looking up again, he said, "De feesh allus bites bestest w'en de mockin'-birds tee-diddles an' too-doodles dat away."

Such a flood of abusive eloquence as Ben now let go upon the balmy morning air would have surprised and overwhelmed a less adequately fortified soul than that of Judas. The negro, however, was well prepared for the onslaught, and received it with most industrious though indifferent silence. When the master had exhausted both his breath and his vocabulary, the negro turned up his rheumy eyes and suggested that "feesh ain't gwine ter bite eber' day like dey 'll bite ter-day." This remark was made in a tone of voice expressive of absent-mindedness, and almost instantly the speaker added dreamily, leaning on his hoe again:

"Time do crawl off wid a feller's life pow'ful fast, Mars Ben. Seem lak yistyd'y, or day 'fore yistyd'y, 'at we 's leetle beety boys. Don' yo' 'member w'en ole Bolus—dat fust Bolus, I mean—done went an' kick de lof' outer de new stable? We 's er-gittin' pooty ole, Mars Ben, pooty ole."

"Yes, an' we 'll die an' be buried an' resurrected, yer old vagabond ye, before yer get one hill of this here patch hoed!" roared Ben.

Judas did not move, but, wagging his head in a dreamy way, said:

"I 'members one time,"—here he chuckled softly,—"*I 'members one time w'en we had er fight an' I whirped yo'; made yo' yelp out an' say: 'Nough, 'nough! Take 'im off!' an' Moses, how I wus er-linkin' it ter yo' wid bofe fists ter oncet! Does yo' rickermember dat, Mars Ben?*"

Ben remembered. It was when they were little children, before Judas had found out his hereditary limitation, and before Ben had dreamed of asserting the superiority inherent in his blood. Somehow the retrospect filled the master's vision instantly with a sort of Indian-summer haze of tenderness. He forgot to scold. For some time there was silence, save that the mocking-bird poured forth a song as rich and plaintive as any ever heard by Sappho under the rose-bannered garden-walls of Mitylene; then Judas, with sudden energy, exclaimed:

"Mars Ben, yo' nebber did whirp me, did yo'?"

Ben, having lapsed into retrospective distance, did not heed the negro's interrogation, but sat there on the fence with his pipe-stem clamped between his teeth. He was smiling in a mild, childish way.

"No," added Judas, answering his own question—"no, yo' nebber whirped me in yo' life; but I whirped yo' oncet, like de berry debil, did n't I, Mars Ben?"

Ben's hat was far back on his head, and his thin, white hair shone like silver floss on his wrinkled forehead. The expression of his face was that of silly delight in a barren and commonplace reminiscence.

"Mars Ben, I wants ter ax one leetle fabor ob yo'."

No answer.

"Mars Ben!"

The master clung to his distance.

"Hey dar! Mars Ben!"

"Well, what yer want, yer old scarecrow?" inquired Ben, pulling himself together and yawning so that he dropped his pipe, which Judas quickly restored to him.

"Well, Mars Ben, 't ain't much w'at I wants, but I 's been er-wantin' it seem lak er thousan' years."

Ben began to look dreamy again.

"I wants ter swap places wid yo', Mars Ben, dat 's w'at I wants," continued Judas, speaking rapidly, as if forcing out the words against a heavy pressure of restraint. "I wants ter set up dah on dat fence, an' yo' git down yer an' I cuss yo', an' yo' jest hoe like de debil—dat 's w'at I wants."

It was a slow process by which Judas at last forced upon his master's comprehension the preposterous proposition for a temporary exchange of situations. Ben could not understand it fully until it had been insinuated into his mind particle by particle, so to speak; for the direct method failed wholly, and the wily old African resorted to subtle suggestion and elusive supposititious illustration of his desire.

"We 's been er-libin' tergedder lo! des many ye'rs, Mars Ben, an' did I eber 'fuse ter do

anyfing 'at yo' axed ob me? No, sah, I nebber did. Sort er seem lak yo' mought do jest dis one leetle 'commodation fo' me."

Ben began to grin in a sheepish, half-fascinated way as the proposition gradually took hold of his imagination. How would it feel to be a "nigger" and have a master over him? What sort of sensation would it afford to be compelled to do implicitly the will of another, and that other a querulous and conscienceless old sinner like Judas? The end of it was that he slid down from his perch and took the hoe while Judas got up and sat on the fence.

"Han' me dat pipe," was the first peremptory order.

Ben winced, but gave up the coveted nicotian censer.

"Now den, yo' flop-yearred, bandy-shanked, hook-nosed, freckle-faced, wall-eyed, double-chinned, bald-headed, hump-shoul'-ered—"

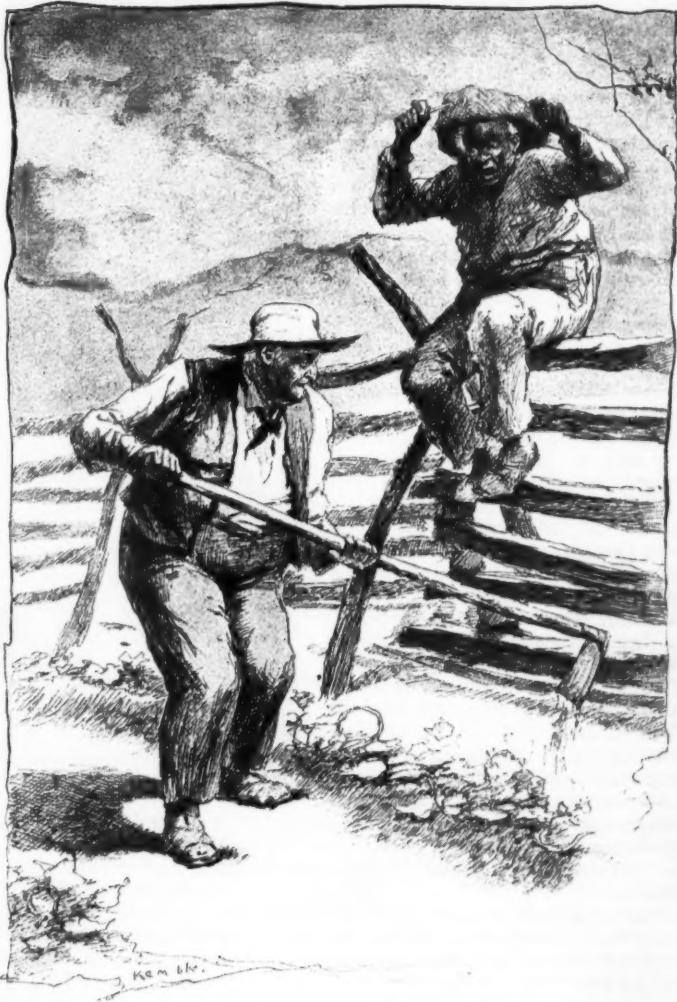
"Come now, Judas," Ben interrupted, "I won't stan' no sech langwidges—"

"Hol' on dah, Mars Ben," cried Judas, in an injured tone. "Yo' p'ornised me yo' d do it, an' I knows yo' 's not gwine back on yo' w'd: no Wilson eber do dat."

Ben was abashed. It was true no Wilson ever broke a promise. The Wilsons were men of honor.

"Well, fire away," he said, falling to work again. "Fire away!"

"Hussle up, dah! Hussle up, yo' lazy ole vagabon' yo', er I 'll git down f'om heah an' I 'll w'ar out ebery hic'ry sprout in de county



"HUSSE UP, YO' LAZY OLE VAGABON'!"

on yo' ole rusty back! Git erlong!—hurry up!—faster! Don' yo' heah? Ef I do come down dah I jest nat'rally comb yo' head tell ebery ha'r on it 'll sw'ar de day ob judgment done come! I 'll wa'm yo' jacket tell de dus' er-comin' out 'm it 'll look lak a sto'm-cloud! Wiggle faster, dern yo' ole skin! Wiggle faster, er I 'll yank out yo' backbone an' mek er trace-chain out 'm it! Don' yo' heah me, Ben?"

Ben heard and obeyed. Never did hoe go faster, never was soil so stirred and pulverized. The sweat sprung from every pore of the man's skin, it trickled over his face and streamed from his chin, it saturated his clothes.

Judas was intoxicated with delight; almost delirious with the sensation of freedom and masterhood. His eloquence increased as the situation affected his imagination, and his words tumbled forth in torrents. Not less was Ben absorbed and carried away. He was a slave, Judas was his master, the puppet must wriggle when the owner pulled the strings. He worked furiously. Judas forgot to smoke the pipe, but held it in his hand and made all sorts of gestures with it.

"Hit dem clods! Mash 'em fine!" he screamed. "Don' look up, yo' ole poky tarrypin yo'! Ef yo' does I 'll wommux de hide off 'm yo' blamed ole back faster 'n forty-seben shoemakers kin peg it on ag'in! Hussle, I tole yo', er I 'll jest wring yo' neck an' tie yo' years in er hard knot! Yo' heah me now, Ben?"

This was bad enough, but not the worst, for Judas used many words and phrases not permissible in print. He spared no joint of the master's armor, he left no vulnerable point unassailed. The accumulated riches of a lifetime spent in collecting a picturesque vocabulary, and the stored force of nearly sixty years given to private practice in using it, now served him a full turn. In the thickest shower of the negro's mingled threats, commands, and maledictions, however, Ben quit work, and, leaning on his hoe, panted rapidly. He gazed up at Judas pathetically and said:

"How that mockin'-bird does tee-diddle an' too-doodle!"

Judas actually stopped short in the mid-career of his eloquence, and Ben added:

"Never see sich signs for feesh a-bitin'; did you, Jude?"

The charm was broken, the farce was ended. A little later the two old men might have been seen, with their bait-cups and fishing-poles in their hands, toddling along down the slope to the rivulet, the white leading, the black following. They were both rather abstracted, it appeared, for each cast in his hook without any bacon-rind on it, and sat on the stream's bank all the rest of the forenoon in blissful expectancy of an impossible nibble.

One good came of the little episode at the melon-patch. The vine around whose roots Ben had plied the hoe with such vigor thrived amazingly, and in due time bore a watermelon of huge size, a grand spheroid as green as emerald and as richly soft in surface color as the most costly old velvet.



"JUDAS! YOU OLD COON!" "MARS BEN!"

"Got de twin ob it down dah in my patch," said Judas; "jest es much like it es one bean 's like anoder bean. Yo' orter come down an' see it, Mars Ben."

Ben went, and, sure enough, there was a melon just the duplicate of his own. Of course, however, he claimed that he saw some indices of inferiority in Judas's fruit, but he could n't just point them out—maybe the rind was not as healthy-looking, he thought, and then the stem appeared to be shriveling. Judas, for his part, was quite sure that his master's melon would not "sweeten up" as his would, and that it would be found lacking in that "jaw-leeciousness" and that "fo'-de-Lor'-sake-hand me-some-moreness" so characteristic of those of his own raising.

Ben's pride in his melon matured and ripened at the same time with the maturing and ripening of that wonderful globule of racy pulp and juice whose core he longed to see. After so many failures, here at last was his triumph. There was a certain danger connected with plucking this melon. It was of a variety locally called "ice-rind" on account of



the thickness of the outer part or shell which made it very difficult to tell when it was ripe, and so Ben dreaded to act. Every evening in the latest dusk of twilight he would go out and lean over the patch fence to have a darkling view of his treasure, which thus seen was mightily magnified.

When the moment of sacrifice had come, Ben actually shrunk from the task of plucking that melon. He leaned on the fence until it was quite dark and until the moon had begun to show in the east before he bethought him that that night was Judas's birth-night, and then a bright idea came to him. He would take the melon to the old slave's cabin and they would have a feast. But when he had climbed over the fence and had stooped above the huge, dusky sphere, his heart failed him, and at the same time another thought struck him with great force. He straightened himself up, placed his hands on his hips, and chuckled. Just the thing! The best joke on Judas! He would go to the negro's patch, steal his big melon, and then share it with him on the following day. His own melon he would keep a few days longer to be sure that it had ripened. A very simple proceeding, without a thought of dishonor in it.

It was as beautiful and balmy a midsummer night as ever fell upon the world. Ben felt its soft influence in his old blood as he toddled surreptitiously along the path leading through a little wood to Judas's cabin and patch. He was picturing in his mind how foolish Judas would look and how beaten he would feel when he found out that he had been feasted on his own big melon. One might have seen by the increasing light of the moon that Ben's trelis-work of facial wrinkles could scarcely hold in the laughing glee that was in him, and his eyes twinkled while his mouth drew itself into a set, suppressed smile. Chawm trotted along silently at Ben's heels, his tail drooping and his ears hanging limp. In the distance, amid the hills, an owl was hooting dolefully, but the little wood was as silent as the grave. Suddenly Ben heard a footfall coming up the path, and he slipped into the bushes just in time to let Judas go shuffling by all unaware.

"The blamed old rooster," he said to himself in a tender, affectionate whisper. "The blamed old rooster! I wonder what he's a-thinkin' about jest now?"

Chawm slipped out and fell noiselessly behind Judas, following him on towards the mansion. Ben chuckled with deep satisfaction as he climbed over into Judas's patch and laid hands on the negro's large melon. What a typical thief he appeared as he hurried furtively along, stooping low with his ill-gotten load, his crooked shadow dancing vaguely beside him! Over

the fence he toiled with difficulty, the melon was so heavy and slippery, then on up the path. Once in the shadowy wood, he laid down his burden and wiped his dewy face with his sleeve. He did not realize how excited he was; it was the first time in all his life that he ever had stolen anything, even in fun. Every little sound startled him and made him pant. He felt as if running as fast as his legs could carry him would be the richest of all luxuries.

When again he picked up the melon and resumed his way he found his heart fluttering and his limbs weak, but he hurried on. Suddenly he halted, with a black apparition barring the path before him.

"Judas! you old coon!"

"Mars Ben!"

They leaned forward and glared at each other.

"Mars Ben! Yo' been er-stealin' my water-million!"

"Judas! You thievin' old rooster! You 've stole —"

Their voices blended, and such a mixture! The wood resounded. They stood facing each other, as much alike as duplicates in everything save color, each clasping in his arms the other's watermelon. It was a moment of intense surprise, of voluble swearing, of picturesque posturing; then followed a sudden collapse and down fell both great ripe, luscious spheres with a dull, heavy bump, breaking open on the ground and filling the air with a spray of sweet juice and the faint luxuriant aroma so dear to Georgian nostrils. Chawm stepped forward and sniffed idly and indifferently at one of the pieces. A little screech-owl mewed plaintively in a bush hard by. Both men, having exhausted themselves simultaneously, began to sway and tremble, their legs slowly giving way under them. The spot of moonlight in which they stood lent a strange effect to their bent and faltering forms. Judas had been more or less a thief all his life, but this was the first time he ever had been caught in the act, therefore he was as deeply shocked as was Ben. Down they sank until they sat flat on the ground in the path and facing each other, the broken melons between them. Chawm took position a little to one side and looked on gravely, as if he felt the solemnity of the occasion.

Judas was first to speak.

"Well, I jest be 'sentially an' eberlastin'ly —" he began.

"Shet up!" stormed Ben.

They looked sheepishly at each other, while Chawm licked his jaws with perfunctory nonchalance. After what seemed a very long silence, Ben said:

"Jude, ax a blessin' afore we eats."

Judas hesitated.

"Did you hear what I was a-sayin' for yer to do?" inquired Ben. "Ax a blessin', I say!" The negro bowed his old snow-fleeced head and prayed:

"Lor', hab mercy on two ole villyans an' w'at dey done steal f'om one 'nudder. Spacyially, Lor', forgib Mars Ben, kase he rich an' free an' he orter hab mo' sense an' mo' honah 'bout 'im 'an ter steal f'om po' nigger. I use to fink, Lor', dat Mars Ben 's er mighty good man, but seem lak lately he gittin' so on'ry 'at yo' 'll be erbleeged ter hannel 'im pooty sabage ef he keep on. Dey may be 'nough good lef' in 'im ter pay fer de trouble ob foolin' 'long wid 'im, but hit 's pow'ful doubtful, an' dat 's er fac'. Lor', I don't advise yo' ter go much outer yo' way ter 'commodate sich er outdacious old sneak-t'ief an' sich er —"

"Judas!" roared Ben, "yer jest stop right now!"

"An' bress dese watermillions w'at we 's erbout ter receib, amen!" concluded Judas. "Try er piece er dis here solid core, Mars Ben; hit look mighty jawleecious."

And so there in the space of moonlight they munched, with many watery mouthings, the sweet central hearts of the pilfered fruit. All around them the birds stirred in their sleep, rustling the leaves and letting go a few dreamy chirps. Overhead a great rift uncovered the almost purple sky.

They did not converse while they were eating, but when the repast was ended Judas apologized and explained in their joint behalf:

"Yo' see, Mars Ben, I 's yo' nigger an' yo' 's my marster. W'at 's yo's is mine, an' w'at 's mine 's yo's, don' yo' see? an' hit ain't no

mo' harm 'an nothin' fo' us ter steal f'om one 'nudder. Lor', Mars Ben, I been er-knowin' all my life 'at I was er-stealin' f'om yo', but I nebber dream 'at it was yo' 'at was er-takin' all er my bestest watermillions an' t'ings. 'Spec' we 's 'bout eben now, Mars Ben. Ef yo' 's a leetle bit ahead ob me I 's not er-keerin'; hit 's all right."

So they wiped their mouths and parted for the night.

"Good-night, Mars Ben."

"Good-night, Jude."

It would be cruel to follow them farther down the road of life, for rheumatism came, and then the war. Many an afternoon the trio, Ben, Judas, and Chawm, sat on the old veranda and listened to the far-off thunder of battle, not fairly realizing its meaning, but feeling that in some vague way it meant a great deal. After war, peace. After peace, reconstruction. After reconstruction, politics. Somebody took the trouble to insist upon having Ben Wilson go to the polls and vote. Of course Judas went with him. What a curious-looking twain they were, tottering along, almost side by side now, their limbs trembling and their eyes nearly blind!

"Got yer ticket, Jude?" inquired Ben.

"No, sah, dat 's all right. Yo' jest drap one in, hit 'll do fo' bofe ob us," answered Judas. And it was done.

They died a year ago. Their graves are side by side, and so close together that a single slab might serve to cover them. If I were rich it should be an imperishable monument, inscribed simply: *Ben and Judas, Æt. 70 years, one month, and fourteen days.*

*Maurice Thompson.*

## PHRYNE IN HADES.

TO Phryne, wandering by Lethe's brink,  
Spake, with rude lips, a phantom at her side:  
"Ere of this last forgetfulness we drink,  
Who in thy memory doth last abide  
Of all who loved thee living?" To and fro  
Swayed the fair head, and seemed to ponder long  
A doubtful thought: and, "Ah, that I might know!  
For these, with laughter wooed me, those with song,  
And all with gifts — save one, and he with tears.  
Yet who gave most, most quickly was forgot;  
And him who praised me I remember not;  
And mirth is but a crackling in mine ears.  
Nay," — and a mist across her wan eyes crept, —  
"Yet must I think of him with whom I wept."

*William Young.*



*Maria Mitchell*

## MARIA MITCHELL'S REMINISCENCES OF THE HERSCHELS.<sup>1</sup>



IN visiting Europe some years since with the definite purpose of traveling for study, I accepted whatever letters were offered me to aid me in my efforts. Among others, one of my scientific friends sent me

half a dozen letters of introduction, and then in a private note said, "I dare not give you a letter to the 'Bear of Blackheath.'" Many times while crossing the Atlantic I found myself wondering who the "Bear of Blackheath" might be. One of the first friends I made in London was Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal at Greenwich. I was adopted at once as one of the household, and upon the care of that

family my comfort in the whole of my tour largely depended. But sitting one day in the drawing-room with the astronomer royal, I looked out upon the beautiful country around and asked, "What is this charming region called?" He replied, "Blackheath"; and I awoke to the consciousness that I was talking with the "Bear."

My acquaintance with the Herschels came through the Airys.

The little that is known of the ancestors of the Herschels is honorable. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as the representatives of three generations were called, were sound Protestants, in days when and in places where Protestantism was a reproach. Abraham Herschel, the great-grandfather of John, was expelled from Mahren, his place of residence, on account of his Protestantism. Isaac, his son, was a farmer

<sup>1</sup> See "The Three Herschels," in this magazine for June, 1885.

near Leipsic. Jacob, son of Isaac, declined agricultural pursuits, and gave expression to the family aptitude for music by making it his profession, by bringing up his sons to the same calling, and by developing musical ability in all his ten children. Among the sons was the astronomer, Frederick William, who was born at Hanover in 1738, and came to England at one-and-twenty as a professional musician, but caring even more for something else than for music—metaphysics. To the end of his life, when he was known all over the world for his astronomical discoveries, his chief delight was in metaphysical study and argumentation. Perhaps we may ascribe to this taste, prevailing in the little household at Slough, the tendency of his scientific son, John, to diverge into metaphysical criticism whenever his theme, or any interruption of it, afforded occasion in the course of composition.

John Herschel was born in the well-known house at Slough, where strangers were by that time coming from far-distant lands to see the wonderful machine by which great news had already descended out of the sky.

Most astronomers come to astronomy through mathematics, or come to mathematics through astronomy. The Herschels were a musical family; music was their vocation; science was their recreation. Although of Jacob Herschel's children Sir William and Caroline are the only ones who are known to science, it is evident that the taste for science belonged to the whole family, as Caroline Herschel in her autobiography speaks of lying awake and listening to discussions between the father and the elder brothers in which the names of Newton, Leibnitz, and Euler frequently occurred.

William Herschel considered himself very fortunate when he was engaged as musician to an English regiment. Growing in reputation, he was appointed organist in a church, studied Italian, Latin, and Greek by himself, and read mathematical works on music. Thus music led him to mathematics, thence to optics, to astronomy, to discoveries, to reputation. He became known to George III., was pensioned, gave himself wholly to astronomy, was knighted, and soon became a member of all the learned societies of Europe.

Sir William and Sir John were remarkable for the variety of their acquirements. Starting with a love of science, they followed where it led, into the trackless regions of space and among remote nebulae, into those tangled ways where metaphysical and mathematical sciences seem to mingle, touching the margin of that debatable land where theology and science meet without recognition, yet keeping, especially in Sir John's case, the equanimity of the philosopher and a kindliness of heart which

made him tolerant of all and rendered him beloved as well as honored by those who knew him.

Workers in physical science have generally been long-lived, perhaps because only with length of years can anything be done in science. Perhaps, too, scientific studies are health-promoting, for if it is hour after hour over books, it is also hour after hour alone with nature.

The Herschels worked a great many years. Sir William Herschel's papers, published in various scientific journals, stretch through a period of forty years. Sir John Herschel's reach through a period of fifty-seven years—about twice the average length of life. Sir William Herschel died at eighty-three, Sir John at seventy-eight; and, as if to show that a woman can live and work even longer than a man, Caroline, the sister of Sir William, died at ninety-eight.



MARIA MITCHELL'S OBSERVATORY AT LYNDE, MASS.

Is it worth while to talk about the unhealthiness of "night air" when that class of people who are most exposed to its influence, whose calling keeps them breathing it, are so long-lived?—for the work of the practical astronomer is mainly out-of-doors and in good night air, instead of indoors in bad air. I think it is Florence Nightingale who asks what air can any one breathe in the night except night air.

It is scarcely possible to understand nature as the Herschels did without knowing some-



thing in many directions, particularly in physical science. One who seeks to understand the relation of worlds must know something of the constitution of those worlds,—their masses, their densities,—of physical geography, of chemistry, of geology, of natural philosophy. He must know something of language, for he must know what has been written. If he would understand the language which is unlike his own he must know something of the genius of the people whence those writings came; he must understand the national mind.

There is a phenomenon well known to astronomical observers as "personal equation." No two persons receive an impression and make it known in the same time. Thus, if one sees a star, and calls out that he sees it, the interval of time which elapses between the sight and the call, the seeing and the speaking, is different for any two persons. We call this difference "personal equation."

There seems to be a "national equation." We do not expect that even the little popular scientific work which we take up written in French shall reach conclusions by the same processes of thought as those by which the little German book will reach the same. If we would understand, then, the science of the period, we must know the national soils in which science has taken root.

A singular illustration of national differences was seen in the case of the discovery of the planet Neptune. Two leading men, one in England and one in France, sitting in their studies, proved by careful mathematical investigations that there must be a planet away out beyond what were considered the limits of our solar system. The Englishman worked out his problem first, but pondered long, thought much, and consulted with others before he published it. The Frenchman finished his computations, put his pencil down, and announced the result in the next day's papers. When the planet was found both Englishman and Frenchman claimed the discovery. But a third, and he was an American, said, "True, you have each declared a planet to exist, and a planet has been found; but you did not agree in your calculations, and the planet which has been found is not the planet announced by either."

Sir John Herschel was less a practical than a theoretical astronomer, as much a philosopher as he was astronomer or mathematician, and almost as much a poet. It is said that his bent was decidedly towards metaphysics, but that his work in astronomy was largely the result of love for his father. When I came to look over his printed papers I found that his reputation must rest mainly on his work as a natural philosopher—a work not on practical experi-

ments, but on scientific methods of thought and reasoning.

I have said that my acquaintance with the Herschels came through the Airys. It was in this way.

Lady Airy hoped that I should know the Herschels. She said, "Sir John Herschel is the acknowledged head of astronomy."

I proposed to go to Paris, and as I had leaned upon Mrs. Airy for all the small learning necessary for moving properly along the periphery of English circles, I asked her for a letter to some Englishwoman in Paris.

An Englishwoman's heart once reached and won is yours forever. When I asked Mrs. Airy for a letter to Paris she said: "I know no one in Paris, but Lady Herschel probably does. I will ask her to give you one." And a letter was dispatched to Lady Herschel. Lady Herschel replied: "I know no one in Paris, but Lady Lyell does. I will write to her." A letter was written to Lady Lyell; she was not in England; the letter followed her; she replied to her sister in England and said, "Give a letter to Mrs. Power, the sister of Sir Francis Horner, now in Paris." And from every one of these persons, wholly unknown to me, I received the courtesy so valuable to a stranger. The letter from Lady Herschel contained a kind invitation to Collingwood, and I was specially advised not "to take it on my way," but to make a separate departure.

Lady Herschel afterward wrote to me that if I would name the day I was likely to spend with them, they would send a carriage to Etchingham, the nearest station to Collingwood, where they resided; but time would not allow, and I started without any notice. I reached Etchingham at four o'clock on one of the shortest of the short English days, and taking the only cab, an open one, and an old man for driver, I started for Collingwood. The night became very dark, our path lay through dense woods, and just as I began to be frightened, the old man turned around and asked me if I knew that part of the country. I gasped out, "No," supposing the next demand would be for my purse, when he said in a very gentle way, "This is Hawkhurst, madam—a very respectable neighborhood." The good old fellow was determined that the American woman should appreciate the country.

I arrived at the Herschels' just at dinner time. While the servant was gone to announce me, I looked around the large hall, and the first thing that caught my eye was Borden's map of Massachusetts. I felt at home at once, for that map hung in the room most familiar to me in America.

The servant returned and asked me into the drawing-room, and Sir John Herschel came

in at once. He reached both hands to me very cordially and said, "We did not receive your letter, but you are always welcome in this house." Lady Herschel followed, also with a very kind welcome.

I found a cheery fire awaiting me in my room, and after a few minutes I was asked down to dinner, only Sir John and Lady Herschel being present.

After dinner the family assembled in the drawing-room, and the elder daughters were introduced to me. There were twelve children, although Lady Herschel seemed young and was still handsome; she must have been fifty years old. Sir John was at that time sixty-six years old, but he looked much older, being lame and much bent in his figure. The eldest daughter was absent; a marble bust of her stood in the drawing-room, and I could well believe what I had heard—that she was a beauty.

The second daughter was on a visit to an old lady of the neighborhood who was ill; I met her afterward at Rome, as a bride. I admired her beauty and her simplicity.

An unmarried daughter, Bella, struck me as very intelligent. She was the only Englishwoman I met in 1857 who had read Lowell's poems.

Then there were groups of boys and girls. Amelia, a pleasant-looking girl, who had been presented at court, a group of little planetoids—Julia, Rose, Francesca (named for Francis Baily), and a dear little girl, Constance Anne, the latter named for Mrs. Dawes, the wife of the astronomer, who is her godmother. The sons were young men: William was in India, Alexander in Trinity College, and John came home for a vacation from some scientific institution.

In the evening we played with letters, putting out charades and riddles, and telling anecdotes, Sir John joining the family party and chatting away like the young people.

He spoke with great admiration of the clearness of the sky at the Cape of Good Hope, which Sir John and his family had visited for the purpose of examining his father's observations.

Sir John said that one of his imaginings in regard to Saturn was that the satellites are the children of the ring, some of one ring and some of another. He told pleasant little anecdotes of some self-made astronomers who came to him with most absurd notions, such as the non-existence of the moon—founded upon the reading of his works! And one good soul sent to him to have a horoscope cast and inclosed a half-crown. Another wrote to him asking, "Shall I marry, and have I seen her?"

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical prob-

lems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence, and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast-table when he asked the question. We thought they could not. "But if they stood closely and others stood on their shoulders, man, woman, and child, how many layers would there be?" I said, "Perhaps three." "How many feet of men?" he asked. "Possibly thirty," I said. "Oh, more!" "Well, we'll say a hundred." "Oh, more!" Miss Herschel said, "Enough to reach the moon." "To the sun." "More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment; "bid higher." "To Neptune," said one. "Now you burn," he replied. "*Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near. That is my way,*" said he, "of whitewashing war, pestilence, and famine."

Over the fireplace in the dining-room is a portrait of Sir William Herschel, painted, I think, by Russell, with a diagram of the Georgium sidus (Uranus) beside him. The expression of the face is of great vigor, very unlike that of the engravings in the print-shops. Sir John has a miniature of his father with a still better expression. He does not know the painter, for he picked it up by accident in a shop in London. It is exceedingly like Sir John himself.

Sir John's forehead was bold but retreating; his mouth was very good. He was quick in motion and in speech. He said that efforts were making to induce the English Government to accept the decimal coinage. I remarked that it would not be easy to make Englishmen change their ways. "Oh," he said, "we stick to old ways, but we are not cemented to them."

On Sunday morning Lady Herschel went to church, and I with her. The Herschels, like all the country gentry whom I knew in England, attended service in a little old stone church, with no style about it; this had not even an organ. Miss Herschel told me that a good deal of effort had been made to raise money enough to purchase one, but it had failed. In the afternoon I remained at home and looked over the manuscripts of Sir William Herschel and his sister, Sir John pointing out the interesting parts. They were very carefully preserved, and were kept with a system which was in itself a science. The great astronomer wrote his notes on slips of paper at different times; these slips were afterward compared, the results obtained from them were recorded,

and indices to the manuscripts made. The first notes on the planet Uranus, which he discovered, speak of it as a comet,—he dared not call it a planet,—and as a comet it continues for some time to be spoken of in the notes, probably after he knew it to be a planet.<sup>1</sup>

Several of the manuscripts are devoted to the methods of polishing specula; several to observations on light. One of the notes is: "Observed my sister's comet of August 1."

The copies of letters were in themselves numerous and very interesting. The loss of the planet Ceres is mentioned in one to Piazzi. One is to Sir William Watson to ask for a term for the asteroids—what to call them as a *group*. He suggests that more may be discovered. A most remarkable one is to a French gentleman about a chemical discovery, which seems to have been a foreshadowing of photography.

Caroline Herschel followed Sir William to England when he was appointed astronomer to the king, and remained there until his death. She shared in all the night-watches of her brother, and with pencil in hand and eye on clock recorded what he saw, made the calculations, registered, coördinated, classed, and analyzed them.

As a gift for the present Lady Herschel, Caroline Herschel prepared her own biography after she was ninety years of age. It is written in a very clear hand, and although English was not her native tongue, the language is good. The sentences are long, but never obscure. Lady Herschel read some passages to me. She says, "My father told me that as I had neither beauty nor riches, no man would be likely to make me an offer until I was old, when some one might like, on account of my worth, to marry me."

When I mingled with English scientists I was not prepared for so much love of poetry as I found. Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal, could repeat the whole of the "Lady of the Lake." Dr. Whewell, the master of Trinity, was a great lover of poetry, and wrote verses himself, though Sir John Herschel was more particularly the poet of science.

The Herschels had breakfast about eight o'clock. I did not see Lady Herschel at that time, but Miss Herschel poured tea and coffee; Sir John was there. At five or six came dinner, and we were always told the time of day near its approach, and advised to dress, and all who were to come to table made at once some preparation. It was cold weather, but the young

ladies came to dinner in barege dresses and with short sleeves.

It is a common saying in Europe that "Princes, Americans, and fools ride in first-class carriages." Lady Herschel told me that by traveling "second class" she sometimes made valuable acquaintances; she talked with intelligent farmers and learned to know something of a class whom she could never meet socially. I pitied in England the isolation of rank, the narrow circle of class, which becomes narrower and narrower all the way from the peasant to the queen, the peasant having the largest social circle, and the queen the smallest.

I met in England, as all Americans at that time met, great ignorance in regard to America. The eldest daughter of Sir John had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she asked me if it was a true picture of life in America—if it were possible for boys and girls to be educated together; if a girl stood a public examination in America; if a young lady really received guests herself, etc.<sup>2</sup>

I could scarcely believe when I saw Sir John Herschel in his family, guessing conundrums with the children, playing at spelling, and telling funny anecdotes, that he was the same man of whom one had said to me when I first landed in England, "He is living at Hawkhurst, not very well, and not very good-natured." Probably the expression on his countenance of physical suffering has been mistaken for ill temper. He was remarkably a gentleman; more like a woman in his instinctive perception of the wants and wishes of a guest. Just before I came away he came to me, and reaching out a leaf of a manuscript said, "Miss Mitchell, I thought you would like some of my aunt's handwriting," giving me an autograph which I value extremely. It was given to me as a leaf from a folio volume.

Sir John's mind was full of vigor at the time of my visit. He was then engaged in rewriting his "Outlines of Astronomy," but was no longer an active astronomer. He talked with great enthusiasm of the Cape observatory, and described in a very interesting manner the peculiar appearance of a twisted nebula on the larger of the "Magellan Patches."

I went over the grounds the last day, rainy though it was, to get to the barn to see the remains of the telescope used by Sir William: only the tube was left. It was forty feet long, and the diameter was so great that one could sit comfortably within it. Arago says that "In 1840 the family, then residing at Slough, formed in procession and walked around this telescope, then, seated on benches within the tube, sang the song written by Sir John and sealed up the tube—its work was over."<sup>3</sup>

Sir John was said to be a man of no wealth.

<sup>1</sup> These notes of an evening's observation are always very clearly written, and the words, "Left off here," are as distinct as the rest. The writer was the sister.

<sup>2</sup> The youngest child, at that time two years old, was educated at Girton later.

<sup>3</sup> See Arago's "Memoirs," first series, p. 265, for a celebration in honor of this telescope.

The family, including the servants, numbered some twenty persons; and when I asked, "What is meant in England by a person of no wealth?" I was told that it meant one who could not portion his daughters when they married.

It was the period of our distressing financial crisis of 1857, and English as well as American families were ruined. I asked of an English lady, "What will become of the daughters of an English family in which there is no property?" She replied, "They will live on their brother." And the question was asked of me, "What will become of the daughters of an American family in which there is no money?" "They will *earn* money," I replied. The answer was, "You Americans are a sensible people."

The house was very extensive, the grounds proportionately so: the table was to me, as all English tables seemed, over-bountiful; but in style of furniture and of dress I know no merchant's family in Boston so simple.

English habits may have changed since 1857, but at that time I saw no young ladies in silk. The plain print for morning and simple white for evening were all that the daughters of the astronomer royal or those of Sir John Herschel wore; and yet in the family of the astronomer royal, as in that of Sir John Herschel, a ring of the door-bell might announce not only the highest potentate of science in England, but the highest representative of any social circle—even the Queen herself.

You would say, in looking at Caroline Herschel's portrait, which hung in the drawing-room, "She must have been handsome when she was young." Her ruffled cap shades a mild face, whose blue eyes were even then full of animation. But it was merely the beauty of age. I suspect that this is often the case, especially when the life has been such as to develop the soul, which overcomes ugliness of feature and coarseness of complexion.

If you had asked Caroline Herschel after ten years of labor what good had come of it, she would probably have answered, with the extreme simplicity of her nature, that she had relieved her brother of a good deal of wearisome labor and perhaps kept up his vigor and prolonged his life. Probably it never entered her thoughts to be other than the patient and self-sacrificing assistant to a truly great man.

The woman who has peculiar gifts has a definite line marked out for her, and the call from God to do his work in the field of scientific investigation may be as imperative as that which calls the missionary into the moral field, or the mother into the family: as missionary, or as scientist, as sister, or as mother, no woman has the right to lose her individuality. To

discuss the question whether women have the capacity for original investigation in science is simply idle until equal opportunity is given them. We cannot overrate the consequences of such lives, whether it be Mrs. Somerville translating Laplace, Harriet Hosmer modeling her statues, Mrs. Browning writing her poems, or Caroline Herschel spending nights under the open canopy; in all it is the devotion to idea, the loyalty to duty, which reaches to all ages.

One of Caroline Herschel's strong characteristics was the carefulness with which everything was done. We are apt to hurry in everything, as if railroad-speed were the law of daily life—as if our hearts did not beat fast enough. She worked slowly, as if she knew that she had ninety-eight years of this life and all eternity in the next. When she worked in the little observatory at Slough, where the first observations were made, she not only worked in every observatory of the world, but she reached to every school for girls.

If what Caroline Herschel did is a lesson and a stimulus to all women, what she did not do is a warning. Has any being a right not to be? When Caroline Herschel so devoted herself to her brother that on his death her own self died, and her life became comparatively useless, she did, all unconsciously, a wrong, and she made the great mistake of her life.

The fault was only in part her fault. She was honored—late in life—as few women have been, by her family, by her sovereign, by the savants of all Europe. It was too late. It seems probable that her gifts were as fully bestowed as those of her brother; she was left uneducated and undeveloped. It was the English way; it is still the way of the world. Living on more than twenty years after his death, she needed for her own comfort pursuits and avocations outside the life that she had given him, and throughout her nearly one hundred years the world needed all that she could do.

When she kept the records, so systematically and so scientifically that after nearly one hundred years they are still valuable, every line that she wrote was an argument for the higher education of women; when she wrapped herself in innumerable wrappings and took care of the body that the mind might do its duty, she gave a lesson which every girl ought to follow.

She showed also the lesson of the usefulness of the unmarried woman. In England much more than in our country the unmarried woman holds a secondary place—unless she has some title. She even enters the dining-room after every married woman. I would in no way underrate the higher value of the wife and the mother and the blessedness of those whom



God has placed in families, but life need not be a failure and a blank when this position is denied. The family is only a larger one; the usefulness is not so intense, but it may be wider spread.

The peculiarity of Caroline Herschel's character, which in the thought of most persons gave the great charm, was her capacity of self-abnegation. She was the sister of a great man; to help him to make his work complete, to see that it was the best work that could be done, that all guards were placed around it to preserve it, was what she believed to be her duty, and she did it. It seems ungenerous to blame at all where we admire so much.

We make close friendships in England, and then we cross the Atlantic and for a few

months, perhaps for a few years, letters pass, telling of the life on the different sides of the world; then they grow few and far between. In my case came the dreadful war, and America and Great Britain seemed to be still farther separated.

Engrossed as we all were by the great moral question in our own country, personal ties, except of the closest nature, were subordinated. Letters became fewer and then more concisely stated. I heard that Sir John Herschel suffered from "dreadful coughs" in winter, and before the war was over the letters had ceased altogether. Suddenly one spring came the news that sent a pang to many a heart in America—"Sir John Herschel is dead."

*Maria Mitchell.*

## THE OLD BASCOM PLACE.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

Author of "Days and Nights with Uncle Remus," "Free Joe," etc.

### VII.



ALL this was no less the result of Francis Underwood's desire than of the doctor's commands. The old practitioner was noted for his skill throughout the region, and after he had talked with Judge Bascom he gave it as his opinion that the only physic necessary in the case was perfect rest and quiet, and that these could be secured only by allowing the old man to remain undisturbed in the belief that he was once more the owner of the Bascom Place.

"He 'll not trouble you for long," said Dr. Bynum, wiping his spectacles, "and I 've no doubt that whatever expense may be incurred will be settled by his old friends. Oh, Bascom still has friends here," exclaimed the doctor, misunderstanding Underwood's gesture of protest. "He went wrong, badly wrong; but he is a Southerner, sir, to the very core, and in the South we are in the habit of looking after our own. We may differ, sir, but when the pinch comes you 'll find us together."

The doctor's lofty air was wholly lost on his companion.

"My dear sir," said Underwood, laying his hand somewhat heavily on the doctor's shoulder, "what do you take me for? Do you suppose that I intend to set up a hospital here?"

"Oh, by no means, by no means," said Dr. Bynum, soothingly. "Not at all; in fact, quite

the contrary. As I say, you shall be reimbursed for all—"

"Dr. Bynum," said Underwood, with some degree of emphasis, "permit me to remind you that Judge Bascom is my guest. There is no question of money except so far as your bill is concerned, and that—"

"Now, now, my *dear* boy," exclaimed the old doctor, holding up both hands in a gesture of expostulation, "don't, *don't* fly up! What is the use? I was only explaining matters; I was only trying to let you know how we Southerners feel. You must have noticed that the poor old Judge has n't been treated very well since his return here. His best friends have avoided him. I was only trying to tell you that they hold him in high esteem, and that they are willing to do all they can for him."

"As a Southerner?" inquired Underwood, "or as a man?"

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Dr. Bynum. "Don't come running at me with your head down and your horns up. We 've no time to fall into a dispute. You look after the Judge as a Northerner, and I 'll look after him as a Southerner. His daughter must come here. He is very feeble. He has but one irrational idea, and that is that he owns the old Place. In every other particular his mind is sound, and he will give you no trouble. His idea must be humored and even then the collapse will come too soon for that poor girl, his daughter—as lovely a creature, sir, as you ever saw."

This statement was neither information nor news so far as Underwood was concerned. "If

I see her," the old doctor went on, with a somewhat patronizing air, "I'll try to explain matters; but it is a very delicate undertaking, sir—very delicate."

"No," said Underwood; "there will be no need for explanations. My sister will go for Miss Bascom, and whatever explanations may be necessary she will make at the proper time."

"An admirable arrangement," said Dr. Bynum with a grunt of satisfaction—"an admirable arrangement indeed. Well, my boy, you must do the best you can, and I know that will be all that is necessary. I am sorry for Bascom, very sorry, and I'm sorrier for his daughter. I'll call again to-night."

As Dr. Bynum drove down the avenue, Underwood was much gratified to see Jesse coming through the gate. The negro appeared to be much perplexed. He took off his hat as he approached Underwood, and made a display of politeness somewhat unusual, although he was always polite.

"Is you seed Marse Judge Bascom?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Underwood. "He is in the house yonder, resting himself. You seem frightened; what is the trouble?"

"Well, suh, I ain't had no sech worriment sence de Sherman army come 'long. I dunner what got inter Marse Judge Bascom. He been gwine on des like yuther folks, settin' 'roun' en talkin' 'long wid hisse'f, en den all of er sudden he break out en shave en dress hisse'f, en go visitin' whar he ain't never been visitin' befo'. I done year 'im say p'intedly dat he ain't never gwine come yer les'n de Place b'long ter 'im. Do he look downhearted, suh?"

"No," said Underwood, "I can't say that he does. He seems to be very well satisfied. He has called several times for Wesley. I have heard you called Jesse, but perhaps the Judge knows you as Wesley. There are several negroes around here who answer to different names."

"No, suh," said Jesse, scratching his head. "I ain't never been call Wesley sence I been bornded inter de worl'. Dey was er nigger name Wesley what use ter go 'long wid Marse Judge Bascom en wait on 'im when I wuz er little boy, but Wesley done been dead too long ago ter talk about. I dunner what make folks's min' drop back dat away. Look like dey er sorter fumblin' 'roun' tryin' fer ter ketch holt er sump'n ne'r what done been pulled up out'n reach."

"Well," said Underwood, "the Judge is in the house. See if he wants anything; and if he asks about his daughter, tell him she will be here directly."

When Jesse went into the house he found the Judge lying on a lounge in the hall. His

eyes were closed, and he seemed to be dozing; but Jesse's movements aroused him.

"Ah! is that you, Wesley? Where is your Miss Mildred?"

"She comin', suh; she comin' right now."

"Very well, very well. You must make yourself at home here," he said to Francis Underwood, who had followed Jesse. "I am somewhat dilapidated myself, but my daughter will entertain you. Wesley, I believe I will go to my room. Lend me your arm."

"Allow me to assist you," said Underwood; and so between the two the old man was carried to the room that had been his own when the house was his. It happened to be Underwood's room, but that made no difference. It belonged once more to the Judge in his disordered fancy, and thither he went.

After a while Miss Sophie came bringing Mildred. Just how she had explained matters to the poor girl no one ever knew, but it must have been in some specially sympathetic way, for when Francis Underwood assisted the ladies from the carriage Miss Bascom appeared to be the less agitated of the two.

"The Judge is as comfortable as possible," Underwood said cheerily. "Jesse is with him, and I think he is asleep. His nervousness has passed away."

"Oh, do you think he is seriously ill?" exclaimed Mildred, clasping her hands together.

"Certainly not, just now," said Francis Underwood. "The doctor has been here, and he has gone away apparently satisfied. Sister, do you take charge of Miss Bascom, and show her how to be at home here."

And so Judge Bascom and his beautiful daughter were installed at the old Place. Mildred, under the circumstances, would rather have been elsewhere, but she was practically under orders. It was necessary to the well-being of her father, so the doctor said, that he should remain where he was; it was necessary that he should be humored in the belief that he was the owner of the old Place. It is only fair to say that Miss Sophie Underwood and her brother were more willing and anxious to enter into this scheme than Mildred appeared to be. She failed to comprehend the situation until after she had talked with her father, and then she was in despair. Judge Bascom was the representative of everything substantial and enduring in his daughter's experience, and when she realized that his mind had been seized by a vagary she received a tremendous shock. But the rough edges of the situation, so to speak, were smoothed and turned by Miss Sophie, who assumed motherly charge of the young girl. Miss Sophie's methods were so sympathetic and so womanly, and she gave to the situation such a matter-of-fact interpre-

tation, that the grief and dismay of the young girl were not as overwhelming as they otherwise would have been.

## VIII.

NATURALLY all the facts that have just been set down here were soon known to the inhabitants of Hillsborough. Naturally, too, something more than the facts were also known and talked about. There was the good old doctor ready to shake his head and look mysterious, and there were the negroes ready to give out an exaggerated version of the occurrences that followed Judge Bascom's visit to his old home.

"Well," said Major Jimmy Bass to his wife, with something like a snort, "ef the old Judge is gone there an' took holt of things, like they say, it 's bekaze he 's out'n his mind. I wonder what in the round world could 'a' possessed him?"

"I 'spec' he 's done drapt back into his dolt-age," said farmer Joe-Bob Grissom, who had gone to the major's for the purpose of discussing the matter. "An' yit, they do say that he 's got a clean title to every bit of the prop'ty ef you take into account all that talk about his wife's brother an' sech like."

"Well," remarked the major grimly, "Sarah there ain't got no brother, an' I reckon I 'm sorter pretected from them kind of gwines-on."

"Why, tooby shore you are," said his wife, who was the Sarah referred to; "but I ain't so mighty certain that I would n't be better off if I had a brother to follow you around where the wimmen folks can't go. You 've flung away a many a bright dollar that he might have picked up."

"Who, Sarah?" inquired the major, wincing a little.

"My brother," returned Mrs. Bass.

"Why, you have n't got a brother, Sarah," said Major Bass.

"More 's the pity," exclaimed the major's wife. "I ought to have had one—a great big double-j'inted chap. But you need n't tell me about the old Judge," she went on. "He tried to out-Yankee the Yankees up yonder in Atlanty, and now he 's a-trying to out-Yankee them down here. Lord! You need n't tell me a thing about old Judge Bascom. Show me a man that 's been wrapped up with the Radicals, and I 'll show you a man that ain't got no better sense than to try to chousel somebody. I 'd just as lieve see Underwood have the Bascom Place as the old Judge—every bit and grain."

"Well, I had n't," said the major, emphatically.

"No, ner me nuther," said Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom. "Hit may be right, but hit don't

look right. Pap used to say he 'd never be happy ontel the Bascoms come back inter the'r prop'ty."

"Well, he 's dead, ain't he?" inquired Mrs. Bass in a tone that showed she had the best of the argument.

"Yessum," said Mr. Grissom, shifting about in his chair and crossing his legs, as if anxious to dispose of an unpleasant subject—"yessum, pap 's done dead." To this statement, after a somewhat embarrassing silence, he added: "Pap took an' died a long time ago."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bass in a gentler tone, "and I 'll warrant you that when he died he was n't pestered about whether the Bascoms owned the old Place or not. Did he make any complaints?"

"No 'm," replied Mr. Grissom, in a reminiscent way, "I can't say that he did. He jest did n't bother about 'em. Hit looked like they jest natchally slipped outter his mind."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Bass, with a little shake of her head; "they slipped outter your pa's mind, and now they say the old Judge has slipped out of his own mind."

"Well, we need n't boast of it, Sarah," remarked the major with a feeble attempt at severity. "Nobody knows the day when some of us may be twisted around. We 've no room to brag."

"No, we ain't," said his wife, bridling up. "I 've trembled for you a many a day when you thought I was thinking about something else—a many a day."

"Now you know mighty well, Sarah, that no good-natured man like me ain't a-gwine to up an' lose their mind, jest dry so," said the major earnestly. "They 've got to have some mighty big trouble."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bass, grimly, "and they have to have mind too, I reckon. Nobody that never had a horse ever lost one."

The major nodded his head at Joe-Bob Grissom, as much as to say that it was only a very able man who could afford to have such a sprightly wife. The mute suggestion, however, was lost on Grissom, who was accustomed to taking life seriously.

"I hear a mighty heap of talk," he said, "but I ain't never been so mighty certain an' shore that the old Judge is lost his mind. There 'd be lots of fun ef it should happen to be that he had the papers all made out in his pocket, an' I 've hearn some hints thataway."

"Well," said the more practical Mrs. Bass, "he ain't got no papers. The minute I laid eyes on him after he come back here, I says to Mr. Bass there, 'Mr. Bass,' says I, 'the old Judge has gone wrong in his upper story.' Ah, you can't fool me. I know a thing when I see it, more especially if I look at it close. I 've seen folks that had to rub the silver off a thrip

to tell whether it was passable or not. I might be fooled about the silver in a thrip, but you can't fool me about a grown man."

"Nobody ain't tryin' to fool you, Sarah," said the major, with some show of spirit.

"Well, I reckon not," exclaimed Mrs. Bass, somewhat contemptuously. "I'd like to see anybody try to fool me right here in my own house and right before my face."

"There ain't no tellin'," said Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom, in his matter-of-fact way, ignoring everything that had been said—"there ain't no tellin' whether the old Judge is got the papers or not. 'T would be hard on Frank Underwood an' his sister, an' they ain't no better folks than them. They don't make no fuss about it, an' they don't hang out no signs, but when you come to a narrer place in the road where you can't go forrerd nor back'ards, an' nuther can you turn 'roun', you may jest count on them Underwoods. They'll git you out ef you can be got out, an' before you can say thanky-do, they'll be away off yonder helpin' some yuther poor creetur."

"Well," said Major Bass, with an air of independence, "I'm at the fust of it. It may be jest as you say, Joe-Bob; but ef so, I've never knowed it."

"Hit's jest like I tell you," said Joe-Bob, emphatically.

"Well, the Lord love us!" exclaimed Mrs. Bass, "I hope it's so—I do from the bottom of my heart. It would be a mighty queer world if it did n't have some tender spots in it, but you need n't be afraid that they'll ever get as thick as the measles. I reckon you must be renting land on the old Bascom Place," she went on, eying Mr. Grissom somewhat sharply.

"Yessum," said Joe-Bob, moving about uneasily in his chair. "Yessum, I do."

Whereupon Mrs. Bass smiled, and her smile was more significant than anything she could have said. It was disconcerting indeed, and it was not long before Mr. Joe-Bob Grissom made some excuse for depriving Major Jimmy and Mrs. Sarah Bass of his company.

As he was passing the Bascom Place on his way home he saw lights in the house and heard voices on the piazza.

"Ef it warn't for that blamed dog," he thought, "I'd go up there an' see what they er talkin' about so mighty peart."

#### IX.

BUT Mr. Grissom's curiosity would not have been satisfied. Judge Bascom was sitting in a large rocking chair, enjoying the pleasant evening air, and the others were sitting near, talking on the most ordinary topics. This sit-

uation was one of the doctor's prescriptions, as Miss Sophie said. Those around were to wear a cheerful air, and the Judge was to be humored in the belief that he was once more the proprietor of the Bascom Place. He seemed to respond to this treatment in the most natural way. The old instinct of hospitality rose in him and had its way. He grew garrulous indeed, and sat on the piazza, or walked up and down and talked by the hour. He was full of plans and projects, and some of them were so suggestive that Francis Underwood made a note of them for further consideration. The Judge was the genial host, and while his daughter was full of grief and humiliation at the position in which she was placed, he appeared to draw new life and inspiration from his surroundings. He took a great fancy to Miss Sophie: her observations, which were practical in the extreme, and often unflattering, were highly relished by him. The Judge himself was a good talker, and he gave Miss Sophie an opportunity to vent some of her pet opinions, the most of which were very pronounced.

As for Mildred, in spite of her grief and anxiety, she found her surroundings vastly more pleasant than she had at first imagined they could be. Some instinct or prepossession made her feel at home in the old house, and as she grew more cheerful and more contented she grew more beautiful and more engaging. At least this was the opinion of Francis Underwood.

"Brother," said Miss Sophie one day when they were together, "you are in love."

"I don't know whether to say yes or no," he replied. "What is it to be in love?"

"How should I know?" exclaimed Miss Sophie, reddening a little. "I see you mooning around, and moping. Something has come over you, and if it is n't love, what is it?"

He held up his hands, white and muscular, and looked at them. Then he took off his hat and tousled his hair in an effort to smooth it with his fingers.

"It is something," he said after a while, "but I don't know what. Is love such an everyday affair that it can be called by name as soon as it arrives?"

"Don't be absurd, brother," said Miss Sophie, with a gesture of protest. "You talk as if you were trying to take a census of the affair."

"No," said he; "I am trying to get a special report. I saw Dr. Bynum looking at you over his spectacles yesterday."

Miss Sophie tried to show that this suggestion was an irritating one, but she failed, and then fell to laughing.

"I never knew I was so full of humor before," said Francis Underwood, by way of comment.



"And I never knew you could be so foolish — to me," said Miss Sophie, still laughing. "What is Dr. Bynum to me?"

"Not having his spectacles to look over, how do I know?"

"But," persisted Miss Sophie, "you need no spectacles to look at Mildred. I have seen you looking at her through your fingers."

"And what was she doing?" inquired Underwood, coloring in the most surprising way.

"Oh," said Miss Sophie, "she was pretending not to notice it; but I can sit with my back to you both and tell by the tone of her voice when this and that thing is going on."

"This, then, is courtship," said Underwood.

"Why, brother, how provoking you are!" exclaimed Miss Sophie. "It is nothing of the sort. It is child's play; it is the way the youngsters do at school. I feel as if I never knew you before; you are full of surprises."

"I surprise myself," he said, with something like a sigh, "and that is the trouble; I don't want to be too surprising."

"But in war," said his sister, "the successful general cannot be too full of surprises."

"In war!" he cried. "Why, I was in hopes the war was over."

"I was thinking about the old saying," she explained — "the old saying that all is fair in love and war."

"Well," said Francis Underwood, "it would be hard to say whether you and Dr. Bynum are engaged in war or not. You are both very sly, but I have seen a good deal of skirmishing going on. Will it end in a serious engagement, with casualties on both sides? The doctor is something of a surgeon, and he can attend to his own wounds, but who is going to look after yours?"

"How can you go on so!" cried Miss Sophie, laughing. "Are we to have an epidemic of delusions?"

"Yes, and illusions too," said her brother. "The atmosphere seems to be full of them. Everything is in a tangle."

And yet it was not long after this conversation that Miss Sophie observed her brother and Mildred Bascom sauntering together under the great cedars, and she concluded that he was trying to untangle the tangle.

There were many such walks, and the old Judge, sitting on the piazza in bright weather, would watch the handsome pair, apparently with a contented air. There was something about this busy and practical young man that filled Mildred's imagination. His individuality was prominent enough to be tantalizing. It was of the dominant variety. In him the instinct of control and command, so pleasing to the feminine mind, was thoroughly developed, and he disposed of his affairs with a promptness and decisiveness that left nothing to be

desired. Everything seemed to be arranged in his mind beforehand.

Everything, that is to say, except his relations with Mildred Bascom. There was not the slightest detail of his various enterprises, from the simplest to the most complicated, with which he was not thoroughly familiar, but this young girl, simple and unaffected as she was, puzzled him sorely. She presented to Francis Underwood's mind the old problem



FRANCIS UNDERWOOD AND MILDRED.

that is always new, and that has as many phases as there are stars in the sky. Here, before his eyes, was a combination for which there was no warrant in his experience — the wit and tenderness of Rosalind, blended with the self-sacrificing devotion of Cordelia. Here was a combination — a complication — of a nature to attract the young man's attention. Problem, puzzle, what you will, it was a very attractive one for him, and he lost no favorable opportunity of studying it.

So the pleasant days came and went. If there were any love passages between the young people, only the stately cedars or the restless poplars were in the secret, and these told it only to the vagrant west winds that crept over the hills when the silence of night fell over all things.

x.

THOSE were pleasant days and nights at the old Bascom Place, in spite of the malady with which the Judge was afflicted. They

were particularly pleasant when he seemed to be brighter and stronger. But one day, when he seemed to be at his best, the beginning of the end came. He was sitting on the piazza, talking with his daughter and with Francis Underwood. Some reference was made to the Place, when the old Judge suddenly rose from his chair, and, shaking his thin white hand at the young man, cried out:

"I tell you it is mine! The Place always has been mine and it always will be mine."

He tottered forward and would have fallen, but Underwood caught him and placed him in his chair. The old man's nerves had lost their tension, his eyes their brightness. He could only murmur indistinctly, "Mine, mine, mine." He seemed suddenly to have shrunk and shriveled away. His head fell to one side, his face was deadly pale, his lips were blue, and his thin hands clutched convulsively at his clothes and at the chair. Mildred was at his side instantly, but he seemed to be beyond the reach of her voice and beyond the limits of her grief, which was distressful to behold. He tried indeed to stroke the beautiful hair that fell loosely over him as his daughter seized him in her despairing arms, but it was in a vague and wandering way.

Judge Bascom's condition was so alarming that Francis Underwood lifted him in his arms and placed him on the nearest bed, where he lay gazing at the ceiling, sometimes smiling and at other times frowning and crying, "Mine, mine, mine!"

He sank slowly but surely. At the last he smiled and whispered "Home," and so passed away.

He was indeed at home. He had come to the end of his long and tiresome journey. He smiled as he lay sleeping, and his rest was pleasant; for there was that in his dead face, white and pinched as it was, that bore witness to the infinite gentleness and mercy of Christ, who is the Lord.

It was an event that touched the hearts of his old neighbors and their children, and they spoke to one another freely and feelingly about the virtues of the old Judge, the beautiful life he had lived, the distinction he had won, and the mark he had made on his generation. Some, who were old enough to remember, told of his charities in the days when prosperity sat at his board; and in discussing these things the people gradually came to realize the fact that Judge Bascom, in spite of his misfortunes, had shed luster on his State and on the village in which he was born, and that his renown was based on a character so perfect, and on results so just and beneficent, that all could share in it.

His old neighbors, watching by him as he lay smiling in his dreamless sleep, shortened the long hours of the night with pleasant reminiscences of the dead. Those who sat near the door could see, in an adjoining room, Mildred Bascom sitting at Miss Sophie Underwood's feet, her arms around the older woman's waist. It was a brief and fleeting panorama, as indeed life itself is, but the two, brought together by grief and sympathy, often sat thus in the years that followed. For Mildred Bascom became the mistress of the Bascom Place; and although she has changed her name, the old name still clings to Underwood's domain.

THE END.

*Joel Chandler Harris.*

## SUNRISE.

ONE rose before the dawn, and stole along  
The dull shore waiting for the light to be;  
That he, before the unimpatient throng,  
Might watch the sunrise on the splendid  
sea.

And one who cared not for the glorious sight,  
But for the joy to come with that first ray,  
Ran to his casement to greet there the light  
That ushered in for him his wedding-day.

But to the One who gives both sea and shore,  
Who from the darkness light and gladness  
freeds,  
Rises the sweetest hymn forevermore  
Not from the lips of such glad souls as these.

But from the bed where one all night has lain,  
Still his moans to let his watchers sleep,  
Who suddenly across his bed of pain  
Sees the faint gray of early morning creep.

He cannot haste with eager eyes to see  
Its coming; whether it be dull or fair,—  
This day that dawns,—he knows not; it may be  
It brings him suffering keener still to bear.

Ah, God! how great the gift that thou hast  
given,  
When those who only know the night is past  
Send to thee, in thy far-off, silent heaven,  
The gladdest thanks that day has dawned  
at last!

*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

## THE TRAINING OF THE TEACHER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE NEW YORK COLLEGE FOR THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS.



MODELING MAPS IN PUTTY.

IT is very instructive to study the development of the professional teacher. In earlier times teaching was the duty of the parent, a little later a function of the priest. Hrabanus Maurus himself, who holds the proud title "primus præceptor Germaniæ" even against Melancthon, could not see that the monk who was to become a teacher needed anything more professional than broad culture, high character, and sound learning.<sup>1</sup> But the training of the teacher, to be adequate, must include professional knowledge and skill in addition to these general and very desirable characteristics. This professional element in the teacher's equipment is to be gained by the study of the history and philosophy of education, which unfold the principles on which education is based and the story of their growth and development; by the study of psychology, which familiarizes the future teacher with the characteristics and qualities of the human mind and the laws of

its development; and by the study of the methods of school organization and instruction, by which he is informed of the best results of experience in the field of educational practice. This knowledge is not to be gained by what is vaguely termed intuition, nor by imitation alone.

The absence of any proper and adequate professional training in the past — of over three hundred and twenty-five thousand teachers in the United States, but a small proportion are graduates even of normal schools — has made itself felt not only in the schools of the United States, but in those of Europe as well. The work of the schools, speaking broadly, has been poorly done and the mass of the school population has not even been properly instructed, much less educated. It is not meant by this that the common school, the world over, has accomplished nothing; for the history of Scotland since Knox, of the United States under the Constitution, of Prussia since Jena, and of France under the Republic, tells a far different story. But popular education has not accomplished all the results hoped for, simply because popular education does not as yet exist. The framework, constitutional and administrative, is generally provided, but the proper supply of the necessary agents, thoroughly trained and equipped teachers, is not yet forthcoming. Reasons may doubtless be given why this is so. The teacher's salary is small and his tenure of office is insecure. These obstacles are not easily removed. In the United States the absence of any national system of education makes their removal a matter of extreme difficulty and one involving great loss of time. Public opinion — which, as our latest and kindest critic, Mr. Bryce, says, is not made, but grows in America — must stimulate State, municipal, and district authorities in turn before any appreciable results can be secured. The process is a laborious and uncertain one, for the name of these authorities is legion. Because these obstacles are not removed, the profession of teaching involves a sacrifice which the lawyer, the physician, or the man of business is not called upon to make.

Another consideration, and a very important one, deserves notice. The fact that the universities have very generally neglected to provide instruction in the science of education has had a powerful influence in retarding the

<sup>1</sup> "Scientiæ plenitudinem, et vitæ rectitudinem, et eruditionis perfectionem."



A CLASS IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

progress of the teaching profession. In view of the relation which in any sound system the universities should bear to the schools and to the state at large, this neglect is nothing less than culpable, and the efforts now making to repair it come too late to prevent serious loss to the cause of popular education. At least nine German universities, two Scotch universities, and six of our own institutions of first rank have recognized the claim of the science of education to a place in their calendars. It is only a question of time when the English universities and the older and more conservative of our American colleges will follow their example. What has been lost by the delay is pictured by Professor Laurie when he says, "Had Roger Ascham's college, at Cambridge, founded a lectureship on the first two books of Quintilian and on Ascham's own work, and done nothing more, the whole character of English public education would have been revolutionized more than two hundred years ago. We should have been as great a nation, measured by the standards of imperial power and wealth, but our citizens would have had a better use of their brains, greater love of truth, more open minds, more kindly hearts, more of wisdom, justice, righteousness." Enough has been said to show that while the adequate training of the teacher is not a new subject, yet any general recognition of its importance is new. Indeed it would be concealing the truth not to say

that its earnest advocacy is to-day chiefly in the hands of those educationists who are known among their fellows as radicals and progressives.

It seems clear enough that certain fundamental principles of this professional training may be laid down. In the first place, it should follow the secondary education and be wholly distinct from it; and in the second place, it should include the practical work of teaching under competent supervision and criticism, as well as the study of educational theory. These two principles should be examined separately and somewhat carefully.

If the teacher's professional training is to follow his secondary education, it should not be begun before the student is at least eighteen years of age and in possession of what is known as a good high-school or academic education. This is the foundation on which any special education should rest, and on which it must rest if it is to be really valuable. If a college course can be added, so much the better; but the number of those who seem to be able to spare the time and expense for this advanced instruction is not large. It is not easy to see how this position as to the necessity of separating the general education from the special training can be gainsaid, yet the normal schools of this country, almost without exception (there are a few notable ones), violate this principle entirely and plead the force of circumstances as



their justification. The result is that too many normal schools are but high schools with a slight infusion of pedagogy in the curriculum of the last year. More often than not students graduate from these schools before they are eighteen years of age, and before it is possible for them to have acquired that necessary general education which should precede any special and professional training whatever. Students thus graduating become at once teachers in the common schools, and at the expense of the education of countless children slowly acquire that "experience" which is to serve as a substitute for the training they have not secured.

a knowledge of them from candidates for admission, and only refer to them again to discuss their pedagogic relations and for the purpose of explaining how their subject-matters may best be taught.

As to the principle that the professional training of the teacher should include the practical work of the school-room under proper supervision and criticism, there is little difference of opinion. But the practice of normal schools falls far below their professions in this respect. The student teaches in a practice school for a few hours each week or for a few days each month, but this is not sufficient either in



A LESSON IN SLÜJD.

This is a serious evil and one which is not being very rapidly remedied.

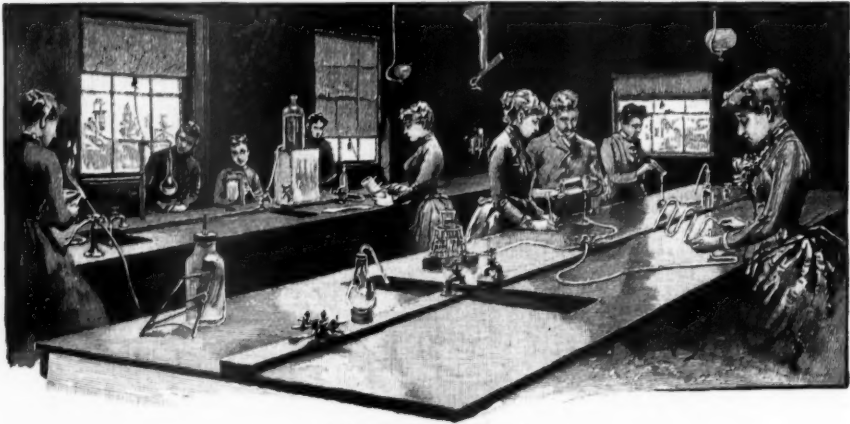
The contention of some normal-school principals that unless the students receive their general education under the normal-school roof it will not be good for anything will not bear examination. An educational system cannot be built up on any such basis as that. Trust, not distrust, must be the motto. The grammar schools and the high schools must be trusted to do their own work properly; the normal school can protect itself by its entrance examination. In teaching elementary or secondary subjects it is leaving its own sphere and entering that of another. The law school does not teach history, nor the medical school reading; neither should the training college give instruction in those branches. It should demand

quantity or in quality. In some of the German training colleges, certainly in that at Weimar, the student has a subject assigned him which he teaches uninterruptedly for a whole year in the practice school; and careful preparation for this instruction is made. This arrangement is held to be necessary in order that the student may obtain real grasp of his subject and familiarize himself with the special needs of the children whom he instructs. That the German practice in this respect is superior to that common among ourselves is very apparent. It should be that at which we aim.

On these two principles, and on the further one that manual training should be an integral part of the common-school course, the New York College for the Training of Teachers has been founded, and on these principles it will

be developed. Its aim is to equip teachers thoroughly for the work of elementary and secondary education and to insist that in that education, and consequently in the equipment of the teacher, manual training must be permitted to occupy that place which history, philosophy, and science unite in saying is its due. This is not the place to discuss the subject of manual training. An unbroken series

of instruction. Under the head of manual training, female students only are prepared to give instruction in sewing and cooking, and male students only, when the necessary arrangements shall have been completed, in metal-working. Both male and female students are prepared to teach drawing and modeling, the Swedish *slöjd* (pronounced *sloyd*), which is the most useful form of constructive work for



THE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY.

of successful experiments has rendered further argument unnecessary. It is an established fact; but the College for the Training of Teachers is perhaps the first institution of its kind to accept it as such, with all that such acceptance implies. Inasmuch, however, as manual training is not generally taught in the schools and it would be impossible to insist upon candidates for admission having a thorough knowledge of it, the first principle which we have laid down above must for the time being be violated. The work of the elementary and secondary schools must be supplemented in the training-college course by that instruction in manual training which will shortly be generally given in those schools themselves. When this is the case, the training college will treat the various divisions of manual training precisely as it treats geography and spelling. That is, it will require knowledge of them for entrance; and only discuss their history and educational value and develop the best methods of presenting them to children.

Candidates for admission to the College for the Training of Teachers are required to be at least eighteen years of age, and either to pass a prescribed examination or to present a certificate of graduation from some approved academy, high school, or college. Pupils of either sex are admitted on equal conditions and are given pretty much the same course

pupils from ten to fourteen years of age, and wood-working. The excellence of the work done in wood by female students has excited no little surprise and some derision. The surprise, however, has been confined to those who have not kept pace with educational progress, and the derision to those who continue to see in manual training not education, but preparation for trades.

Instruction in these various branches of manual training shares with the study of the kindergarten and psychology the larger portion of the first part of the junior year. The careful and systematic study of children, their habits, powers, and peculiarities, is begun at once and is carried on throughout the entire course. In fact, it is principally from this study that the future teacher is to gain at the college that store of information which serves to make up what the world knows as "experience" in handling classes of children and in instructing them. A plan has been perfected by which the method of recording observations of this kind, begun at the Worcester (Massachusetts) Normal School a few years ago, will be extended and made a very prominent feature of the study of the child's mind and its development.

The work in natural science, which has so important a place in the curriculum, is designed to serve two purposes. It trains the students in habits of accurate observation and logical

thought, as well as in the methods of experimentation, and also fits them to construct from very simple and accessible materials the apparatus with which to illustrate in the school-room various physical, physiological, and mechanical processes. It is intended by the faculty to make, in connection with this science training, a fair test of the assertion of Professor Lintner, State entomologist of New York, that entomology is superior to botany as a means of training the child's power of observation.

Just as natural science is made to serve the teacher's professional purposes, so is history. The teacher needs a highly cultivated imagination and a power of illustration, which the study of the philosophy of history and the progress of civilization can supply. In order to gain this the curriculum contains instruction of this character, and it is carried on in connection with a carefully chosen course of collateral reading.

The science of education — the *pädagogik* of the Germans — is almost unknown in this country, as is the fact that Paulsen lectures on that subject to three or four hundred students each semester at the University of Berlin. It is to be developed at considerable length at the college by educators who have made it a subject of profound study. It includes a discussion of the philosophical principles underlying the theory of education, such as that given by Waitz and Rosenkranz, and also an examination of the relation of the family and the state to the work of education in the school. The subject of educational values, the relative importance of various subjects of study for the work of mental development, is also included under this head.

Instruction in the methods of teaching, in school organization and discipline, connects itself naturally with the foregoing and constitutes what is known as the art of education. It embraces didactics, discipline and punishment, school hygiene, and kindred topics. The art of education is studied experimentally as it were, for its precepts are to be observed in operation in the school of practice, and, under proper supervision, applied there by the students themselves. In all this mere formalism is to be guarded against, and this saying of Rosmini must be continually borne in mind: "It is true that the teacher, enriched by his own experience, can communicate what he knows to his pupil; but the teacher himself will, if he is wise, make himself the interpreter and disciple of nature, and lead the child's mind to the knowledge of truth by the same

gradual steps he would have to follow in gaining the knowledge for himself by the much longer road of experience."

The history of education is an education itself, and contributes largely to the professional training of the teacher. It includes the study of the development of educational institutions as well as that of educational theories, and involves a critical analysis and study of such works as Plato's "Republic," Quintilian's "Institutes," Luther's "Letter to the Burgo-masters," Milton's "Tractate," Rousseau's "Émile," and Froebel's "Education of Man." It describes and compares the contemporary educational institutions in various countries; it discusses the gymnasium and the realschule, the lycée and the English board school, the question of technical education and that of electives in colleges, compulsory education laws and national aid to education in the United States.

The student who has in this way compassed the science of education and its history, the art of instruction and its practice, is entitled to his baccalaureate degree in pedagogy. The degrees of master and doctor are reserved for even higher attainments. The degree of bachelor of pedagogy is to be to the teacher what the doctorate of medicine is to the physician — at once an evidence of thorough professional preparation and a license to practice.

A single institution cannot do much directly in so large a country as our own to supply the schools with properly equipped teachers. Even should the number of its graduates reach several hundreds annually, the teachers of the United States are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. Indirectly, however, it can and will accomplish a great deal. It will serve as a stimulus, and, it is hoped, call many similar training colleges into existence. But should this hoped-for result not follow, it will serve to bring home to the teacher a full appreciation of what it is to belong to a profession which boasts a splendid history, a scientific basis, and a classic literature; a profession to which Alcuin and Abelard, Colet and Comenius, Pestalozzi and Froebel, Thomas Arnold and Mark Hopkins belonged; a profession that has counted and still counts among its members some of the truest, noblest, and best men and women who ever lived. It will improve the character of popular education and through it the quality of citizenship, particularly citizenship in that nation which Abraham Lincoln declared to be "conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

## MANUAL TRAINING AS A FACTOR IN MODERN EDUCATION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PHILADELPHIA MANUAL-TRAINING SCHOOL.



IN THE SMITHY DEPARTMENT.



IN modern education the factors may be grouped as industrial, political, social, and moral, each of which is essential to the realization of an harmonious ethical training. An education which discovers the duties men owe to themselves and to society, growing out of their natural or acquired capacities and their position and prospects in life, which trains men to fulfill the ends and aims of their existence, or to know their rights and to perform their duties, is an harmonious ethical training. The results in manual-training schools have been somewhat loosely attributed to the industrial factor alone instead of attributing them to the harmonious coöperation of all the ethical elements involved. The ethics of the modern manual-training school may be expressed in Macaulay's epitome of the philosophy of Bacon — utility and progress.

Education is acquisition and training. The type in modern society which largely determines our civilization is the industrial man; education in the United States must be considered, primarily, in relation to the needs of the masses, and the masses are of the industrial type. Less than three per centum of the boys of this country can hope to make a living by the practice of the professions; the mass of American boys must succeed, if they succeed at all, in industrial occupations. A servile adherence to traditional class interests has forced all minds along a narrow public-school course, and by the exclusion of the industrial factor has kept the curriculum a fragment and has maintained a discrimination against the essential group of industrial rights, duties, and interests into which all men are born. More important than that which may be learned at school is the discipline which comes with the



acquisition and the training. To omit industrial discipline in education is to wage war against common sense. The manual-training school is the modern means of acquiring a knowledge of things and of men; its training is a discipline that may be described as having ethical proportions. The new movement is an embodied expostulation against the fatal narrowness of our schools, and there is reason to believe that by the harmonious ethical training realized in manual-training schools some evils now crowding upon society in this country will be remedied.

To the objections that the curriculum of the public schools is already crowded; that the introduction of the industrial factor will only add to present confusion; that the industrial training is technical training, and that the schools of the country are wholly unprepared in faculty or in equipment to add the industrial factor, the reply is the experience of the present manual-training schools: the results reveal that the new education differs from the old chiefly in the administration of educational powers. The time given to manual training might be given to training in language, or mathematics, or philosophy; the question of which training is one of values. Manual training does not mean no training in language, in mathematics, or in philosophy. Given the present condition of society, the capacities of boys and girls and their respective positions and prospects in life, the question is: Shall their education consist of acquisition and training in language, in mathematics, and in philosophy only, or in a sufficient amount of these three, and in industrial training? The question becomes a practical problem in economic administration of educational forces. In academies and in high schools the tendency is to imitate the college. The true function of the academy and of the high school is to help boys and girls prepare for life; too often these schools expend their energies in merely preparing students for college. The manual-training school has for its function the fitting of the young for careers in life appropriate to their characters, their position, and their prospects: it fits boys for college, but first, by its harmonious training, it teaches them to think and fits them for making an honorable living in the world. It is a world school.

Shall a boy know less of Latin, less of Greek, less of French, less of German, less of conic sections or quaternions, less of psychology, and in place thereof know the principles of industrial occupations, the use of tools, the construction of typical forms in the applied arts, and possess both the trained mind and the skilled hand? For the mass of American boys which training is best worth having? Provided that the course in the manual-training

school is, to use a current phrase, "sufficiently literary," could not every school introduce the industrial factor into its curriculum, and by harmoniously administering educational powers already possessed, with absolute certainty increase and intensify the benefits accruing to society from educational work?

A manual-training school is composed of several departments in co-relation: science, mathematics, literature, history, economics, engineering, drawing, and manual work. The harmony of the new education is the harmony of instruction and of construction, which may thus be outlined:

Instruction in mathematics, science, drawing .....	Construction in materials, as wood, metal, etc.
	Laboratory work; graphic presentations in botany, electricity, chemistry, physics, physiology, etc.; collections and investigations.
Literature, history, and economics, drawing ..	Graphic presentations of historic events; social science; language; biography; economics.
Engineering, drawing ..	Electrical and mechanical laboratories; models; working machines; designs; ornamentation.
Manual work, drawing,	Typical forms in wood and metal; clay modeling; casting; smithing; forging; tool constructions.
Morals .....	Conduct, daily association; industrial relations; social duties; record of personal qualities and powers; self-knowledge.

Experience in Philadelphia proves that drawing, mathematics, and language underlie all other departments.<sup>1</sup> Drawing is as important in the school as are tools in the arts. It in-

<sup>1</sup> *Course of Study, Philadelphia Manual-Training School.*

FIRST YEAR.	
Studies.	Hours per week through year.
Algebra .....	3
Botany .....	2
Carpentry and joinery .....	5
Drawing, free-hand and mechanical .....	4

volves the knowledge of things and is the graphic language of facts, forms, and objects. It is a means to an expression of the beautiful and to its conception in science, in literature, and in economics. As the ends of the school are not solely industrial, drawing becomes the means for a graphic presentation of political, industrial, and moral conditions of society. The construction of mechanical units is, educationally, only a method of discipline, and drawing becomes the medium for a logical process. In a working drawing are embodied the facts of form, the appearance of an object to the eye, and the ornamentation incorporating elements of design, beauty, and utility. The results in drawing are: the ability to make out and to interpret working drawings, *e. g.*, machine or house drawings; to produce from drawings the indicated forms in plastic material; the understanding of the phraseology of artistic constructions; and the power to elaborate a proposition. The elaborative faculty has constant use in the school in the construction of machine drawings, tracings, blue-prints, sketches, specifications, drawings to scale, and in the applications of drawing in the work of the various departments. In architectural drawing details from private and from public buildings, plans, elevations, constructions, and graphic problems, such as the combination of use and ornament in a construction, sufficiently test the practical value of the training. In free-hand the boy is fitted to delineate rapidly and accurately the apparent form of objects, models,

tools, applications of typical forms in daily life, and to understand the use of light and shade, both natural and artificial. He learns also the properties and the elementary use of colors. He can distinguish between good and bad design, recognize the historical styles of ornament, and analyze or conventionalize plant forms in artistic applications.

Were the applications of drawing and of the principles of art to go no further, the training in the school would differ but slightly from that given in schools of art. Drawing has not been in American schools long, and the greater part of it has been mere school copy work leading to no practical applications. The manual-training school applies drawing in every department. Exercises in wood, metal, smithing, or molding are first drawn to scale, to which the rough material must be reduced according to the blue-print specifications. The first lesson in the metal shop requires the reduction of a block of cast iron, rough from the foundry, to the proportions  $4'' \times 2'' \times 1''$ . The groove is cut across the rough face with a cope chisel; the whole surface is chipped off with a flat chisel and filed perfectly smooth. Each face is tested mechanically and is reduced to mathematical proportions, according to the blue-print. Successive lessons increase in difficulty as typical forms are composed, and the completion of the last lesson is the embodiment of all preceding lessons. At the completion of the course in the metal shop alone boys are fitted to enter establishments

<i>Studies.</i>	<i>Hours per week through year.</i>
English Language, Rhetoric, with classic authors	3
Geology	2
Geometry	2
Metal work (chipping, filing, fitting)	5
Physiology	1

## SECOND YEAR.

American History	2
Social and Industrial Drawing, mechanical and free-hand	4
English Literature, classic authors	3
Geometry	3
German	2
Metal work, smithing (iron, tin, brazing, molding, casting)	5
Mechanics	1
Physics	3
Pattern-making, turning	5

## THIRD YEAR.

General History	3
American History, civil and political	2
Chemistry	3
Clay-modeling	1
Drawing, machine, architectural, designing	2
Engineering, electrical and mechanical	3
English Literature	3
German	2
Political Economy	2
Trigonometry	2

<i>Studies.</i>	<i>Hours per week through year.</i>
Wood-carving	2
Mechanical Constructions	6

THIRD YEAR: Individual work (constructions) in chemical laboratory, electricity, wood-working, ethical studies, depending upon the character of the student.

FOURTH YEAR: Individual work with special professors preparatory for further studies or for practical work.

*Distribution of Subjects.*

	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Hours.</i>
Mathematics, 400 hours	1 .. 200 2 .. 120 3 .. 80	
Science, 600 hours	1 .. 200 2 .. 160 3 .. 240	
Language, History, Economics, 880 hours	1 .. 120 2 .. 280 3 .. 480	
Drawing, 400 hours	1 .. 160 2 .. 160 3 .. 80	
Manual works, applications, and constructions, 1160 hours	1 .. 400 2 .. 400 3 .. 360	
Total		3440

In the fourth year, special work in various departments; hours, voluntary.

employing skilled workmen and earn fair wages. In a few instances, such boys have been able to earn wages enough to support themselves.

In the process of transforming rough material into typical forms possessing artistic proportions a boy applies mechanical principles, produces material changes visible to himself and capable of undoubted tests; he acquires the discipline shown in muscular accuracy, perfection of sight and of judgment in the exercise involved. Industrial discipline forms habits of inestimable worth. The finished manual lesson, the construction of a typical form in metal, is an unprejudiced record of the industrial boy. In wood-working, or in forging, the same methods obtain as in the metal shop—the drawing, the instruction, the use of raw material, the reduction to required form. The boy proceeds by various exercises, graded in difficulty, in sawing, planing, squaring, chiseling, mortising, mitering, dove-tailing, and in combinations of these, and learns, during his course, the design, the structure, the use, and the care of tools.

Parallel with the work in wood and in cold metal is a course in the manipulation of hot iron. The boy learns the economy of heat and of material. He draws the design, bends, splits, upsets, punches, shapes, and tempers the iron in the construction of rings, squares, hooks, tongs, and machine tools, each of which is a typical lesson in the art of smithing. The necessity for quick work in forging and the impossibility of testing the accuracy of the strokes while the iron is hot compel a mental concentration peculiarly valuable in any system of education. The smithery is as popular with the boys as any department of the school. All courses in drawing, metal-working, wood-working, forging, tin-smithing, pattern-making, molding, and casting, together with the acquisition and the training from the other departments of the school, prepare for the culmination of the industrial training in a construction. By a construction is meant the making of a mechanical unit, such as a steam-engine, an electric dynamo, a bridge, a turn-table, or some other unit involving the composition of forces and of principles with which the previous training has made the boy familiar. These constructions are models in wood or metal, or in both, and are accompanied by complete drawings.<sup>1</sup>

Were the instruction in the school to end

<sup>1</sup> The training provided in the school may be outlined as follows: Drawing, free-hand, mechanical, architectural, design; wood-working, pattern-making, carving, turning, joinery; metal-working, chipping, filing, fitting; smithing, iron, tin, brazing, molding, casting; mechanical constructions in wood, metal; electrical and mechanical engineering, motor powers,

here it might, perhaps, be called a trade-school. The training thus far outlined has been in mechanical principles and their applications, but the course has ethical proportions and it does not merely fit a boy for a special trade. Exercises in manual work alternate with exercises in other departments. The industrial factor in education is but one element in the recognition and the interpretation of types in the world of worths and of forms. Mechanical units can be classified, and the just administration of educational affairs provides for the training, the industrial discipline which comes by the construction of a mechanical unit after an adequate study, in a practical way, of mechanical principles. But the construction takes a far higher significance when it is made by a boy equally well trained in language, in mathematics, and in philosophy.

The more complex the construction the greater familiarity with ethical principles is demanded. All the factors in education are inseparably involved in the manual-training school. The new movement is endangered if manual work alone be made the essential characteristic of the school. Then the school becomes a shop, and the ethical completeness of the education promised by the school is lost. It is difficult to make plain the harmony of mental and manual work realized in the school to those to whom the proposition is new, or who have not examined the school personally. As far as possible, each department of the school is a laboratory. In manual work, in drawing, in chemistry and physics, and in engineering, laboratory methods have been long in use. But in conjunction with the methods of the German "seminar," manual skill has worked a revolution in the study of literature, history, and economics. It is on the so-called "literary side" that manual training displays the power of the new education. Mechanical skill acquired by industrial training in free-hand, machine, and architectural drawing; in tool constructions; in working accurately to specifications; in the composition of constructions; in the power which the boy gains to apply his various acquisitions and training to the solution of a given proposition, is a new factor in ethical training for which there is no substitute and which cannot be eliminated from modern education without defeating the primary purposes of education itself. The new education liberates hand power as brain power and the boy is enabled to express his compre-

illumination; modeling and carving; mathematics, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, algebra; physics, the study of matter; economic botany; chemistry; physiology and hygiene; the English language and literature (German, French, or Latin); history, general and (specially) American; social science, government, political economy; morals.

hension of men and of things not only in the traditional manner known to schools, but by a graphic language of sketch, of chart, of diagram, and of illustration which remove the last doubt of his mental obscurity. Practical school men appreciate the worth of a trusty measure of a boy's understanding. If he can give the traditional tests of recitation, examination, and thesis, and, in addition, give a graphic presentation of his own understanding of the problem under investigation, he has attained a condition long sought in the schools and he possesses powers of recognized value among men. The manual-training school teaches a boy to think and trains him how to do; it enables him to understand his own powers.

As the school is unfettered by traditions it may incorporate all known best educational methods, and in so far as the incorporation is reasonable, the results will be the same as those already realized wherever those methods obtain. But the peculiar feature of the school — the harmonious coöperation of all the factors present — is an educational discovery. Especially has skill of hand supplemented the understanding in the study of history, economics, and literature. Such subjects as rent, taxation, public debts, banking, labor, have, by graphic presentation by the boy, become intelligible to him. Had he pursued these, or kindred topics, in an ordinary high school, he would have probably satisfied conditions by memorizing the pages of a book. By graphic illustration<sup>1</sup> the life and growth of language, the position of literary men, the tendency of historic periods, the co-relation of historic epochs, the distribution of social conditions, the economic status of nations or of communities, the movements of population, and the political condition of men under differing forms of government, are raised from the dead surface of mere verbal description into comparative reality. Graphic methods are not unknown in our best schools, but industrial training alone can impart the manual skill, the mathematical accuracy, and the mental grasp to understand and to elaborate the visible proofs that the boy understands the subject before him so thoroughly as to be able to construct, as it were, a photograph of the impression it has made upon his mind. Not from manual training alone can this power come; the boy must be trained ethically; the whole boy must be put to school.

As the school is an embodiment of the educational tendencies of the present, in addition to other departments which train boys for modern society a department of electrical

engineering was organized. Electrical science has become the world's property, and it was thought wise to provide a practical knowledge of a force which, as a motor and as a means for illumination, has become essential to the comfort of man. The study of electricity is put side by side with the study of mechanics, of literature, and of chemistry.

American boys usually leave school before they are fourteen years old. Our public schools, in the higher grades, are chiefly attended by girls. Boys find the utilities lacking in the schools, and they are tempted to leave them as soon as they are able to understand the dominant conditions in society. Less than twenty per cent. of American boys enter high schools and less than half of those who enter complete the course. Those who never enter the high school, or who leave before the completion of the course, outnumber those who graduate more than twenty-fold. The wholesome interest taken by boys in industrial training suggests a remedy for many of the evils which have so long prevailed in the higher public schools. Experience in St. Louis, in Chicago, and in Philadelphia leads to the reasonable belief that by the incorporation of manual training in public schools boys will remain longer in school, and at that critical time, from the fourteenth to the eighteenth year, when the character of subsequent life is so largely determined. Experience at Philadelphia further shows the beneficial effects of the new education in the general condition of school interests. In the manual-training school a boy's growth is wholesome because harmonious. He acquires strength of body and of mind. The healthfulness of manual training is of itself a sufficient reason for its introduction into our schools. Subject to the discipline of a harmonious training boys develop a moral power which carries them over the temptations which too often overcome the school-boy. The discipline of the school is that of an industrious and reasonable household. The reason for so healthful moral condition lies in the nature of the school: it touches life at every point; it deals with realities; the boy sees his world not by means of books alone, but also with the aid of daily wrestling with practical problems. By the addition of the industrial factor the chasm between the subjective and the objective world is practically bridged, and the boy finds a way into the meaning of his daily life. The building of this educational bridge is the departure in modern education; it is still in process of construction, but so near completion that many have already traveled safely across.

In the details of the purposes and methods of the new education those engaged in direct-

<sup>1</sup> The illustrations for this paper, taken from work done *in cursu* by boys in the Philadelphia Manual Training School, show, to some extent, the harmony of mind training and hand training.





DEPARTMENT OF JOINERY AND PATTERN MAKING.

ing it are not agreed. They agree, however, that all the ethical factors, industrial, political, social, and moral, must harmoniously dominate the movement. They agree that it provides the fittest education for boys.

It is as a public-school problem that manual training has its chief interest. In organizing these schools, whether special schools of high grade as a part of the public system, as in Philadelphia, or with manual training in each grade of school, as in New York, the faculty must consist of trained specialists. The men in charge of the mechanical departments, wood-working, metal shop, forging, constructions, etc., must be men trained for the work by long experience in great industrial establishments, or possess mechanical skill of high order, acquired in special technical training. A man may be a fine mechanic, yet the school cannot use him unless he is also a real teacher. A man may be a real teacher, yet the school cannot use him unless he is also a fine mechanic. The men in charge of drawing, of mathematics, of electrical and of mechanical engineering, of literature, of history, and of economics must be practical teachers, trained at the university, or possessing an equivalent preparation. There is danger that in the haste to equip these schools the men fitted to direct them may be ignored. The success of the new movement demands as a primary condition

the coöperation of skilled mechanics, practical educators, and the ablest graduates of scientific and polytechnic schools. Unless qualified men direct these schools, they will be mere shops. In the end the requirements of the new education will be a powerful factor beneficial to the teaching profession, as that profession is more likely hereafter to attract men of the highest type of mind when the possibilities in ethical training are made possible in the schools. Not only must the school be directed by high-minded men, it must also be equipped with adequate material and laboratory facilities.

With the training of the new education boys leave school fitted to pursue occupations to which they are adapted. It is a mistake to suppose that those who have completed the courses of the school are found only in shops or factories. As a rule, boys who have been obliged to leave before completing the courses have entered industrial establishments where their already acquired skill has enabled them to earn higher wages than boys who never received such training. The graduates of the school are found in all professions and in many industries. Some are still pursuing higher courses at the universities; some are teachers; others are artisans, architects, engineers, foremen, farmers, business men, and manufacturers. Experience in after life enables them to attest the value of that discipline begun in the school.



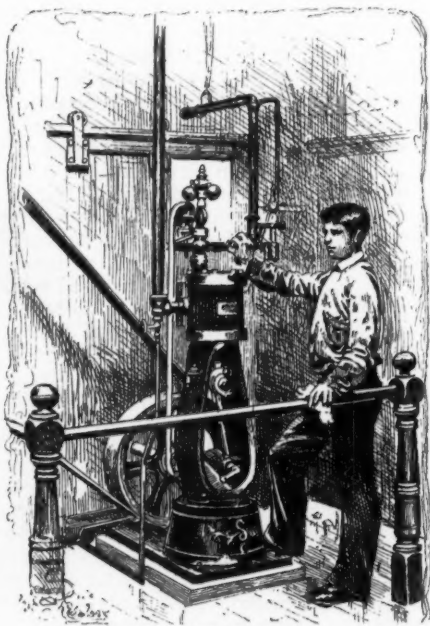
IN THE WORKSHOP.

As one happily expressed himself, "I am able to get on in life."

Popular appreciation of the school is well illustrated in Philadelphia. When the manual-training school opened, it was with doubt and hesitation that parents entered their sons. In 1887 there were 130 applicants; in 1888, 250. Of the 58 graduates in 1888, 25 were offered desirable positions before Commencement Day; 20 of whom took scholarships in the University of Pennsylvania, entered college, and before the summer had passed, the remaining boys were at work in various industrial occupations. The average age of the class of 1888 was 18 years.

Manual training is likely to increase both the cost and the efficiency of the public schools, but in a ratio immensely in favor of efficiency. A manual-training school trains boys in actual practice to become familiar with elementary notions, and to acquire a substantial knowledge of the nature of things, and of the rights and duties of men. The limits upon its provision for education can be set only by the actual wants of society as expressed in applications of all knowledge. It is a training needed both by boys and by girls, and is capable of modification suited to the wants of each. The school is a school of things, of principles, of human affairs, opened for the purpose of educating the young naturally, harmoniously, ethically, in order to fit them to enter upon their work in

the world without loss of time, without error in choice of activity, and with constant recognition of the gain both to society and to the



AT THE ENGINE.

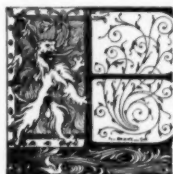
individual: a manual-training school is, in the wisest sense, a fitting-school for life and for living. Our public schools upon a philosophic basis will quicken the life of society and aid, as they have never yet aided, in the solution of the industrial problems before the country. In conclusion it may be said that the industrial factor in modern education is a permanent factor; that its early effects are already a revelation to educators of the hitherto unknown powers of boyhood, and that the manual-training school

is the nearest approach to the world of experience into which American boys have yet come. Whether in city or in country, boys need an education that is ethical in character. Experience will correct the early errors in the new movement, and the twentieth century may be well on its way before manual training is as characteristic of an academic course as literature or mathematics now are; but the economic forces in American society will work out a harmonious system of popular education.

*Francis Newton Thorpe.*

## THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE WORKINGMAN'S SCHOOL AND FREE KINDERGARTEN, NEW YORK.



EDUCATION is a means to an end; the value of means is entirely dependent on the end in view. Therefore, before discussing the relative merits of educational systems it is imperative to inquire into the nature of the end towards which education is proposed as a means. Much of the confusion which characterizes the current controversies on educational topics is due to the neglect of this preliminary inquiry. The contending parties are like a company of travelers who dispute as to the relative advantage of different roads. In the course of the discussion it appears that they are bound for different destinations: no wonder that they could not agree as to the road.

But when we ask what ought to be the aim of education we enter into deep waters. What the Germans call "*Weltanschauung*," the ideal of life, the conception of the universe and man's place in it, determines the scope and direction of educational systems. The history of these systems is a running commentary on the transformations through which the ideal of life has passed in various periods of history and among various peoples. The Greek education, with the prominence it assigned to the exercises of the palestra, to dietetics, music, etc., reflects the Greek ideal of the *Kαλὸν Κἀγαθόν*. The medieval education was controlled by the transcendental ideal of the Church, which regarded the present life solely as a preparation for the next. To come at once to what is nearest, the common-school system of the United States is the outgrowth of democratic tendencies and democratic ideals. What strikes

every one on considering the American common school is its inclusiveness. The multitude pour through its portals; all citizens are alike invited to share its benefits; it is plainly the fruit of institutions based on the assumption that all men are equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We are concerned in this paper with the democratic ideal and the inferences to be drawn from it respecting the true aim, the matter and method, of elementary education. But at the start it is necessary to distinguish between the lower and the higher democracy. The lower democracy is materialistic. It regards political liberty chiefly as a means of securing to the individual larger opportunities of material well-being. It interprets the "pursuit of happiness" to mean barely more than the pursuit of riches. The public school on this standpoint ought to give its pupils such an education as will enable them to earn a living, also to read the newspapers and to vote with a due appreciation of their private interests on the political issues of the day. As the avenues of commerce are at present overcrowded, and as it is maintained that the public schools are fitting their pupils to become clerks and book-keepers, and have no outlet in the direction of the industries and mechanic arts, the cry has lately been raised that the schools should include some form of manual training in their curriculum. But this demand is still urged from the same materialistic point of view: it is assumed that the business of the school is to educate its pupils to earn a living. If they cannot earn their living as clerks and book-keepers, the school should offer them an industrial training, so that thus they may be

fitted to earn their living where the field of opportunity is wider.

The higher democracy, on the other hand, is idealistic in character. It looks upon political liberty as a new opportunity for the unfolding of the spiritual life of the nation. So far from regarding culture as the privilege of the few, it declares that the growth of a genuine human culture depends on the coöperation of the masses as a main factor in its develop-

But the spirit of democracy spurns such pessimistic views as these. To the first proposition, that the masses are too dull to be cultivated, it replies that this damning opinion must be pronounced a prejudice until it shall have been tested by experiment. And this has never been done, never even been attempted, on any adequate scale. On the contrary, democracy ventures to believe that the masses are dull because they have never been cultivated. In



THE MODELING-ROOM.

ment. Society is an organism; a part cannot flourish at the expense of the whole. Each function attains its maximum excellence in the perfect action and interaction of the others. At that grand wedding supper in which the senses are to be married to the soul all men are invited guests, and to each belongs a share in the feast. In taking this position democracy breaks with the traditions of the past. For from the days of Aristotle down two propositions have been accepted almost as self-evident truths — the one that the majority of mankind are too dull to repay any strenuous effort in the line of their intellectual development; the second that, even if this were not so, society is too poor to support more than a few persons in that life of tranquil leisure which is indispensable to the successful pursuit of science and art. The many, one still hears it frequently said, must spend their days in physical toil and the atmosphere of sordid cares in order that the few may dwell exempt in the pure region of contemplation, in the society of immutable courses. The multitude must pass their lives in intellectual night in order that the light of culture may burn brightly at least in a few favored places.

answer to the second proposition, that society is too poor to exempt any considerable number of its members from physical drudgery, it points to the vast increase of wealth which has come in the train of labor-saving inventions and to the prospect that a more equable distribution of this wealth will in time place sufficient leisure for continued self-culture within the reach even of the humblest. Admitting that genius and even first-rate talent will always be rare, democracy uses the following argument for the culture of the masses. It is conceded that successful intellectual effort of any kind depends as much on favorable environment as on original endowment. Now the masses of the people constitute the environment, as it were, of the men of genius or talent who appear among them. It is indispensable that the environment — that is, the masses — be rightly influenced to obtain the highest possible results. Thus the rise of a truly national art in America will depend not only on the advent of a few fine souls who shall be capable of expressing the spirit of American life in tone, form, and color, but upon the existence of an educated taste among the American people as a whole,



on which the artist may rely to control, inspire, and sustain his efforts. The same is true in regard to American science. The larger the number of persons able to appreciate the best mental work, the greater and more varied the stimulus imparted to those who are capable of doing such work.

And again: the higher the standards of morality which are erected among the people, the more exalted will be the character of the public men of America, the nobler the principles which they confess and to which they conform. Turn in whatever direction we will the same truth meets us, the stream of spiritual endeavor cannot rise higher than its source. And the source is the people, the whole people, in whom is embodied the national life, of which the individual life is but a temporary expression. Thus even if popular culture will not greatly increase the amount of genius in the world,—though some are sanguine enough to believe that it may,—it will supply the basis on which genius must rest for its support, the fertile soil in which the flower of high thinking and fine feeling will flourish as it has never done before. It is the mission of democracy to create a new environment for the grander evolution of the spiritual life.

From this point of view the higher democracy assigns to the public school an altogether new and larger aim. It is the business of the school to cultivate every individual pupil as an individual; to develop, not some particular faculty, but, so far as possible, every one of his faculties; to liberate all the powers of mind and heart latent within him; so to educate him that he may become, not a breadwinner, but a man. The true man will also be an able breadwinner, but he will be much more besides. It is the business of the schools to produce the finest possible specimens of manhood and womanhood, just as the gardener aims to produce fine specimens of fruit or flowers. Elementary education must become a liberal education.

The Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten was established as an experiment in reducing these principles to practice.<sup>1</sup> It is devoted to the democratic ideal in education. It has its place outside the public-school system, but was conceived and is carried on in direct relation to that system. It is designed to become the model of a public school. The points wherein it differs from the ordinary public school appertain to the matter and method of instruction, and may be briefly summarized as follows.

<sup>1</sup> This institution was founded in January, 1878. The name Workingman's School implies that it is primarily intended for the children of working people. Instruction is gratuitous, only children whose parents are too poor to pay a tuition fee being admitted. The

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Touching the matter, a scheme of manual training is included in the course of studies. This scheme is planned for children between the ages of six and fourteen. The materials used are clay, pasteboard, wood, and metal, in the order mentioned. The educational objects aimed at are to cultivate the eye and the hand, to develop skill, to call out the active side of the pupil's nature. The series of workshop lessons is carefully graded, and so arranged as to fit in with other branches of instruction, especially geometry and drawing. Upon this organic relation of the school workshop to the classroom the greatest stress is laid. Because it does not satisfy in this particular, the Swedish *slöjd* is not used. Hand culture, apart from its value *per se*, is a means towards a more effective brain culture; the shop lesson is an advance on the so-called object lesson. The latter is based on the principle that the pupil shall learn the elementary properties of things by observing them; the former, on the principle that the pupil shall learn the properties of things by making the things, by toiling over them.

Modeling in clay, in connection with free-hand drawing and designing, is employed to cultivate the taste. The results obtained in this department by children twelve years old, and even younger, are surprising. The artistic capacity of the American people has been likened to the deposits of the precious metals underneath our hills, which remained so long undiscovered but yielded an astonishing return the moment they were systematically mined. The delight in beautiful things, and the feeling for art which we have discovered in a brief experience among some of the poorest children of the tenement-house class of New York, seem to indicate that this comparison is not entirely extravagant. The principle upon which instruction in art is based is essentially the same as that stated above; namely, to cultivate a taste for beautiful objects by the reproduction of those objects.

The teaching of the elements of science fills a larger space than elsewhere in the plan of instruction. The aim of the teacher in this department is to instill a love of nature and to develop the faculty of minute observation. With this end in view what is called "the laboratory method" has been adapted to the requirements of beginners, and is in use for pupils of eleven years and upwards.

A course of unsectarian instruction in morals has been mapped out for the school and will shortly be introduced. In the series of moral

number of pupils at present is about 350. The school and kindergarten are maintained by a society called the United Relief Works of the Society for Ethical Culture. See an Open Letter in this magazine for June, 1888.

lessons thus outlined care has been taken to avoid all disputed points of theology or metaphysics, and to confine attention solely to that important body of moral truths in regard to which all good men are happily agreed.

The method of the school is identical in all its branches. Since the main purpose is to give an "all 'round culture,"—that is, to develop the faculties of the child harmoniously,—and since a faculty is strengthened by its exercise, the method everywhere is to excite the pupils to self-activity. Hence our anxiety in the science department to make the laboratory method available for elementary instruction. Hence our eagerness to put tools into the hands of the little workmen six years old. Hence in the teaching of history, geography, etc., our determination to exclude as far as possible the use of text-books, to deprive teacher and pupils alike of those props of indolence, to make them construct their text-books as they go along.

It is the mission of the school to convert potential into kinetic mental energy; to build up faculty and ever and only faculty; to be, in the Socratic phrase, "the midwife" of the soul in its process of self-manifestation. It does not attempt to load the memory of its pupils with facts, it is not solicitous about the amount of positive knowledge which they may carry away with them; it is satisfied to train them in such a way that they may be able later on to attain the ends of knowledge and virtue, to whatever degree their nature permits, through their own exertions. The school is a gymnasium of the faculties. This, I think, in a single phrase expresses its character.

The extension of the subject-matter and the change in the method of instruction thus described lead to certain incidental advantages, among which the following may be mentioned: 1. The alternation of manual with mental labor is stimulating. Change of occupation is proverbially almost as refreshing as rest. The pupils pass from the shop to the classroom, and

conversely, with new zeal and zest for their tasks in either department. 2. The range of studies, including so much that is concrete and capable of presentation to the senses, affords an excellent choice of subjects for English composition, and constant contact with realities re-acts beneficially on the formation of style. 3. The habits of order, exactness, and perseverance fostered by manual training have an incalculable moral value. 4. Many pupils who seem hopelessly defective on the literary side prove to be "easily first" in the shop, in the modeling-class, etc. Finding that they can do some one thing well their self-respect is restored, and they acquire new confidence and courage to try harder even in those branches in which they have hitherto failed. In this way the shop has been the means of saving souls; that is, of saving children who under the ordinary system would have been regarded, and who gradually would have learned to regard themselves, as hopeless dunces. 5. The variety of educational instruments placed at the disposal of the pedagogue by the new system helps to solve the difficult and delicate problem of the pupil's future vocation. These new educational aids are all so many questions addressed to the child's nature. They help the thoughtful teacher to discover the child's bent, the direction in which it should receive its special training later on. For this is perhaps the gravest charge which can be brought against the prevalent methods, that they take too little account of the specific differences by which human beings are distinguished from one another, and endeavor to fashion all alike upon a preconceived and arbitrary pattern. And this, doubtless, is the highest aim which the educator can set himself: to be not a master but an interpreter of nature, to guide it in the way it would go, to regard every child committed to his charge as a distinct manifestation of the Infinite, and to transform into beneficent reality the divine possibilities of which it is the vehicle.

*Felix Adler.*

## ILLUSIONS.

ILLUSIONS wrap us still, whate'er befall:

The child's illusions, like the gold of dawn,  
Fade in the strengthening day, but youth and age  
Find fresh illusions at each sequent stage  
Of life to fill the lack of those outworn.  
Illusions wrap us still, whate'er befall,  
Till death, that last illusion, ends them all.

*H. S. Sanford, Jr.*

## WAR DIARY OF A UNION WOMAN IN THE SOUTH.

EDITED BY G. W. CABLE.

[The following diary was originally written in lead pencil and in a book the leaves of which were too soft to take ink legibly. I have it direct from the hands of its writer, a lady whom I have had the honor to know for nearly thirty years. For good reasons the author's name is omitted, and the initials of people and the names of places are sometimes fictitiously given. Many of the persons mentioned were my own acquaintances and friends. When some twenty years afterwards she first resolved to publish it, she brought me a clear, complete copy in ink. It had cost much trouble, she said, for much of the pencil writing had been made under such disadvantages and was so faint that at times she could decipher it only under direct sunlight. She had succeeded, however, in making a copy, *verbatim* except for occasional improvement in the grammatical form of a sentence, or now and then the omission, for brevity's sake, of something unessential. The narrative has since been severely abridged to bring it within magazine limits.

In reading this diary one is much charmed with its constant understatement of romantic and perilous incidents and conditions. But the original penciled pages show that, even in copying, the strong bent of the writer to be brief has often led to the exclusion of facts that enhance the interest of exciting situations, and sometimes the omission robs her own heroism of due emphasis. I have restored one example of this in a footnote following the perilous voyage down the Mississippi.—G. W. CABLE.]

### I.

#### SECESSION.

*New Orleans, Dec. 1, 1860.*—I understand it now. Keeping journals is for those who can not, or dare not, speak out. So I shall set up a journal, being only a rather lonely young girl in a very small and hated minority. On my return here in November, after a foreign voyage and absence of many months, I found myself behind in knowledge of the political conflict, but heard the dread sounds of disunion and war muttered in threatening tones. Surely no native-born woman loves her country better than I love America. The blood of one of its revolutionary patriots flows in my veins, and it is the Union for which he pledged his "life, fortune, and sacred honor" that I love, not any divided or special section of it. So I have been reading attentively and seeking light from foreigners and natives on all questions at issue. Living from birth in slave countries, both foreign and American, and passing through one slave insurrection in early childhood, the saddest and also the pleasantest features of slavery have been familiar. If the South goes to war for slavery, slavery is doomed in this country. To say so is like opposing one drop to a roaring torrent.

*Sunday, Dec. —, 1860.*—In this season for peace I had hoped for a lull in the excitement, yet this day has been full of bitterness. "Come, G.," said Mrs. — at breakfast, "leave your church for to-day and come with us to hear Dr. — on the situation. He will convince you." "It is good to be convinced," I said; "I will go." The church was crowded to suf-

focation with the élite of New Orleans. The preacher's text was, "Shall we have fellowship with the stool of iniquity which frameth mischief as a law?" . . . The sermon was over at last and then followed a prayer. . . . Forever blessed be the fathers of the Episcopal Church for giving us a fixed liturgy! When we met at dinner Mrs. F. exclaimed, "Now G., you heard him prove from the Bible that slavery is right and that therefore secession is. Were you not convinced?" I said, "I was so busy thinking how completely it proved too that Brigham Young is right about polygamy that it quite weakened the force of the argument for me." This raised a laugh, and covered my retreat.

*Jan. 26, 1861.*—The solemn boom of cannon to-day announced that the convention have passed the ordinance of secession. We must take a reef in our patriotism and narrow it down to State limits. Mine still sticks out all around the borders of the State. It will be bad if New Orleans should secede from Louisiana and set up for herself. Then indeed I would be "cabined, cribbed, confined." The faces in the house are jubilant to-day. Why is it so easy for them and not for me to "ring out the old, ring in the new"? I am out of place.

*Jan. 28, Monday.*—Sunday has now got to be a day of special excitement. The gentlemen save all the sensational papers to regale us with at the late Sunday breakfast. Rob opened the battle yesterday morning by saying to me in his most aggressive manner, "G., I believe these are your sentiments"; and then he read aloud an article from the "Journal des Débats" expressing in rather contemptuous terms the fact that France will follow the policy of non-

intervention. When I answered: "Well, what do you expect? This is not their quarrel," he raved at me, ending by a declaration that he would willingly pay my passage to foreign parts if I would like to go. "Rob," said his father, "keep cool; don't let that threat excite you. Cotton is king. Just wait till they feel the pinch a little; their tone will change." I went to Trinity Church. Some Union people who are not Episcopalians go there now because the pastor has not so much chance to rail at the Lord when things are not going to suit; but yesterday was a marked Sunday. The usual prayer for the President and Congress was changed to the "governor and people of this commonwealth and their representatives in convention assembled."

The city was very lively and noisy this evening with rockets and lights in honor of secession. Mrs. F., in common with the neighbors, illuminated. We walked out to see the houses of others gleaming amid the dark shrubbery like a fairyscene. The perfect stillness added to the effect, while the moon rose slowly with calm splendor. We hastened home to dress for a soirée, but on the stairs Edith said, "G., first come and help me dress Phoebe and Chloe (the negro servants). There is a ball to-night in aristocratic colored society. This is Chloe's first introduction to New Orleans circles, and Henry Judson, Phoebe's husband, gave five dollars for a ticket for her." Chloe is a recent purchase from Georgia. We superintended their very stylish toilets, and Edith said, "G., run into your room, please, and write a pass for Henry. Put Mr. D.'s name to it." "Why, Henry is free," I said. "That makes no difference; all colored people must have a pass if out late. They choose a master for protection and always carry his pass. Henry chose Mr. D., but he's lost the pass he had."

## II.

### THE VOLUNTEERS.—FORT SUMTER.

*Feb. 24, 1861.*—The toil of the week is ended. Nearly a month has passed since I wrote here. Events have crowded upon one another. On the 4th the cannon boomed in honor of Jefferson Davis's election, and day before yesterday Washington's Birthday was made the occasion of another grand display and illumination, in honor of the birth of a new nation and the breaking of that Union which he labored to cement. We drove to the race-course to see the review of troops. A flag was presented to the Washington Artillery by ladies. Senator Judah Benjamin made an impassioned speech. The banner was orange satin on one side, crimson silk on the other, the pelican and brood embroidered in pale green and gold.

Silver crossed cannon surmounted it, orange-colored fringe surrounded it, and crimson tassels drooped from it. It was a brilliant, unreal scene; with military bands clashing triumphant music, elegant vehicles, high-stepping horses, and lovely women richly apparelled.

Wedding cards have been pouring in till the contagion has reached us; Edith will be married next Thursday. The wedding dress is being fashioned, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen have arrived. Edith has requested me to be special mistress of ceremonies on Thursday evening, and I have told this terrible little rebel, who talks nothing but blood and thunder, yet faints at the sight of a worm, that if I fill that office no one shall mention war or politics during the whole evening, on pain of expulsion.

*March 10, 1861.*—The excitement in this house has risen to fever heat during the past week. The four gentlemen have each a different plan for saving the country, and now that the bridal bouquets have faded, the three ladies have again turned to public affairs; Lincoln's inauguration and the story of the disguise in which he traveled to Washington is a never-ending source of gossip. The family board being the common forum, each gentleman as he appears first unloads his pockets of papers from all the Southern States, and then his overflowing heart to his eager female listeners, who in turn relate, inquire, sympathize, or cheer. If I dare express a doubt that the path to victory will be a flowery one, eyes flash, cheeks burn, and tongues clatter, till all are checked up suddenly by a warning rap for "Order, order!" from the amiable lady presiding. Thus we swallow politics with every meal. We take a mouthful and read a telegram, one eye on table, the other on the paper. One must be made of cool stuff to keep calm and collected, but I say but little. This war fever has banished small talk. Through all the black servants move about quietly, never seeming to notice that this is all about them.

"How can you speak so plainly before them?" I say.

"Why, what matter? They know that we shall keep the whip-handle."

*April 13, 1861.*—More than a month has passed since the last date here. This afternoon I was seated on the floor covered with loveliest flowers, arranging a floral offering for the fair, when the gentlemen arrived and with papers bearing news of the fall of Fort Sumter, which, at her request, I read to Mrs. F.

*April 20.*—The last few days have glided away in a halo of beauty. But nobody has time or will to enjoy it. War, war! is the one idea. The children play only with toy cannons and soldiers; the oldest inhabitant goes by every



day with his rifle to practice; the public squares are full of companies drilling, and are now the fashionable resorts. We have been told that it is best for women to learn how to shoot too, so as to protect themselves when the men have all gone to battle. Every evening after dinner we adjourn to the back lot and fire at a target with pistols. Yesterday I dined at Uncle Ralph's. Some members of the bar were present and were jubilant about their brand-new Confederacy. It would soon be the grandest government ever known. Uncle Ralph said solemnly, "No, gentlemen; the day we seceded the star of our glory set." The words sunk into my mind like a knell, and made me wonder at the mind that could recognize that and yet adhere to the doctrine of secession.

In the evening I attended a farewell gathering at a friend's whose brothers are to leave this week for Richmond. There was music. No minor chord was permitted.

### III.

#### TRIBULATION.

*April 25.*—Yesterday I went with Cousin E. to have her picture taken. The picture-galleries are doing a thriving business. Many companies are ordered off to take possession of Fort Pickens (Florida), and all seem to be leaving sweethearts behind them. The crowd was in high spirits; they don't dream that any destinies will be spoiled. When I got home Edith was reading from the daily paper of the dismissal of Miss G. from her place as teacher for expressing abolition sentiments, and that she would be ordered to leave the city. Soon a lady came with a paper setting forth that she has established a "company"—we are nothing if not military—for making lint and getting stores of linen to supply the hospitals.

My name went down. If it had n't, my spirit would have been wounded as with sharp spears before night. Next came a little girl with a subscription paper to get a flag for a certain company. The little girls, especially the pretty ones, are kept busy trotting around with subscription lists. Latest of all came little Guy, Mr. F.'s youngest clerk, the pet of the firm as well as of his home, a mere boy of sixteen. Such senseless sacrifices seem a sin. He chattered brightly, but lingered about, saying good-bye. He got through it bravely until Edith's husband incautiously said, "You did n't kiss your little sweetheart," as he always called Ellie, who had been allowed to sit up. He turned and suddenly broke into agonizing sobs and then ran down the steps.

*May 10.*—I am tired and ashamed of myself. Last week I attended a meeting of the

lint society to hand in the small contribution of linen I had been able to gather. We scraped lint till it was dark. A paper was shown, entitled the "Volunteer's Friend," started by the girls of the high school, and I was asked to help the girls with it. I positively declined. To-day I was pressed into service to make red flannel cartridge-bags for ten-inch columbiads. I basted while Mrs. S. sewed, and I felt ashamed to think that I had not the moral courage to say, "I don't approve of your war and won't help you, particularly in the murderous part of it."

*May 27.*—This has been a scenic Sabbath. Various companies about to depart for Virginia occupied the prominent churches to have their flags consecrated. The streets were resonant with the clangor of drums and trumpets. E. and myself went to Christ Church because the Washington Artillery were to be there.

*June 13.*—To-day has been appointed a Fast Day. I spent the morning writing a letter on which I put my first Confederate postage-stamp. It is of a brown color and has a large 5 in the center. To-morrow must be devoted to all my foreign correspondents before the expected blockade cuts us off.

*June 20.*—I attended a fine luncheon yesterday at one of the public schools. A lady remarked to a school official that the cost of provisions in the Confederacy was getting very high, butter, especially, being scarce and costly. "Never fear, my dear madam," he replied. "Texas alone can furnish butter enough to supply the whole Confederacy; we'll soon be getting it from there." It's just as well to have this sublime confidence.

*July 15.*—The quiet of midsummer reigns, but ripples of excitement break around us as the papers tell of skirmishes and attacks here and there in Virginia. "Rich Mountain" and "Carrick's Ford" were the last. "You see," said Mrs. D. at breakfast to-day, "my prophecy is coming true that Virginia will be the seat of war." "Indeed," I burst out, forgetting my resolution not to argue, "you may think yourselves lucky if this war turns out to have any seat in particular."

So far, no one especially connected with me has gone to fight. How glad I am for his mother's sake that Rob's lameness will keep him at home. Mr. F., Mr. S., and Uncle Ralph are beyond the age for active service, and Edith says Mr. D. can't go now. She is very enthusiastic about other people's husbands being enrolled, and regrets that her Alex is not strong enough to defend his country and his rights.

*July 22.*—What a day! I feel like one who has been out in a high wind, and cannot get my breath. The news-boys are still shouting with their extras, "Battle of Bull's Run!"

List of the killed! Battle of Manassas! List of the wounded!" Tender-hearted Mrs. F. was sobbing so she could not serve the tea; but nobody cared for tea. "O G.!" she said, "three thousand of our own, dear Southern boys are lying out there." "My dear Fannie," spoke Mr. F., "they are heroes now. They died in a glorious cause, and it is not in vain. This will end it. The sacrifice had to be made, but those killed have gained immortal names." Then Rob rushed in with a new extra, reading of the spoils captured, and grief was forgotten. Words cannot paint the excitement. Rob capered about and cheered; Edith danced around ringing the dinner bell and shouting, "Victory!" Mrs. F. waved a small Confederate flag, while she wiped her eyes, and Mr. D. hastened to the piano and in his most brilliant style struck up "Dixie," followed by "My Maryland" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

"Do not look so gloomy, G.," whispered Mr. S. "You should be happy to-night; for, as Mr. F. says, now we shall have peace."

"And is that the way you think of the men of your own blood and race?" I replied. But an utter scorn came over me and choked me, and I walked out of the room. What proof is there in this dark hour that they are not right? Only the emphatic answer of my own soul. To-morrow I will pack my trunk and accept the invitation to visit at Uncle Ralph's country-house.

*Sept. 25.*—When I opened the door of Mrs. F.'s room on my return, the rattle of two sewing-machines and a blaze of color met me.

"Ah! G., you are just in time to help us; these are coats for Jeff Thompson's men. All the cloth in the city is exhausted; these flannel-lined oilcloth table-covers are all we could obtain to make overcoats for Thompson's poor boys. They will be very warm and serviceable."

"Serviceable, yes! The Federal army will fly when they see those coats! I only wish I could be with the regiment when these are shared around." Yet I helped make them.

Seriously, I wonder if any soldiers will ever wear these remarkable coats. The most bewildering combination of brilliant, intense reds, greens, yellows, and blues in big flowers meandering over as vivid grounds; and as no table-cover was large enough to make a coat, the sleeves of each were of a different color and pattern. However, the coats were duly finished. Then we set to work on gray pantaloons, and I have just carried a bundle to an ardent young lady who wishes to assist. A slight gloom is settling down, and the inmates here are not quite so cheerfully confident as in July.

## IV.

## A BELEAGUERED CITY.

*Oct. 22.*—When I came to breakfast this morning Rob was capering over another victory — Ball's Bluff. He would read me, "We pitched the Yankees over the bluff," and ask me in the next breath to go to the theater this evening. I turned on the poor fellow: "Don't tell me about your victories. You vowed by all your idols that the blockade would be raised by October 1, and I notice the ships are still serenely anchored below the city."

"G., you are just as pertinacious yourself in championing your opinions. What sustains you when nobody agrees with you?"

*Oct. 28.*—When I dropped in at Uncle Ralph's last evening to welcome them back, the whole family were busy at a great center-table copying sequestration acts for the Confederate Government. The property of all Northerners and Unionists is to be sequestered, and Uncle Ralph can hardly get the work done fast enough. My aunt apologized for the rooms looking chilly; she feared to put the carpets down, as the city might be taken and burned by the Federals. "We are living as much packed up as possible. A signal has been agreed upon, and the instant the army approaches we shall be off to the country again."

Great preparations are being made for defense. At several other places where I called the women were almost hysterical. They seemed to look forward to being blown up with shot and shell, finished with cold steel, or whisked off to some Northern prison. When I got home Edith and Mr. D. had just returned also.

"Alex.," said Edith, "I was up at your orange-lots to-day and the sour oranges are dropping to the ground, while they cannot get lemons for our sick soldiers."

"That's my kind, considerate wife," replied Mr. D. "Why did n't I think of that before? Jim shall fill some barrels to-morrow and take them to the hospitals as a present from you."

*Nov. 10.*—Surely this year will ever be memorable to me for its perfection of natural beauty. Never was sunshine such pure gold, or moonlight such transparent silver. The beautiful custom prevalent here of decking the graves with flowers on All Saints' day was well fulfilled, so profuse and rich were the blossoms. On All-hallow eve Mrs. S. and myself visited a large cemetery. The chrysanthemums lay like great masses of snow and flame and gold in every garden we passed, and were piled on every costly tomb and lowly grave. The battle of Manassas robed many of our women in mourning, and some of those who had no

graves to deck were weeping silently as they walked through the scented avenues.

A few days ago Mrs. E. arrived here. She is a widow, of Natchez, a friend of Mrs. F.'s, and is traveling home with the dead body of her eldest son, killed at Manassas. She stopped two days waiting for a boat, and begged me to share her room and read her to sleep, saying she could n't be alone since he was killed; she feared her mind would give way. So I read all the comforting chapters to be found till she dropped into forgetfulness, but the recollection of those weeping mothers in the cemetery banished sleep for me.

*Nov. 26.*—The lingering summer is passing into those misty autumn days I love so well, when there is gold and fire above and around us. But the glory of the natural and the gloom of the moral world agree not well together. This morning Mrs. F. came to my room in dire distress. "You see," she said, "cold weather is coming on fast, and our poor fellows are lying out at night with nothing to cover them. There is a wail for blankets, but there is not a blanket in town. I have gathered up all the spare bed-clothing, and now want every available rug or table-cover in the house. Can't I have yours, G.? We must make these small sacrifices of comfort and elegance, you know, to secure independence and freedom."

"Very well," I said, denuding the table. "This may do for a drummer boy."

*Dec. 26, 1861.*—The foul weather cleared off bright and cool in time for Christmas. There is a midwinter lull in the movement of troops. In the evening we went to the grand bazaar in the St. Louis Hotel, got up to clothe the soldiers. This bazaar has furnished the gayest, most fashionable war-work yet, and has kept social circles in a flutter of pleasant, heroic excitement all through December. Everything beautiful or rare garnered in the homes of the rich was given for exhibition, and in some cases for raffle and sale. There were many fine paintings, statues, bronzes, engravings, gems, laces—in fact, heirlooms and bric-à-brac of all sorts. There were many lovely Creole girls present, in exquisite toilets, passing to and fro through the decorated rooms, listening to the band clash out the Anvil Chorus.

*Jan. 2, 1862.*—I am glad enough to bid '61 good-bye. Most miserable year of my life! What ages of thought and experience have I not lived in it.

The city authorities have been searching houses for fire-arms. It is a good way to get more guns, and the homes of those men suspected of being Unionists were searched first. Of course, they went to Dr. B.'s. He met them with his own delightful courtesy. "Wish to search for arms? Certainly, gentlemen."

He conducted them all through the house with smiling readiness, and after what seemed a very thorough search bowed them politely out. His gun was all the time safely reposing between the canvas folds of a cot-bed which leaned folded up together against the wall, in the very room where they had ransacked the closets. Queerly, the rebel families have been the ones most anxious to conceal all weapons. They have dug graves quietly at night in the back yards, and carefully wrapping the weapons, buried them out of sight. Every man seems to think he will have some private fighting to do to protect his family.

V.

MARRIED.

*Friday, Jan. 24, 1862. (On steamboat W., Mississippi River.)*—With a changed name I open you once more, my journal. It was a sad time to wed, when one knew not how long the expected conscription would spare the bridegroom. The women-folk knew how to sympathize with a girl expected to prepare for her wedding in three days, in a blockaded city, and about to go far from any base of supplies. They all rallied round me with tokens of love and consideration, and sewed, shopped, mended, and packed, as if sewing soldier clothes. And they decked the whole house and the church with flowers. Music breathed, wine sparkled, friends came and went. It seemed a dream, and comes up now again out of the afternoon sunshine where I sit on deck. The steamboat slowly plows its way through lumps of floating ice,—a novel sight to me,—and I look forward wondering whether the new people I shall meet will be as fierce about the war as those in New Orleans. That past is to be all forgotten and forgiven; I understood thus the kindly acts that sought to brighten the threshold of a new life.

*Feb. 15. (Village of X.)*—We reached Arkansas Landing at nightfall. Mr. Y., the planter who owns the landing, took us right up to his residence. He ushered me into a large room where a couple of candles gave a dim light, and close to them, and sewing as if on a race with Time, sat Mrs. Y. and a little negro girl, who was so black and sat so stiff and straight she looked like an ebony image. This was a large plantation; the Y.'s knew H. very well, and were very kind and cordial in their welcome and congratulations. Mrs. Y. apologized for continuing her work; the war had pushed them this year in getting the negroes clothed, and she had to sew by dim candles, as they could obtain no more oil. She asked if there were any new fashions in New Orleans.

Next morning we drove over to our home

in this village. It is the county-seat, and was, till now, a good place for the practice of H.'s profession. It lies on the edge of a lovely lake. The adjacent planters count their slaves by the hundreds. Some of them live with a good deal of magnificence, using service of plate, having smoking-rooms for the gentlemen built off the house, and entertaining with great hospitality. The Baptists, Episcopalians, and Methodists hold services on alternate Sundays in the court-house. All the planters and many others, near the lake shore, keep a boat at their landing, and a raft for crossing vehicles and horses. It seemed very piquant at first, this taking our boat to go visiting, and on moonlight nights it was charming. The woods around are lovelier than those in Louisiana, though one misses the moaning of the pines. There is fine fishing and hunting, but these cotton estates are not so pleasant to visit as sugar plantations.

But nothing else has been so delightful as, one morning, my first sight of snow and a wonderful, new, white world.

*Feb. 27.*—The people here have hardly felt the war yet. There are but two classes. The planters and the professional men form one; the very poor villagers the other. There is no middle class. Ducks and partridges, squirrels and fish, are to be had. H. has bought me a nice pony, and cantering along the shore of the lake in the sunset is a panacea for mental worry.

## VI.

## HOW IT WAS IN ARKANSAS.

*March 11, 1862.*—The serpent has entered our Eden. The rancor and excitement of New Orleans have invaded this place. If an incautious word betrays any want of sympathy with popular plans, one is "traitorous," "ungrateful," "crazy." If one remains silent and controlled, then one is "phlegmatic," "cool-blooded," "unpatriotic." Cool-blooded! Heavens! if they only knew. It is very painful to see lovable and intelligent women rave till the blood mounts to face and brain. The immediate cause of this access of war fever has been the battle of Pea Ridge. They scout the idea that Price and Van Dorn have been completely worsted. Those who brought the news were speedily told what they ought to say. "No, it is only a serious check; they must have more men sent forward at once. This country must do its duty." So the women say another company *must* be raised.

We were guests at a dinner-party yesterday. Mrs. A. was very talkative. "Now, ladies, you must all join in with a vim and help equip another company."

"Mrs. L.," she said, turning to me, "are you

not going to send your husband? Now use a young bride's influence and persuade him; he would be elected one of the officers." "Mrs. A.," I replied, longing to spring up and throttle her, "the Bible says, 'When a man hath married a new wife, he shall not go to war for one year, but remain at home and cheer up his wife.'" . . .

"Well, H.," I questioned, as we walked home after crossing the lake, "can you stand the pressure, or shall you be forced into volunteering?" "Indeed," he replied, "I will not be bullied into enlisting by women, or by men. I will sooner take my chance of conscription and feel honest about it. You know my attachments, my interests are here; these are my people. I could never fight against them; but my judgment disapproves their course, and the result will inevitably be against us."

This morning the only Irishman left in the village presented himself to H. He has been our wood-sawyer, gardener, and factotum, but having joined the new company, his time recently has been taken up with drilling. H. and Mr. R. feel that an extensive vegetable garden must be prepared while he is here to assist or we shall be short of food, and they sent for him yesterday.

"So, Mike, you are really going to be a soldier?"

"Yes, sor; but faith, Mr. L., I don't see the use of me going to shtop a bullet when sure an' I 'm willin' for it to go where it plazes."

*March 18, 1862.*—There has been unusual gaiety in this little village the past few days. The ladies from the surrounding plantations went to work to get up a festival to equip the new company. As Annie and myself are both brides recently from the city, requisition was made upon us for engravings, costumes, music, garlands, and so forth. Annie's heart was in the work; not so with me. Nevertheless, my pretty things were captured, and shone with just as good a grace last evening as if willingly lent. The ball was a merry one. One of the songs sung was "Nellie Gray," in which the most distressing feature of slavery is bewailed so pitifully. To sing this at a festival for raising money to clothe soldiers fighting to perpetuate that very thing was strange.

*March 20, 1862.*—A man professing to act by General Hindman's orders is going through the country impressing horses and mules. The overseer of a certain estate came to inquire of H. if he had not a legal right to protect the property from seizure. Mr. L. said yes, unless the agent could show some better credentials than his bare word. This answer soon spread about, and the overseer returned to report that it excited great indignation, espe-



cially among the company of new volunteers. H. was pronounced a traitor, and they declared that no one so untrue to the Confederacy should live there. When H. related the circumstance at dinner, his partner, Mr. R., became very angry, being ignorant of H.'s real opinions. He jumped up in a rage and marched away to the village thoroughfare. There he met a batch of the volunteers, and said, "We know what you have said of us, and I have come to tell you that you are liars, and you know where to find us."

Of course I expected a difficulty; but the evening passed, and we retired undisturbed. Not long afterward a series of indescribable sounds broke the stillness of the night, and the tramp of feet was heard outside the house. Mr. R. called out, "It's a serenade, H. Get up and bring out all the wine you have." Annie and I peeped through the parlor window, and lo! it was the company of volunteers and a diabolical band composed of bones and broken-winded brass instruments. They piped and clattered and whined for some time, and then swarmed in, while we ladies retreated and listened to the clink of glasses.

*March 22.*—H., Mr. R., and Mike have been very busy the last few days getting the acre of kitchen-garden plowed and planted. The stay-law has stopped all legal business, and they have welcomed this work. But today a thunderbolt fell in our household. Mr. R. came in and announced that he has agreed to join the company of volunteers. Annie's Confederate principles would not permit her to make much resistance, and she has been sewing and mending as fast as possible to get his clothes ready, stopping now and then to wipe her eyes. Poor Annie! She and Max have been married only a few months longer than we have; but a noble sense of duty animates and sustains her.

## VII.

## THE FIGHT FOR FOOD AND CLOTHING.

*April 1.*—The last ten days have brought changes in the house. Max R. left with the company to be mustered in, leaving with us his weeping Annie. Hardly were her spirits somewhat composed when her brother arrived from Natchez to take her home. This morning he, Annie, and Reeney, the black handmaiden, posted off. Out of seven of us only H., myself, and Aunt Judy are left. The absence of Reeney will be not the least noted. She was as precious an imp as any Topsy ever was. Her tricks were endless and her innocence of them amazing. When sent out to bring in eggs she would take them from nests where hens were hatching, and embryo chickens would be served up at breakfast, while Reeney stood by grinning to see them

opened; but when accused she was imperturbable. "Laws, Mis' L., I nebber dun bin nigh dem hens. Mis' Annie, you can go count dem dere eggs." That when counted they were found minus the number she had brought had no effect on her stolid denial. H. has plenty to do finishing the garden all by himself, but the time rather drags for me.

*April 13, 1862.*—This morning I was sewing up a rent in H.'s garden-coat, when Aunt Judy rushed in.

"Laws! Mis' L., here's Mr. Max and Mis' Annie done come back!" A buggy was coming up with Max, Annie, and Reeney.

"Well, is the war over?" I asked.

"Oh, I got sick!" replied our returned soldier, getting slowly out of the buggy.

He was very thin and pale, and explained that he took a severe cold almost at once, had a mild attack of pneumonia, and the surgeon got him his discharge as unfit for service. He succeeded in reaching Annie, and a few days of good care made him strong enough to travel back home.

"I suppose, H., you've heard that Island No. 10 is gone?"

Yes, we had heard that much, but Max had the particulars, and an exciting talk followed. At night H. said to me, "G., New Orleans will be the next to go, you'll see, and I want to get there first; this stagnation here will kill me."

*April 28.*—This evening has been very lovely, but full of a sad disappointment. H. invited me to drive. As we turned homeward he said:

"Well, my arrangements are completed. You can begin to pack your trunks to-morrow, and I shall have a talk with Max."

Mr. R. and Annie were sitting on the gallery as I ran up the steps.

"Heard the news?" they cried.

"No! What news?"

"New Orleans is taken! All the boats have been run up the river to save them. No more mails."

How little they knew what plans of ours this dashed away. But our disappointment is truly an infinitesimal drop in the great waves of triumph and despair surging to-night in thousands of hearts.

*April 30.*—The last two weeks have glided quietly away without incident except the arrival of new neighbors—Dr. Y., his wife, two children, and servants. That a professional man prospering in Vicksburg should come now to settle in this retired place looks queer. Max said:

"H., that man has come here to hide from the conscript officers. He has brought no end of provisions, and is here for the war. He has chosen well, for this county is so cleaned of men it won't pay to send the conscript officers here."

Our stores are diminishing and cannot be

replenished from without; ingenuity and labor must evoke them. We have a fine garden in growth, plenty of chickens, and hives of bees to furnish honey in lieu of sugar. A good deal of salt meat has been stored in the smoke-house, and, with fish from the lake, we expect to keep the wolf from the door. The season for game is about over, but an occasional squirrel or duck comes to the larder, though the question of ammunition has to be considered. What we have may be all we can have, if the war lasts five years longer; and they say they are prepared to hold out till the crack of doom. Food, however, is not the only want. I never realized before the varied needs of civilization. Every day something is *out*. Last week but two bars of soap remained, so we began to save bones and ashes. Annie said: "Now, if we only had some china-berry trees here we should n't need any other grease. They are making splendid soap at Vicksburg with china-balls. They just put the berries into the lye and it eats them right up and makes a fine soap." I did long for some china-berries to make this experiment. H. had laid in what seemed a good supply of kerosene, but it is nearly gone, and we are down to two candles kept for an emergency. Annie brought a receipt from Natchez for making candles of rosin and wax, and with great forethought brought also the wick and rosin. So yesterday we tried making candles. We had no molds, but Annie said the latest style in Natchez was to make a waxen rope by dipping, then wrap it round a corn-cob. But H. cut smooth blocks of wood about four inches square, into which he set a polished cylinder about four inches high. The waxen ropes were coiled round the cylinder like a serpent, with the head raised about two inches; as the light burned down to the cylinder, more of the rope was unwound. To-day the vinegar was found to be all gone and we have started to make some. For tyros we succeed pretty well.

## VIII.

## DROWNED OUT AND STARVED OUT.

*May 9.*—A great misfortune has come upon us all. For several days every one has been uneasy about the unusual rise of the Mississippi and about a rumor that the Federal forces had cut levees above to swamp the country. There is a slight levee back of the village, and H. went yesterday to examine it. It looked strong and we hoped for the best. About dawn this morning a strange gurgle woke me. It had a pleasing, lulling effect. I could not fully rouse at first, but curiosity conquered at last, and I called H.

"Listen to that running water; what is it?"  
Hesprung up, listened a second, and shouted:

"Max, get up! The water is on us!" They both rushed off to the lake for the skiff. The levee had not broken. The water was running clean over it and through the garden fence so rapidly that by the time I dressed and got outside Max was paddling the pirogue they had brought in among the pea-vines, gathering all the ripe peas left above the water. We had enjoyed one mess and he vowed we should have another.

H. was busy nailing a raft together while he had a dry place to stand on. Annie and I, with Reeney, had to secure the chickens, and the back piazza was given up to them. By the time a hasty breakfast was eaten the water was in the kitchen. The stove and everything there had to be put up in the dining-room. Aunt Judy and Reeney had likewise to move into the house, their floor also being covered with water. The raft had to be floated to the storehouse and a platform built, on which everything was elevated. At evening we looked round and counted the cost. The garden was utterly gone. Last evening we had walked round the strawberry beds that fringed the whole acre and tasted a few just ripe. The hives were swamped. Many of the chickens were drowned. Sancho had been sent to high ground where he could get grass. In the village every green thing was swept away. Yet we were better off than many others; for this house, being raised, we have escaped the water indoors. It just laves the edge of the galleries.

*May 26.*—During the past week we have lived somewhat like Venetians, with a boat at front steps and a raft at the back. Sunday H. and I took skiff to church. The clergyman, who is also tutor at a planter's across the lake, preached to the few who had arrived in skiffs. We shall not try it again, it is so troublesome getting in and out at the court-house steps. The imprisonment is hard to endure. It threatened to make me really ill, so every evening H. lays a thick wrap in the pirogue, I sit on it and we row off to the ridge of dry land running along the lake-shore and branching off to a strip of woods also out of water. Here we disembark and march up and down till dusk. A great deal of the wood got wet and has to be laid out to dry on the galleries, with clothing, and everything that must be dried. One's own trials are intensified by the worse suffering around that we can do nothing to relieve.

Max has a puppy named after General Price. The gentlemen had both gone up town yesterday in the skiff when Annie and I heard little Price's despairing cries from under the house, and we got on the raft to find and save him. We wore light morning dresses and slippers, for shoes are becoming precious. Annie donned a Shaker and I a broad hat. We got the raft

pushed out to the center of the grounds opposite the house and could see Price clinging to a post; the next move must be to navigate the raft up to the side of the house and reach for Price. It sounds easy; but poke around with our poles as wildly or as scientifically as we might, the raft would not budge. The noonday sun was blazing right overhead and the muddy water running all over slippered feet and dainty dresses. How long we staid praying for rescue, yet wincing already at the laugh that would come with it, I shall never know. It seemed like a day before the welcome boat and the "Ha, ha!" of H. and Max were heard. The confinement tells severely on all the animal life about us. Half the chickens are dead and the other half sick.

The days drag slowly. We have to depend mainly on books to relieve the tedium, for we have no piano; none of us like cards; we are very poor chess-players, and the chess-set is incomplete. When we gather round the one lamp—we dare not light any more—each one exchanges the gems of thought or mirthful ideas he finds. Frequently the gnats and the mosquitoes are so bad we cannot read at all. This evening, till a strong breeze blew them away, they were intolerable. Aunt Judy goes about in a dignified silence, too full for words, only asking two or three times, "W'at I dun tole you fum de fust?" The food is a trial. This evening the snaky candles lighted the glass and silver on the supper-table with a pale gleam and disclosed a frugal supper indeed—tea without milk (for all the cows are gone), honey, and bread. A faint ray twinkled on the water swishing against the house and stretching away into the dark woods. It looked like civilization and barbarism met together. Just as we sat down to it, some one passing in a boat shouted that Confederates and Federals were fighting at Vicksburg.

*Monday, June 2.*—On last Friday morning, just three weeks from the day the water rose, signs of its falling began. Yesterday the ground appeared, and a hard rain coming down at the same time washed off much of the unwholesome débris. To-day is fine, and we went out without a boat for a long walk.

*June 13.*—Since the water ran off, we have, of course, been attacked by swamp fever. H. succumbed first, then Annie, Max next, and then I. Luckily, the new Dr. Y. had brought quinine with him, and we took heroic doses. Such fever never burned in my veins before or sapped strength so rapidly, though probably the want of good food was a factor. The two or three other professional men have left. Dr. Y. alone remains. The roads now being dry enough, H. and Max started on horseback, in different directions, to make an

exhaustive search for food supplies. H. got back this evening with no supplies.

*June 15.*—Max got back to-day. He started right off again to cross the lake and interview the planters on that side, for they had not suffered from overflow.

*June 16.*—Max got back this morning. H. and he were in the parlor talking and examining maps together till dinner-time. When that was over they laid the matter before us. To buy provisions had proved impossible. The planters across the lake had decided to issue rations of corn-meal and pease to the villagers whose men had all gone to war, but they utterly refused to sell anything. "They told me," said Max, "'We will not see your family starve, Mr. R.; but with such numbers of slaves and the village poor to feed, we can spare nothing for sale.'" "Well, of course," said H., "we do not purpose to stay here and live on charity rations. We must leave the place at all hazards. We have studied out every route and made inquiries everywhere we went. We shall have to go down the Mississippi in an open boat as far as Fetter's Landing (on the eastern bank). There we can cross by land and put the boat into Steele's Bayou, pass thence to the Yazoo River, from there to Chickasaw Bayou, into McNutt's Lake, and land near my uncle's in Warren County."

*June 20.*—As soon as our intended departure was announced, we were besieged by requests for all sorts of things wanted in every family—pins, matches, gunpowder, and ink. One of the last cases H. and Max had before the stay-law stopped legal business was the settlement of an estate that included a country store. The heirs had paid in chattels of the store. These had remained packed in the office. The main contents of the cases were hardware; but we found treasure indeed—a keg of powder, a case of matches, a paper of pins, a bottle of ink. Red ink is now made out of poke-berries. Pins are made by capping thorns with sealing-wax, or using them as nature made them. These were articles money could not get for us. We would give our friends a few matches to save for the hour of tribulation. The paper of pins we divided evenly, and filled a bank-box each with the matches. H. filled a tight tin case apiece with powder for Max and himself and sold the rest, as we could not carry any more on such a trip. Those who did not hear of this in time offered fabulous prices afterwards for a single pound. But money has not its old attractions. Our preparations were delayed by Aunt Judy falling sick of swamp fever.

*Friday, June 27.*—As soon as the cook was up again, we resumed preparations. We put all the clothing in order and had it nicely done

up with the last of the soap and starch. "I wonder," said Annie, "when I shall ever have nicely starched clothes after these? They had no starch in Natchez or Vicksburg when I was there." We are now furbishing up dresses suitable for such rough summer travel. While we sat at work yesterday the quiet of the clear, calm noon was broken by a low, continuous roar like distant thunder. To-day we are told it was probably cannon at Vicksburg. This is a great distance, I think, to have heard it—over a hundred miles.

H. and Max have bought a large yawl and are busy on the lake bank repairing it and fitting it with lockers. Aunt Judy's master has been notified when to send for her; a home for the cat Jeff has been engaged; Price is dead, and Sancho sold. Nearly all the furniture is disposed of, except things valued from association, which will be packed in H.'s office and left with some one likely to stay through the war. It is hardest to leave the books.

*Tuesday, July 8.*—We start to-morrow. Packing the trunks was a problem. Annie and I are allowed one large trunk apiece, the gentlemen a smaller one each, and we a light carpet-sack apiece for toilet articles. I arrived with six trunks and leave with one! We went over everything carefully twice, rejecting, trying to shake off the bonds of custom and get down to primitive needs. At last we made a judicious selection. Everything old or worn was left; everything merely ornamental, except good lace, which was light. Gossamer evening dresses were all left. I calculated on taking two or three books that would bear the most reading if we were again shut up where none could be had, and so, of course, took Shakespeare first. Here I was interrupted to go and pay a farewell visit, and when we returned Max had packed and nailed the cases of books to be left. Chance thus limited my choice to those that happened to be in my room—"Paradise Lost," the "Arabian Nights," a volume of Macaulay's History I was reading, and my prayer-book. To-day the provisions for the trip were cooked: the last of the flour was made into large loaves of bread; a ham and several dozen eggs were boiled; the few chickens that have survived the overflow were fried; the last of the coffee was parched and ground; and the modicum of the tea was well corked up. Our friends across the lake added a jar of butter and two of preserves. H. rode off to X. after dinner to conclude some business there, and I sat down before a table to tie bundles of things to be left. The sunset glowed and faded and the quiet evening came on calm and starry. I sat by the window till evening deepened into night, and as the moon rose I still looked a reluctant farewell to the

lovely lake and the grand woods, till the sound of H.'s horse at the gate broke the spell.

## IX.

## HOMELESS AND SHELTERLESS.

*Thursday, July 10.* (— *Plantation.*)—Yesterday about four o'clock we walked to the lake and embarked. Provisions and utensils were packed in the lockers, and a large trunk was stowed at each end. The blankets and cushions were placed against one of them, and Annie and I sat on them Turkish fashion. Near the center the two smaller trunks made a place for Reeney. Max and H. were to take turns at the rudder and oars. The last word was a fervent God-speed from Mr. E., who is left in charge of all our affairs. We believe him to be a Union man, but have never spoken of it to him. We were gloomy enough crossing the lake, for it was evident the heavily laden boat would be difficult to manage. Last night we staid at this plantation, and from the window of my room I see the men unloading the boat to place it on the cart, which a team of oxen will haul to the river. These hospitable people are kindness itself, till you mention the war.

*Saturday, July 12.* (Under a cotton-shed on the bank of the Mississippi River.)—Thursday was a lovely day, and the sight of the broad river exhilarating. The negroes launched and reloaded the boat, and when we had paid them and spoken good-bye to them we felt we were really off. Every one had said that if we kept in the current the boat would almost go of itself, but in fact the current seemed to throw it about, and hard pulling was necessary. The heat of the sun was very severe, and it proved impossible to use an umbrella or any kind of shade, as it made steering more difficult. Snags and floating timbers were very troublesome. Twice we hurried up to the bank out of the way of passing gunboats, but they took no notice of us. When we got thirsty, it was found that Max had set the jug of water in the shade of a tree and left it there. We must dip up the river water or go without. When it got too dark to travel safely we disembarked. Reeney gathered wood, made a fire and some tea, and we had a good supper. We then divided, H. and I remaining to watch the boat, Max and Annie on shore. She hung up a mosquito-bar to the trees and went to bed comfortably. In the boat the mosquitoes were horrible, but I fell asleep and slept till voices on the bank woke me. Annie was wandering disconsolate round her bed, and when I asked the trouble, said, "Oh, I can't sleep there! I found a toad and a lizard in the bed." When dropping off again, H. woke me to say he was very sick; he thought it was from drinking the river



water. With difficulty I got a trunk opened to find some medicine. While doing so a gun-boat loomed up vast and gloomy, and we gave each other a good fright. Our voices doubtless reached her, for instantly every one of her lights disappeared and she ran for a few minutes along the opposite bank. We momentarily expected a shell as a feeler.

At dawn next morning we made coffee and a hasty breakfast, fixed up as well as we could in our sylvan dressing-rooms, and pushed on, for it is settled that traveling between eleven and two will have to be given up unless we want to be roasted alive. H. grew worse. He suffered terribly, and the rest of us as much to see him pulling in such a state of exhaustion. Max would not trust either of us to steer. About eleven we reached the landing of a plantation. Max walked up to the house and returned with the owner, an old gentleman living alone with his slaves. The housekeeper, a young colored girl, could not be surpassed in her graceful efforts to make us comfortable and anticipate every want. I was so anxious about H. that I remember nothing except that the cold drinking-water taken from a cistern beneath the building, into which only the winter rains were allowed to fall, was like an elixir. They offered luscious peaches that, with such water, were nectar and ambrosia to our parched lips. At night the housekeeper said she was sorry they had no mosquito-bars ready and hoped the mosquitoes would not be thick, but they came out in legions. I knew that on sleep that night depended recovery or illness for H. and all possibility of proceeding next day. So I sat up fanning away mosquitoes that he might sleep, toppling over now and then on the pillows till roused by his stirring. I contrived to keep this up till, as the chill before dawn came, they abated and I got a short sleep. Then, with the aid of cold water, a fresh toilet, and a good breakfast, I braced up for another day's basking in the boat.

If I had been well and strong as usual the discomforts of such a journey would not have seemed so much to me; but I was still weak from the effects of the fever, and annoyed by a worrying toothache which there had been no dentist to rid me of in our village.

Having paid and dismissed the boat's watchman, we started and traveled till eleven today, when we stopped at this cotton-shed. When our dais was spread and lunch laid out in the cool breeze, it seemed a blessed spot. A good many negroes came offering chickens and milk in exchange for tobacco, which we had not. We bought some milk with money.

A United States transport just now steamed by and the men on the guards cheered and waved to us. We all replied but Annie. Even

Max was surprised into an answering cheer, and I waved my handkerchief with a very full heart as the dear old flag we have not seen for so long floated by; but Annie turned her back.

*Sunday, July 13. (Under a tree on the east bank of the Mississippi.)*—Late on Saturday evening we reached a plantation whose owner invited us to spend the night at his house. What a delightful thing is courtesy! The first tone of our host's welcome indicated the true gentleman. We never leave the oars with the watchman; Max takes those, Annie and I each take a band-box, H. takes my carpet-sack, and Reeney brings up the rear with Annie's. It is a funny procession. Mr. B.'s family were absent, and as we sat on the gallery talking it needed only a few minutes to show this was a "Union man." His home was elegant and tasteful, but even here there was neither tea nor coffee.

About eleven we stopped here in this shady place. While eating lunch the negroes again came imploring for tobacco. Soon an invitation came from the house for us to come and rest. We gratefully accepted, but found their idea of rest for warm, tired travelers was to sit in the parlor on stiff chairs while the whole family trooped in, cool and clean in fresh toilets, to stare and question. We soon returned to the trees; however they kindly offered corn-meal pound-cake and beer, which were excellent.

Eight gunboats and one transport have passed us. Getting out of their way has been troublesome. Our gentlemen's hands are badly blistered.

*Tuesday, July 15.*—Sunday night about ten we reached the place where, according to our map, Steele's Bayou comes nearest to the Mississippi, and where the landing should be, but when we climbed the steep bank there was no sign of habitation. Max walked off into the woods on a search, and was gone so long we feared he had lost his way. He could find no road. H. suggested shouting and both began. At last a distant halloo replied, and by cries the answerer was guided to us. A negro came forward and said that was the right place, his master kept the landing, and he would watch the boat for five dollars. He showed the road, and said his master's house was one mile off and another house two miles. We mistook, and went to the one two miles off. At one o'clock we reached Mr. Fetter's, who was pleasant, and said we should have the best he had. The bed into whose grateful softness I sank was piled with mattresses to within two or three feet of the ceiling, and with no step-ladder getting in and out was a problem. This morning we noticed the high-water mark, four feet above the lower floor. Mrs. Fetter said they had lived upstairs several weeks.

## X.

## FRIGHTS AND PERILS IN STEELE'S BAYOU.

*Wednesday, July 16. (Under a tree on the bank of Steele's Bayou.)*—Early this morning our boat was taken out of the Mississippi and put on Mr. Fetter's ox-cart. After breakfast we followed on foot. The walk in the woods was so delightful that all were disappointed when a silvery gleam through the trees showed the bayou sweeping along, full to the banks, with dense forest trees almost meeting over it. The boat was launched, calked, and reloaded, and we were off again. Towards noon the sound of distant cannon began to echo around, probably from Vicksburg again. About the same time we began to encounter rafts. To get around them required us to push through brush so thick that we had to lie down in the boat. The banks were steep and the land on each side a bog. About one o'clock we reached this clear space with dry shelving banks and disembarked to eat lunch. To our surprise a neatly dressed woman came tripping down the declivity bringing a basket. She said she lived above and had seen our boat. Her husband was in the army, and we were the first white people she had talked to for a long while. She offered some corn-meal pound-cake and beer, and as she climbed back told us to "look out for the rapids." H. is putting the boat in order for our start and says she is waving good-bye from the bluff above.

*Thursday, July 17. (On a raft in Steele's Bayou.)*—Yesterday we went on nicely awhile and at afternoon came to a strange region of rafts, extending about three miles, on which persons were living. Many saluted us, saying they had run away from Vicksburg at the first attempt of the fleet to shell it. On one of these rafts, about twelve feet square,<sup>1</sup> bagging had been hung up to form three sides of a tent. A bed was in one corner, and on a low chair, with her provisions in jars and boxes grouped round her, sat an old woman feeding a lot of chickens.

Having moonlight, we had intended to travel till late. But about ten o'clock, the boat beginning to go with great speed, H., who was steering, called to Max:

"Don't row so fast; we may run against something."

"I'm hardly pulling at all."

"Then we're in what she called the rapids!"

The stream seemed indeed to slope downward, and in a minute a dark line was visible ahead. Max tried to turn, but could not, and in a second more we dashed against this immense raft, only saved from breaking up by the men's quickness. We got out upon it and ate supper. Then, as the boat was leaking and the

current swinging it against the raft, H. and Max thought it safer to watch all night, but told us to go to sleep. It was a strange spot to sleep in—a raft in the middle of a boiling stream, with a wilderness stretching on either side. The moon made ghostly shadows and showed H., sitting still as a ghost, in the stern of the boat, while mingled with the gurgle of the water round the raft beneath was the boom of cannon in the air, solemnly breaking the silence of night. It drizzled now and then, and the mosquitoes swarmed over us. My fan and umbrella had been knocked overboard, so I had no weapon against them. Fatigue, however, overcomes everything, and I contrived to sleep.

H. roused us at dawn. Reeney found light-wood enough on the raft to make a good fire for coffee, which never tasted better. Then all hands assisted in unloading; a rope was fastened to the boat, Max got in, H. held the rope on the raft, and, by much pulling and pushing, it was forced through a narrow passage to the farther side. Here it had to be calked, and while that was being done we improvised a dressing-room in the shadow of our big trunks. During the trip I had to keep the time, therefore properly to secure belt and watch was always an anxious part of my toilet. The boat is now repacked, and while Annie and Reeney are washing cups I have scribbled, wishing much that mine were the hand of an artist.

*Friday morn, July 18. (House of Colonel K., on Yazoo River.)*—After leaving the raft yesterday all went well till noon, when we came to a narrow place where an immense tree lay clear across the stream. It seemed the insurmountable obstacle at last. We sat despairing what to do, when a man appeared beside us in a pirogue. So sudden, so silent was his arrival that we were thrilled with surprise. He said if we had a hatchet he could help us. His fairy bark floated in among the branches like a bubble, and he soon chopped a path for us, and was delighted to get some matches in return. He said the cannon we heard yesterday were in an engagement with the ram *Arkansas*, which ran out of the Yazoo that morning. We did not stop for dinner to-day, but ate a hasty lunch in the boat, after which nothing but a small piece of bread was left. About two we reached the forks, one of which ran to the Yazoo, the other to the Old River. Max said the right fork was our road; H. said the left, that there was an error in Max's map; but Max steered into the right fork. After pulling about three miles he admitted his mistake and turned back; but I shall never forget Old River. It was the vision of a drowned world, an illimitable waste of dead waters, stretching into a great, silent, desolate forest.

<sup>1</sup> More likely twelve yards.—G. W. C.

Just as we turned into the right way, down came the rain so hard and fast we had to stop on the bank. It defied trees or umbrellas and nearly took away the breath. The boat began to fill, and all five of us had to bail as fast as possible for the half-hour the sheet of water was pouring down. As it abated a cold breeze sprung up that, striking our wet clothes, chilled us to the bone. All were shivering and blue—no, I was green. Before leaving Mr. Fetter's Wednesday morning I had donned a dark-green calico. I wiped my face with a handkerchief out of my pocket, and face and hands were all dyed a deep green. When Annie turned round and looked at me she screamed and I realized how I looked; but she was not much better, for of all dejected things wet feathers are the worst, and the plumes in her hat were painful.

About five we reached Colonel K.'s house, right where Steele's Bayou empties into the Yazoo. We had both to be fairly dragged out of the boat, so cramped and weighted were we by wet skirts. The family were absent, and the house was headquarters for a squad of Confederate cavalry, which was also absent. The old colored housekeeper received us kindly and lighted fires in our rooms to dry the clothing. My trunk had got cracked on top, and all the clothing to be got at was wet. H. had dropped his in the river while lifting it out, and his clothes were wet. A spoonful of brandy apiece was left in the little flask, and I felt that mine saved me from being ill. Warm blankets and the brandy revived us, and by supper-time we got into some dry clothes.

Just then the squad of cavalry returned; they were only a dozen, but they made much uproar, being in great excitement. Some of them were known to Max and H., who learned from them that a gunboat was coming to shell them out of this house. Then ensued a clatter such as twelve men surely never made before—rattling about the halls and galleries in heavy boots and spurs, feeding horses, calling for supper, clanking swords, buckling and unbuckling belts and pistols. At last supper was dispatched, and they mounted and were gone like the wind. We had a quiet supper and good night's rest in spite of the expected shells, and did not wake till ten to-day to realize we were not killed. About eleven breakfast was furnished. Now we are waiting till the rest of our things are dried to start on our last day of travel by water.

*Sunday, July 20.*—A little way down the Yazoo on Friday we ran into McNutt's Lake, thence into Chickasaw Bayou, and at dark landed at Mrs. C.'s farm, the nearest neighbors of H.'s uncle. The house was full of Confederate sick, friends from Vicksburg, and while

we ate supper all present poured out the story of the shelling and all that was to be done at Vicksburg. Then our stuff was taken from the boat, and we finally abandoned the stanch little craft that had carried us for over one hundred and twenty-five miles in a trip occupying nine days. The luggage in a wagon, and ourselves packed in a buggy, were driven for four or five miles, over the roughest road I ever traveled, to the farm of Mr. B., H.'s uncle, where we arrived at midnight and hastened to hide in bed the utter exhaustion of mind and body. Yesterday we were too tired to think, or to do anything but eat peaches.

# XI.

## WILD TIMES IN MISSISSIPPI.

THIS morning there was a most painful scene. Annie's father came into Vicksburg, ten miles from here, and learned of our arrival from Mrs. C.'s messenger. He sent out a carriage to bring Annie and Max to town that they might go home with him, and with it came a letter for me from friends on the Jackson Railroad, written many weeks before. They had heard that our village home was under water, and invited us to visit them. The letter had been sent to Annie's people to forward, and thus had reached us. This decided H., as the place was near New Orleans, to go there and wait the chance of getting into that city. Max, when he heard this from H., lost all self-control and cried like a baby. He stalked about the garden in the most tragic manner, exclaiming:

"Oh! my soul's brother from youth up is a traitor! A traitor to his country!"

Then H. got angry and said, "Max, don't be a fool."

"Who has done this?" bawled Max. "You felt with the South at first; who has changed you?"

"Of course I feel *for* the South now, and nobody has changed me but the logic of events, though the twenty-negro law has intensified my opinions. I can't see why I, who have no slaves, must go to fight for them, while every man who has twenty may stay at home."

I, also, tried to reason with Max and pour oil on his wound. "Max, what interest has a man like you, without slaves, in a war for slavery? Even if you had them, they would not be your best property. That lies in your country and its resources. Nearly all the world has given up slavery; why can't the South do the same and end the struggle. It has shown you what the South needs, and if all went to work with united hands the South would soon be the greatest country on earth. You have no right to call H. a traitor; it is we who are the true patriots and lovers of the South."

This had to come, but it has upset us both. H. is deeply attached to Max, and I can't bear to see a cloud between them. Max, with Annie and Reeney, drove off an hour ago, Annie so glad at the prospect of again seeing her mother that nothing could cloud her day. And so the close companionship of six months, and of dangers, trials, and pleasures shared together, is over.

*Oak Ridge, July 26, Saturday.*—It was not till Wednesday that H. could get into Vicksburg, ten miles distant, for a passport, without which we could not go on the cars. We started Thursday morning. I had to ride seven miles on a hard-trotting horse to the nearest station. The day was burning at white heat. When the station was reached my hair was down, my hat on my neck, and my feelings were indescribable.

On the train one seemed to be right in the stream of war, among officers, soldiers, sick men and cripples, adieus, tears, laughter, constant chatter, and, strangest of all, sentinels posted at the locked car-doors demanding passports. There was no train south from Jackson that day, so we put up at the Bowman House. The excitement was indescribable. All the world appeared to be traveling through Jackson. People were besieging the two hotels, offering enormous prices for the privilege of sleeping anywhere under a roof. There were many refugees from New Orleans, among them some acquaintances of mine. The peculiar styles of [women's] dress necessitated by the exigencies of war gave the crowd a very striking appearance. In single suits I saw sleeves of one color, the waist of another, the skirt of another; scarlet jackets and gray skirts; black waists and blue skirts; black skirts and gray waists; the trimming chiefly gold braid and buttons, to give a military air. The gray and gold uniforms of the officers, glittering between, made up a carnival of color. Every moment we saw strange meetings and partings of people from all over the South. Conditions of time, space, locality, and estate were all loosened; everybody seemed floating he knew not whither, but determined to be jolly, and keep up an excitement. At supper we had tough steak, heavy, dirty-looking bread, Confederate coffee. The coffee was made of either parched rye or corn-meal, or of sweet potatoes cut in small cubes and roasted. This was the favorite. When flavored with "coffee essence," sweetened with sorghum, and tintured with chalky milk, it made a curious beverage, which, after tasting, I preferred not to drink. Every one else was drinking it, and an acquaintance said, "Oh, you 'll get bravely over that. I used to be a Jewess about pork, but now we just kill a hog and eat it, and kill another and do the same. It's all we have."

Friday morning we took the down train for the station near my friend's house. At every station we had to go through the examination of passes, as if in a foreign country.

The conscript camp was at Brookhaven, and every man had been ordered to report there or to be treated as a deserter. At every station I shivered mentally, expecting H. to be dragged off. Brookhaven was also the station for dinner. I choked mine down, feeling the sword hanging over me by a single hair. At sunset we reached our station. The landlady was pouring tea when we took our seats and I expected a treat, but when I tasted it was sassafras tea, the very odor of which sickens me. There was a general surprise when I asked to exchange it for a glass of water; every one was drinking it as if it were nectar. This morning we drove out here.

My friend's little nest is calm in contrast to the tumult not far off. Yet the trials of war are here too. Having no matches, they keep fire, carefully covering it at night, for Mr. G. has no powder, and cannot flash the gun into combustibles as some do. One day they had to go with the children to the village, and the servant let the fire go out. When they returned at nightfall, wet and hungry, there was neither fire nor food. Mr. G. had to saddle the tired mule and ride three miles for a pan of coals, and blow them, all the way back, to keep them alight. Crockery has gradually been broken and tin-cups rusted out, and a visitor told me they had made tumblers out of clear glass bottles by cutting them smooth with a heated wire, and that they had nothing else to drink from.

*Aug. 11.*—We cannot get to New Orleans. A special passport must be shown, and we are told that to apply for it would render H. very likely to be conscripted. I begged him not to try; and as we hear that active hostilities have ceased at Vicksburg, he left me this morning to return to his uncle's and see what the prospects are there. I shall be in misery about conscription till he returns.

*Sunday, Sept. 7. (Vicksburg, Washington Hotel).*—H. did not return for three weeks. An epidemic disease broke out in his uncle's family and two children died. He staid to assist them in their trouble. Tuesday evening he returned for me and we reached Vicksburg yesterday. It was my first sight of the "Gibraltar of the South." Looking at it from a slight elevation suggests the idea that the fragments left from world-building had tumbled into a confused mass of hills, hollows, hillocks, banks, ditches, and ravines, and that the houses had rained down afterwards. Over all there was dust impossible to conceive. The bombardment has done little injury. People have returned and resumed business. A gentleman asked H. if he knew of a nice girl for sale. I



asked if he did not think it impolitic to buy slaves now.

"Oh, not young ones. Old ones might run off when the enemy's lines approach ours, but with young ones there is no danger."

We had not been many hours in town before a position was offered to H. which seemed providential. The chief of a certain department was in ill-health and wanted a deputy. It secures him from conscription, requires no oath, and pays a good salary. A mountain seemed lifted off my heart.

*Thursday, Sept. 18. (Thanksgiving Day.)*

—We staid three days at the Washington Hotel; then a friend of H.'s called and told him to come to his house till he could find a home. Boarding-houses have all been broken up, and the army has occupied the few houses that were for rent. To-day H. secured a vacant room for two weeks in the only boarding-house.

*Oak Haven, Oct. 3.*—To get a house in V. proved impossible, so we agreed to part for a time till H. could find one. A friend recommended this quiet farm, six miles from — [a station on the Jackson Railroad]. On last Saturday H. came with me as far as Jackson and put me on the other train for the station.

On my way hither a lady, whom I judged to be a Confederate "blockade runner," told me of the tricks resorted to to get things out of New Orleans, including this: A very large doll was emptied of its bran, filled with quinine, and elaborately dressed. When the owner's trunk was opened, she declared with tears that the doll was for a poor crippled girl, and it was passed.

This farm of Mr. W.'s<sup>1</sup> is kept with about forty negroes. Mr. W., nearly sixty, is the only white man on it. He seems to have been wiser in the beginning than most others, and curtailed his cotton to make room for rye, rice, and corn. There is a large vegetable garden and orchard; he has bought plenty of stock for beef and mutton, and laid in a large supply of sugar. He must also have plenty of ammunition, for a man is kept hunting and supplies the table with delicious wild turkeys and other game. There is abundance of milk and butter, hives for honey, and no end of pigs. Chickens seem to be kept like game in parks, for I never see any, but the hunter shoots them, and eggs are plentiful. We have chicken for breakfast, dinner, and supper, fried, stewed, broiled, and in soup, and there is a family of ten. Luckily I never tire of it. They make starch out of corn-meal by washing the

meal repeatedly, pouring off the water and drying the sediment. Truly the uses of corn in the Confederacy are varied. It makes coffee, beer, whisky, starch, cake, bread. The only privations here are the lack of coffee, tea, salt, matches, and good candles. Mr. W. is now having the dirt-floor of his smoke-house dug up and boiling from it the salt that has dripped into it for years. To-day Mrs. W. made tea out of dried blackberry leaves, but no one liked it. The beds, made out of equal parts of cotton and corn-shucks, are the most elastic I ever slept in. The servants are dressed in gray homespun. Hester, the chambermaid, has a gray gown so pretty that I covet one like it. Mrs. W. is now arranging dyes for the thread to be woven into dresses for herself and the girls. Sometimes her hands are a curiosity.

The school at the nearest town is broken up and Mrs. W. says the children are growing up heathens. Mr. W. has offered me a liberal price to give the children lessons in English and French, and I have accepted transiently.

*Oct. 28.*—It is a month to-day since I came here. I only wish H. could share these benefits—the nourishing food, the pure aromatic air, the sound sleep away from the fevered life of Vicksburg. He sends me all the papers he can get hold of, and we both watch carefully the movements reported lest an army should get between us. The days are full of useful work, and in the lovely afternoons I take long walks with a big dog for company. The girls do not care for walking. In the evening Mr. W. begs me to read aloud all the war news. He is fond of the "Memphis Appeal," which has moved from town to town so much that they call it the "Moving Appeal." I sit in a low chair by the fire, as we have no other light to read by. Sometimes traveling soldiers stop here, but that is rare.

*Oct. 31.*—Mr. W. said last night the farmers felt uneasy about the "Emancipation Proclamation" to take effect in December. The slaves have found it out, though it had been carefully kept from them.

"Do yours know it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Finding it to be known elsewhere, I told it to mine with fair warning what to expect if they tried to run away. The hounds are not far off."

The need of clothing for their armies is worrying them too. I never saw Mrs. W. so excited as on last evening. She said the provost-marshal at the next town had ordered the women to knit so many pairs of socks.

"Just let him try to enforce it and they will cow-hide him. He'll get none from me. I'll take care of my own friends without an order from him."

"Well," said Mr. W., "if the South is de-

<sup>1</sup> On this plantation, and in this domestic circle, I myself afterward sojourned, and from them enlisted in the army. The initials are fictitious, but the description is perfect.—G. W. C.

feated and the slaves set free, the Southern people will all become atheists, for the Bible justifies slavery and says it shall be perpetual."

"You mean, if the Lord does not agree with you, you'll repudiate him."

"Well, we'll feel it's no use to believe in anything."

At night the large sitting-room makes a striking picture. Mr. W., spare, erect, gray-headed, patriarchal, sits in his big chair by the odorous fire of pine logs and knots roaring up the vast fireplace. His driver brings to him the report of the day's picking and a basket of snowy cotton for the spinning. The hunter brings in the game. I sit on the other side to read. The great spinning wheels stand at the other end of the room, and Mrs. W. and her black satellites, the elderly women their heads in bright bandanas, are hard at work. Slender and auburn-haired, she steps back and forth out of shadow into shine following the thread with graceful movements. Some card the cotton, some reel it into hanks. Over all the fire-light glances, now touching the golden curls of little John toddling about, now the brown heads of the girls stooping over their books, now the shadowy figure of little Jule, the girl whose duty it is to supply the fire with rich pine to keep up the vivid light. If they would only let the child sit down! But that is not allowed, and she gets sleepy and stumbles and knocks her head against the wall and then straightens up again. When that happens often it drives me off. Sometimes while I read the bright room fades and a vision rises of figures clad in gray and blue lying pale and stiff on the blood-sprinkled ground.

*Nov. 15.*—Yesterday a letter was handed me from H. Grant's army was moving, he wrote, steadily down the Mississippi Central and might cut the road at Jackson. He has a house and will meet me in Jackson to-morrow.

*Nov. 20. (Vicksburg.)*—A fair morning for my journey back to Vicksburg. On the train was the gentleman who in New Orleans had told us we should have all the butter we wanted from Texas. On the cars, as elsewhere, the question of food alternated with news of the war.

When we ran into the Jackson station H. was on the platform, and I gladly learned that we could go right on. A runaway negro, an old man, ashy colored from fright and exhaustion, with his hands chained, was being dragged along by a common-looking man. Just as we started out of Jackson the conductor led in a young woman sobbing in a heart-broken manner. Her grief seemed so overpowering, and she was so young and helpless, that every one was interested. Her husband went into the army in the opening of the war, just after their

marriage, and she had never heard from him since. After months of weary searching she learned he had been heard of at Jackson, and came full of hope, but found no clue. The sudden breaking down of her hope was terrible. The conductor placed her in care of a gentleman going her way and left her sobbing. At the next station the conductor came to ask her about her baggage. She raised her head to try and answer. "Don't cry so, you'll find him yet." She gave a start, jumped from her seat with arms flung out and eyes staring. "There he is now!" she cried. Her husband stood before her.

The gentleman beside her yielded his seat, and as hand grasped hand a hysterical gurgle gave place to a look like Heaven's peace. The low murmur of their talk began, and when I looked round at the next station they had bought pies and were eating them together like happy children.

Midway between Jackson and Vicksburg we reached the station near where Annie's parents were staying. I looked out, and there stood Annie with a little sister on each side of her, brightly smiling at us. Max had written to H., but we had not seen them since our parting. There was only time for a word and the train flashed away.

## XII.

### VICKSBURG.

[Here follow in the manuscript the writer's thrilling experiences in and throughout the siege of Vicksburg, as already printed in this magazine for September, 1885. It is just after the fall of Vicksburg that she resumes.]

*Aug. 20.*—Sitting in my easy chair to-day, looking out upon a grassy slope of the hill in the rear of this house, I have looked over this journal as if in a dream; for since the last date sickness and sorrow have been with me. I feel as if an angry wave had passed over me bearing away strength and treasure. For on one day there came to me from New Orleans the news of Mrs. B.'s death, a friend whom no tie of blood could have made nearer. The next day my beautiful boy ended his brief life of ten days and died in my arms. My own illness caused him to perish; the fatal cold in the cave was the last straw that broke down strength. The colonel's sweet wife has come, and I do not lack now for womanly companionship. She says that with such a pre-natal experience perhaps death was the best for him. I try to think so, and to be glad that H. has not been ill, though I see the effects. This book is exhausted, and I wonder whether there will be more adventures by flood and field to cause me to begin another.

## TO A DOG'S MEMORY.

THE gusty morns are here,  
When all the reeds ride low with level spear;  
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,  
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine  
Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine:  
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,  
Together roam no more!

The world, all grass and air,  
Somehow hath lost thee; and the roadsides wear  
A heavy silence since thy welcomes fail  
Bonfires, and fiddles, and the van we knew  
Gleaming with gypsies, and the bear that drew  
Thy kindled eye, the sulky dancer through  
Our leafy Auburndale.

Soft showers go laden now  
With odors of the sappy orchard bough,  
And brooks, bewitched, begin a madder march;  
The late frost smokes from hollow sedges high;  
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-fly,  
The cowslip's outcast gold that children spy,  
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills  
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills  
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream—  
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive  
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,  
Having free feet that never felt a gyve  
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found  
The sunless April uplands underground;  
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.  
My beautiful! Arise in might and mirth  
(For we were tameless travelers from our birth)—  
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,  
And keep the watch for me!

*Louise Imogen Guiney.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### History and Current Politics.

THE LATE PROFESSOR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

WE recall to our readers with sorrow their loss and ours in the untimely death on the 20th of July last of Professor Alexander Johnston of Princeton College. He had been for a few years past a frequent and acceptable contributor to this department of THE CENTURY, and those who have found in his acute discussion of current themes an impulse to deeper interest in contemporary history, and a help to the more accurate knowledge and juster appreciation of the great social and political movements of their fellow-citizens, will find a sad interest in a short account of his work. He was born in Brooklyn forty years ago, on the 29th of April, fitted for college in the preparatory schools of that city, and graduated with the highest honors from Rutgers in the class of 1870. The direction of his studies up to that time was exclusively along the old-fashioned college course, and he excelled in the classics, winning the more important prizes in that department. For the next five years his time was divided between teaching and the study of law, and in 1875 he was admitted to the bar of New Jersey. Not long afterwards he removed to Norwalk, Connecticut, where he founded a classical school, still in existence, and began his literary career. His success as an author brought him in 1884 a call to the chair of jurisprudence and political economy in the College of New Jersey. He carried to his new field enthusiasm and ripe scholarship, the disposition and experience of the teacher, and enjoyed for the short but illustrious remnant of his life such unbroken success and increasing popularity as only genius and goodness can command.

The list of his published works is a long one for a life comparatively so short, and argues not only untiring industry but the possession of the literary gift in a high degree. He wrote for Lalor's "Cyclopædia of Political Science" the articles over his signature on American political history; the article on American history in the American Supplement to the Philadelphia edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; "The Genesis of a New England State," No. 12 of the Johns Hopkins Historical Series; edited the three volumes of "Representative American Orations," and wrote for the periods into which the selections are divided a series of comprehensive and charming summaries; Chapter VII. of Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America," that on Political Parties, is by him; the splendid account of our history in Vol. XXIII. of the "Britannica," itself a volume of perhaps four hundred pages; and several other articles in the same encyclopædia, notably that on Washington, are also from his pen. His separate and independent publications are his well-known "History of American Politics," a school "History of the United States," and the volume on "Connecticut" in the American Commonwealths Series. Much of his most original research, moreover, was printed from time to time in reviews and period-

icals. All this work is characterized by thoroughness and sincerity. He was the first to correct, and acknowledge, as he discovered them, the few errors in fact or judgment which he made. With such powers it is no wonder that his reputation had crossed the sea, and that the editors of the great "Encyclopædia Britannica" found him the fittest guide for their public as for ours in matters of American history. "The Pall Mall Gazette" playfully remarked, in reviewing the "History of American Politics," that with such a handbook the British editor would thereafter put aside his too well-known habit of blundering over American politics, and in the absence of a similar guide to the story of English parties disport himself in ignorance of his native land.

It was therefore from the hand of the lawyer, the scholar, the author, the professor, that came the terse, incisive, and intelligent criticisms of current politics which we were happy to lay so often before our readers. Professor Johnston's mind was eminently practical, and his success in the class-room, aside from his gracious manner and warm interest in his pupils, was, we hear, largely due to the concreteness of his teaching. It was his habit to make concise statements of principles and then flood them with a mass of adequate illustrations from the everyday world which enthralled his hearers and fixed his instruction in their mind, showing as it did the immediate value of correct theory. The same characteristics marked his editorial work in this department. He had learned in his studies the basis and development of American institutions, and was therefore little affected by modern sciolism. He valued above all else the old-fashioned idea of personal freedom with its corollary of personal initiative and responsibility, emphasized at all times the essential character of local rights and government, and the subservience of political theory to historical induction. Add to this the high ethical plane on which his mind worked, his keen scent for reforms and judicial appreciation of their value, and we have such an outline of his character as it is permitted a friendly co-worker to draw. It seems to us that the moral of his life is to be found in the words at the head of this notice—the value to a sane, practical mind of the study of history not merely for the construction of a science of politics, but for the formation of sound opinions about daily life and about politics as a discipline and an art.

### Disasters.

ONE of the dreadful aspects of such recurring horrors as the flood at Johnstown and the burning of Seattle and Spokane Falls, which, with the hurricane of Samoa, will probably be the extraordinary events of the year's annals, is the easy facility with which, after all, the public mind is disposed to deal with them. The Pennsylvania misfortune seems to have lacked none of the tints necessary for the darkest of pictures. The population of a whole mountain region is put into



imminent peril of life and limb; death carries off about as many as it claimed during any of the great battles of the civil war; and the scenes of pathos or despair, by day and night, from flood and flame, seem to have made our newspapers a mass of harrowing details for the possible instruction of posterity. Apart from the loss of life, the fate of the Northwestern cities seems to have had its own dramatic elements. The region is one where but a few years ago the poet found synonyms for desolation in the long roll of the solitary river, but where the enterprise, industry, and thrift of American men and women have established civilization, have built up new States like magic, and have endowed them with rich and splendid cities whose names are still hardly familiar to the rest of the country. It reads like a mockery of history that the burning of a single city in this new region should already entail losses such as, fifty years ago, constituted the "great fire" of our great commercial city. The popular impulse is the same in either case. The response of the popular heart is as instant as electricity. Money, material aid, personal assistance, are hurried to the point of need; for some time no one can think or talk of anything else; a few lessons from the pulpit or the press serve to point a moral of one sort or other; and then the debris is removed and the usual struggle for existence is renewed until, perhaps, it is interrupted by another case of the kind.

And yet there are lessons which should be scored into the popular intelligence by every new case of the kind. One is that we must no longer expect that such calamities, if they are to occur, are likely to be small ones; it is one of the penalties for our growth of population that they are now increasingly likely to be dire misfortunes. The great earthquake of 1811 has left its transient marks in a few swamps and lakes along the Mississippi and in some wild stories of the early settlers; but such an event could not occur in the denser population of our times without reviving and strengthening our memories of the overthrow of Charleston. We see the ancient track plowed by the meteorite through earth and rock: what if such a visitant should have its billet to some great house and distinguished audience in one of our modern cities? It is but in the nature of things that those natural calamities which must be reckoned with as non-preventable and inevitable should nevertheless find more and more shining marks as the surface of the country swarms more thickly with population, industry, and wealth.

But this impossibility of obviating the growing peril of modern life from inevitable natural calamities only adds a keener point to the growing necessity for care in guarding against the results of preventable events. In the case of many of these events responsibility is already fixed and measured by law; but there is still danger enough that the judicial conception of this measure of responsibility will continue to be limited by the smaller facts of the past, and will not grow, as it should, with the growth of the attendant perils. The fool who flings about firebrands and death, and says, "Am I not in sport?" becomes a greater and still greater offender with the passage of every year and the consequent development of more important human interests which may fall indirect victims to his folly. The theory of progressive culpability is one in which

public opinion may furnish the best stimulus for the judicial conscience, so that the law's perception may not stand still, or wait for statutory enactment which is likely to be weighted with obsolete circumstances.

But there remain other fields, perhaps of less definite limitation, but of probably greater public importance, in which still greater service may be done by a trained public opinion. If it be admitted, as it surely must be, that both the avoidable and the unavoidable perils to human life and property are increasing with the density of population, that fact should be enough of itself to establish a rising standard of municipal care and forethought. Indeed, the standard should rise faster than population increases, for the dangers increase more rapidly. Why, for example, should that heathen abomination the fire-cracker be tolerated in one of our growing American cities for even a single additional year? The increase of the danger from this source over last year or ten years ago is not merely in the ratio of the intervening growth of population, but very much greater.

It is not enough, then, that public opinion should rest content with public benevolence, or that it should write off its responsibility as the last car-load of supplies is shipped to the scene of disaster. Every such recurrent event is a warning to other centers of population that it is time for public opinion to push the standard of municipal care yet a little higher. In many of our cities there are still hordes of men who lay hungry claim, as political rewards, to offices for whose duties they are not competent. The disasters of this year are a new and louder warning to every such city to bar out such applicants more strenuously, and to announce more definitely and clearly that it can no longer take such risks or afford to permit its offices to serve as political rewards. The question is no longer one of money, or of taxes, or of the formation of an "office-holding class"; it has taken the more fundamental shape of the increased, the immeasurable, extent to which disasters of every grade may be multiplied beyond their natural limits, by incapacity or carelessness in the occupant of even the minor administrative offices of our modern cities. In this and innumerable relations of the kind public opinion may find its most cheering work in the regeneration of our cities; and by raising the standard of municipal management and municipal civil service it may defeat some disasters altogether and reduce and hold down the evils even of those which are inevitable.

#### A New College for Women.

THERE have been three distinctly marked stages in the higher education of women in America: co-education, pure and simple, first tested at Oberlin, in 1833; then separate colleges for women, in which line Vassar, in 1865, made the first departure; and last the "annex" plan, marked by the opening of the Harvard Annex in 1879. In England, on the other hand, the first effort to give collegiate training to women came from colleges open exclusively to women (Queen's, 1848), and in 1869 Girton made the first trial of the annex plan. No important co-educational scheme, as we understand co-education, has been tried in England.

The most popular and widely known women's colleges in England are Newnham and Girton, "annexed"

to the University of Cambridge. That is, the students of these colleges perform the same work as the university men, but in their own college building. There is no co-education such as is in operation at Cornell and Ann Arbor. The Newnham women are satisfied so long as they attain the standard of excellence prescribed by the university, and it is a matter of slight importance to them whether or not they receive instruction at the same hour, and in the same room, with their brothers.

There is unquestionably a prejudice in America against annexes. At the Woman's International Congress at Washington one delegate protested in the following terms: "Those bright, enthusiastic, large-framed, and big-hearted young women of the West, those young women who have in their eyes the distant horizon of their prairie homes, will have nothing to do with annexes." Possibly the prejudice is due wholly to unfortunate associations with the word itself. It is certainly difficult to respect the word in its educational significance, when we have annexes to hotels, to shops, and to ferryboats! The English expression for the objectionable term is "affiliated college," a description certainly more dignified.

A new affiliated college opens in October in New York City. It is new in that it is the first woman's

college situated in the heart of a great city, and, again, it is new in being the first affiliated college whose graduates are entitled to a university degree. The students of Newnham, Girton, Somerville, Lady Margaret, and the Harvard Annex must content themselves with what is called a "degree certificate," testifying that the candidate's scholarship would have entitled her to a degree if she had been a man.

The new college, affiliated to Columbia College, will bear the name Barnard, a name made eminent by one of the most far-sighted and advanced educators of America — the late president of Columbia College. Barnard College is situated at 343 Madison Avenue, five blocks from Columbia College. A student of Barnard College will do the same work as a student of Columbia, will have the same instructors, and will take the same examinations. Barnard College opens with a school of arts only, but in time she hopes to offer the broadest opportunity for scientific training.

The college will receive for the first year a freshman class only; consequently, its first graduates will receive their degrees in 1893. It is to be hoped that Barnard College will meet a support which will enable her to keep ahead of the present movement at Columbia towards encouraging and providing for graduate work.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### A View of the Confederacy from the Inside.<sup>1</sup>

A LETTER FROM JUDGE JOHN A. CAMPBELL, FORMERLY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, C. S. A.

FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA, 20th July, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: I learn that you have interfered in my behalf to obtain my release from arrest and confinement. I am obliged by your interposition, and appreciate it the more because that the war has made no change in my feelings toward yourself.

You are aware that I was not a patron or friend of the secession movement. My condemnation of it and my continuance in the Supreme Court were regarded as acts for which there could be no tolerance. When I returned to Alabama in May, 1861, it was to receive coldness, aversion, or contumely from the secession population. I did not agree to recant what I had said, or to explain what I had done; and thus, instead of appeasing my opponents, I aggravated my offense. This was still more aggravated by my opinion that cotton was not king; that privateering would not expel Northern commerce from the ocean, but would affront European opinion, and that privateering and slavery would prevent recognition, and that the war would be long and implacable; that the Northern people were a proud and powerful people that would not endure the supposed insults they have suffered, and that their "pocket nerve" was not their most sensitive nerve. Messrs. Toombs and Benjamin were promising peace before the winter. I had no connection with the Con-

federate Government in 1861, nor until the last of October, 1862. General Randolph, whom I scarcely knew, asked me to be Assistant Secretary of War, with an apology for doing so.

The war had then assumed gigantic proportions: confiscation acts and emancipation proclamations, and the administration of government in New Orleans and North Alabama, seemed to place a new face upon the war. It appeared to be a war upon political and civil society and government within the Confederate States.

The Southern country had greatly suffered: I had spent much time with the sick and wounded, and had witnessed bereavement, distress, destitution, suffering, as well as devotion and fortitude. The civil institutions were debilitated. Much of the business and feeling of the country centered in the War Department, and there was a want of some controlling mind in regulating its civil and judicial business. The conscription brought all persons of military age under its jurisdiction; impressments affected property, military domination very often infringed personal liberty and private right. There had been delay and vexation in the transaction of business.

I did not desire a conspicuous place, and every overture to place me in Mr. Davis's cabinet had been discountenanced with emphasis. I declined to go abroad. My wish was to be of use in mitigating the evils there were upon the country. I cannot make you feel how large they were.

<sup>1</sup> The original of this letter, here printed for the first time, is in the possession of Charles P. Greenough, Esq., of Boston. When Judge Campbell was imprisoned in Fort Pulaski his former associates on the Supreme Bench, Judges Curtis and Nelson, both

wrote to President Johnson, and finally succeeded in getting Judge Campbell released. This letter was written when Judge Campbell learned that Judge Curtis was making efforts in his behalf. The text of the original letter has been carefully followed.—EDITOR.

I never labored more. I do not know that any one man has suffered from any act of mine any aggravation of his calamity. I do know of large classes that experienced sympathy and assistance. When my arrest was known the leading member of the Society of Friends called on Mrs. Campbell to say that every member of the society in the district would petition for my release, and he actually carried to Washington City such a paper.

There are other testimonials equally grateful to my feelings. I resigned twice and attempted to do so at other times. But there were considerations that would not allow me to press the offer. I did not hold to the office from avarice, for the annual salary was never worth \$500 in specie, and became at last just \$100. When I entered the office I supposed I might become useful in the settlement of a peace if I were connected with the Government. There was no opportunity for this in 1863, and not until 1864 had nearly expired could the subject be broached with any advantage.

There were discontents with Mr. Davis, and those who desired to weaken him made use of the desire for peace to effect the object. They represented him as averse to peace and that negotiations would bring peace. None spoke of union as a basis of peace; all repudiated a disposition for peace on that basis. In 1864 I became satisfied that the resources of the Confederacy for another campaign were exhausted. The finances, recruiting of soldiers, commissariat, transportation, ordnance and ammunition, and medical supplies had all failed. None were adequate for another campaign. The Secretary of the Treasury did not make a fair and candid report in November, 1864. The unanswered requisitions amounted to \$170,000,000, and he had no means to answer them. He had issued (nearly) to the maximum limit, treasury notes, and they were at the time thirty to one as compared with specie. But his failure to supply these requisitions, and his inability to do so, prevented the making of requisitions for \$250,000,000, which were also due. This was not regarded in his report nor provided for in his estimates or budget. I brought this matter to the attention of the Secretaries of War and Treasury and the truth was admitted. It became finally to be seen that the finances were in hopeless ruin. Treasury notes to \$400,000,000 had been issued; these were selling as sixty to one for specie at the treasury. The supply of specie 15th February was \$750,000; bonds and certificates of deposit were not salable, taxes were difficult of collection, and irritation and discontent existed because the outstanding indebtedness was not liquidated. The estimates of the year for the War Department were \$1,337,000,000 in Confederate bills and the restriction on issues not taken off.

The condition as to men was nearly as bad. In April, 1862, conscription embraced those between 18 and 35; in October, 1862, those between 35 and 40 were added; in July, 1863, those of 40 and 45 were added; in February, 1864, those between 17 and 50 were added; all men who had placed substitutes in service were called for and exemptions were curtailed. During the war there had been exemptions and details for civil and industrial service. Manufactures, mechanical and agricultural employments, were sustained by details, but in October, 1864, a sweeping order of revocation was made. This order evinced extreme

weakness; it carried despondency and dismay among the people. It did not serve to recruit the army—the supply of men was exhausted.

The army was reduced by desertions, and these now became more numerous and from a better class of men. The difficulties of the time led to desertions from the workshops and manufacturing establishments. The commissariat experienced the pressure of the time earliest among the bureaux. Supplies were hoarded. Sales were refused for bonds, and certificates and bills could not be had. Impressment could not be relied on. The army was for most of the time on half-rations, and the largest supply at Richmond and Petersburg during the whole winter was a supply of six days.

The transportation was almost exhausted. The Piedmont road, through Danville and Greensborough, North Carolina, became the principal channel of communication. Its entire capacity was 192 tons daily, and the daily demand of the army was 120 tons. The road was put out of repair three days during the winter by rains, and we had to ask the citizens of Richmond for flour from their reduced family supplies, and the 1000 barrels obtained cost \$650,000. In the same woful condition was the transportation by animals. The facts in regard to arms, ammunition, medical supplies, etc. disclose a similar condition of ruin.

You would suppose there could be no difficulty in convincing men under such circumstances that a peace was required. But when I look back upon the events of the winter, I find that I was incessantly employed in making these facts known and to no result.

A committee of Congress was appointed to examine the state of the commissariat; was informed of it and did not report. The President was called upon to afford knowledge of finances, recruiting, etc.—in a word, the state of the Confederacy,—and did not answer. Letters were addressed on single portions of the deficiency and no heed was taken of them.

In December I wrote to Judge Nelson a letter inviting an interview with him, and asking that Messrs. Ewing, Stanton, or yourself might come. I obtained a license to write this letter and to have this communication.

There were for discussion, as the issue of the war, the questions of union, slavery, confiscation, pains and penalties, forfeitures for taxes, limits of western Virginia—in fact, all civil society in the Confederacy was involved. I supposed that with these intelligent and sober-minded men the embarrassments and perils of the condition could be mitigated. I was then fully disposed for peace. I have never had a reply to the letter, though I was told there was one. In lieu of this there came Francis P. Blair.

He duped Mr. Davis with the belief that President Lincoln regarded the condition of Mexico with more concern than the war; that he would be willing to make a suspension of hostilities under some sort of collusive contract, and to unite Southern and Northern troops on the Rio Grande for the invasion of Mexico, and that after matters were assured in Mexico affairs might be adjusted here. This was the business at Hampton Roads. I was incredulous, Mr. Hunter did not have faith. Mr. Stephens supposed Blair to be "the mentor of the Administration and Republican party."

We learned in five minutes that the assurances to

Mr. Davis were a delusion, and that union was the condition of peace. I had always supposed this to be the case, and had refused all discussions on the subject of negotiation unless that condition was first admitted. I had never regarded a peace on that basis as inadmissible; but, on the contrary, was firmly persuaded that the programme of independence had failed with the loss of the Chesapeake Bay, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers, and the coasts of the Carolinas.

The change in the conditions of the war by the confiscation acts and proclamation unquestionably prolonged it. When I came from Hampton Roads I recommended the return of our commission or another commission to adjust a peace. I believed that one could be made upon the concession of union and the surrender of slavery, upon suitable arrangements. I so advised my colleagues. I wrote to Governor Graham of North Carolina a careful letter explaining all my views, for exhibition to his brother senators. A committee was raised to wait on Mr. Davis (Graham, Hunter, Orr) and conversations were had with him. This failed. I then wrote a careful review of all the conditions of the military service and of the financial and political state of the country, and recommended a negotiation for peace on the basis of union, as necessary. This was addressed to General Breckinridge. It was submitted to General Lee, and reports from the Commissary-General, Quartermaster-General, and Chief of Ordnance obtained, and the whole placed before Mr. Davis. This led him to ask Congress to repeal their resolution to adjourn. He submitted these in a secret message, without note, comment, or exposition, and at the same time submitted a public message, scolding Congress for delay and inattention and urging a vigorous prosecution of the war and the adoption of the following measures:

1. Suspension of habeas corpus.
2. Organization of militia.
3. To raise \$3,000,000 in gold.
4. To impress without cash payments.
5. To modify the law as to the use of detailed men.
6. Arm slaves.

The four last were granted, and could not have affected, and did not affect, our condition in the slightest measure.

No notice was taken of the secret message. The Congress replied with tartness to the charges as to delays and inattention, and retorted the charges. Governor Graham was ready with resolutions for negotiations, but the conduct of Mr. Davis indisposed others to consider them.

There seemed to be a superstitious dread of any approach to the one important question of settlement by negotiation. Mr. Davis, with the air of a sage, declared that the Constitution did not allow him to treat for his own suicide. All that he could do would be to receive resolutions and submit them to the sovereign States; that his personal honor did not permit him to take any steps to make such a settlement as was proposed. The result is, that each citizen of the Confederacy is making his separate treaty on the basis of President Johnson's merciful amnesty proclamation.

I have stated to you the facts. I do not pretend to have done more than to accept conditions that were inexorable, and to endeavor to stop the effusion of blood, and to husband the remnants of the resources that had not been consumed by the war. This I did with more urgency, and a more consistent and definite purpose

than any other, I believe. The idiosyncrasy of one man defeated the design. It would not be proper to speak of Mr. Davis in his present circumstances with any harshness. I do not believe for a moment that he participated in the plot to destroy Mr. Lincoln. His humanity, pride, sense of his own reputation and character, tenacious observance of the rules he esteems important, not to take into account his religious and moral principles of action, forbid me to believe this without strong and direct proof. But he was unfitted to manage a revolution or to conduct an administration. Slow, procrastinating, obstructive, filled with petty scruples and doubts, and wanting in a clear, strong, intrepid judgment, a vigorous resolution, and a generous and self-sacrificing nature, he became in the closing part of the war an incubus and a mischief.

I decided to abide the fate of Richmond—an inevitable fate; General Lee could neither hold it nor move away from it. His ruin was sealed, and with that the fate of the Confederacy. This I stated in the letter referred to; I told the Secretary of War I should remain, and should take an opportunity to see Mr. Lincoln, if possible. I would like to have his authority to do so, but should do so without it.

The United States troops entered Richmond the morning of the 3d of April. The evacuation took place the night previously. There was only wanting a licentious soldiery to make the scene appalling, but the United States soldiers behaved with propriety. There was conflagration, plunder, explosions of arsenals, magazines, gun-boats, and terror and confusion.

Mr. Lincoln came to Richmond the 4th of April. I had an interview with him. I told him that the war was virtually ended, that General Lee could not hold his army together, that the public men in Virginia would aid him to restore the Union, and that he might rely on this. I urged him to adopt a course of leniency and moderation—"That when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom the gentler gamester is the soonest winner"; that I had regarded this war as one between communities, the one contending for independence, the other for continued union; that the successful party in any event should have made his success as little aggravating to the other as possible; that were independence to be won, still a close union was anticipated to be formed. I stated to him my position—that I had remained because I knew that the war was virtually over, and to perform my duty to the country.

It so happened that I was the only person who had occupied any position of prominence that did remain, and so I had to speak for Virginia what would have been more appropriate for a Virginian. I noticed this to Mr. Lincoln.

He concluded to remain until the next morning to have another interview. He made no reply to what I said at this time. The next morning I met him on the *Malvern*, Mr. G. A. Myers, an established member of the bar of Richmond, going with me, and General Weitzel being present.

Mr. Lincoln had reduced to writing his terms of peace. There were three indispensable conditions: 1. Recognition of the national authority. 2. No cessation of hostilities till this was entirely done. 3. No receding by the Executive in reference to slavery, as



manifested in his proclamation and other official papers. All other questions to be settled on terms of sincere liberality.

He agreed to release all confiscations to those States that would forthwith recognize the national authority, and proposed to charge those for the continued expenses that rejected this offer. He handed me this paper after explaining it. He spoke of pains and penalties. He said that it would not be proper to offer a pardon to Mr. Davis,—whom we familiarly call Jeff. Davis,—who says he will not take one, but that almost any one could have anything of the kind for the asking.

I replied to his remarks by urging the suspension of hostilities to treat.

I told him that the effect of such a measure would be peace on his own terms; that General Lee could not hold his army together under such circumstances; that our trouble had been to find the man or men who would take upon themselves the responsibility of action. Mr. Davis objected that he could not constitutionally make peace and destroy himself. General Lee had said that he could only make military conventions; Congress had been unwilling to act without Mr. Davis and General Lee; but that now there would be no hesitation, because the military situation was more critical and the necessity more urgent.

I submitted to him the draft of a convention I had drawn and placed before General Breckinridge and Mr. Davis as a mode to make peace on the basis of union. He assented to the existence of the difficulty, took my paper for consideration, and said he had been considering of a plan to call the Virginia legislature together that they might restore the State to the Union. He said that it was important for that legislature to do so, that they were in the condition of a tenant between two contending landlords, that the tenant should attorn to the successful party who had established his right. He said he had a government in northern Virginia, but that its margin was small and that he did not desire to enlarge it. He learned from Mr. Myers the condition of the legislature and whether it could be convened, and declared that he would make known his conclusion when he got to City Point.

In this conversation there was no effort to mystify or to overreach. I knew that General Lee's army would fall apart, or suffer a great disaster. The stores at Richmond were lost in the evacuation; there were no magazines in the country, and I did not believe that the stock saved in Petersburg could sustain his army five days if all were saved. But the fact was that he lost his supplies at Petersburg, and that his capture was compelled by the disorganized state of his army in consequence of a loss of his provisions. This had been made known as a probable consequence a month previously.

Three days after my conversation the capture of General Lee took place. In the intervening period commenced the work of fulfilling Mr. Lincoln's wishes. He consented in a letter to General Weitzel to the call of the Virginia legislature, but upon the capture of General Lee revoked the call, and the newspapers, with their usual and characteristic disposition to censure, have charged upon General Weitzel and myself some impropriety. The charge against me is that of having circumvented Mr. Lincoln.

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Undoubtedly the capture of Lee made the use of the machinery I have suggested as unnecessary for the purpose of securing peace, and I have not complained of Mr. Lincoln. Whether a better plan to secure a prompt, cheerful, and complete pacification could have been suggested or has been adopted remains to be seen. I desired that the men who could control opinion and who commanded the public confidence, and who were ready to abide by the Union, should not be discarded or disfranchised, but their coöperation and aid should be received with cordiality. But I do not place any stumbling-block in the way of any other policy, and am content to have peace and pacification as they may be awarded by the conquering powers.

You are well aware that I was not a fanatical proslavery man; I had voluntarily liberated all of my slaves before the war some years. In 1847 I had, in a review on slavery in the "Southern Quarterly Review," advocated as a duty the amelioration of the law of slavery and proposed the establishment of the legal relations of slaves in the family on a firm foundation, and the removal of restraints on voluntary emancipations, on education, and to abolish all sales under legal or judicial orders or process. In articles on the same subject, and in conversation, I agreed that amelioration was a duty and necessity. In 1860-61 some of the Southern papers called me an abolitionist.

I agree too that President Lincoln's proclamation was one of that class of measures that determine the policy of a people for weal or woe. In the state of the world's opinion there could not be a step backward. Mr. Lincoln felt this, and one of his conditions of peace was "no receding by the Executive" from his position, and his explanation was his promise never to recede.

We have now to test the wisdom of the measure. In regarding the subject of slavery in former years, I have esteemed as the greatest calamity that could befall the country the introduction of emancipation except through the agency of the State governments; that the conditions of the society should be ameliorated by the society itself. I have uniformly admitted that there was a fatal error in supposing that the perils of the South were to be obviated by political or party arrangements at Washington. The remedy was in a social amelioration at home, commencing in the manner indicated in the article in the "Review" and others of a similar nature.

But the precise evil before us is emancipation by the armed force of States not holding slaves and who have enlisted in their armies probably one-sixth of the virile population of slaves as auxiliaries.

Whether prosperity will follow from this disturbance of the society is the difficult problem before us, and surely it is one that will task all the faculties of our peoples and the best qualities of their nature. It does seem to me it is a sufficient burden, and that the conquest is sufficiently embarrassing without the enforcement of the laws that Mr. Seward stated to me at Hampton Roads were the offspring of the most vehement passion in time of war. Mr. Burke, in his tract on the Policy of the Allies, has exposed with his characteristic clearness the rules by which statesmen may compose the elements of a state torn by revolutionary factions and plunged in the worst excesses of civil war. In his speech on Conciliation of America he developed

counsels for enlightened patrial statesmen, who would soothe the discontents in an empire and to preserve it from war. I should rejoice to see these adopted in the present crisis.

I was arrested the 22d of May, at 10 P.M., under a short, abrupt order from the War Department. I was at home, where I had been since the evacuation of Richmond, and expected no evil and thought none. I remained on the gunboat (*Mosswood*) in James River before Richmond a few days, and after an hour's notice was sent to this fort. I saw in the report of the military court a letter that had an indorsement of mine. I supposed it possible that this had something to do with my arrest. I addressed General Ord, commanding at Richmond, a letter of explanation, and requested that copies might be sent to Mr. Stanton and Mr. Holt. But I am still here. The officers are courteous and considerate and I suffer no indignity. But I should be glad to know why I am arrested and detained.

My affairs greatly need attention. Without any fault my fortune has been nearly exhausted. An explosion that took place at Mobile has put in ruins that upon which I depended to support my family. I earnestly desire to labor in their behalf. With kind remembrance to your daughter,

I am your friend,

J. A. Campbell.

HON. B. R. CURTIS, BOSTON, MASS.

Maria Mitchell.

WHATEVER is most characteristic and strongest in the New England type was perceived at once in Maria Mitchell. To those who are not well acquainted with that type she would have appeared perhaps a little hard and brusque. But in the genuine New England character there is always a depth of tenderness which can be depended on to appear when most wanted, and that quality was not lacking in her. She was especially fond of children, and a welcome friend to them, because at once they felt in her the sincerity which was the keynote of her whole being. Those who had only revered and respected her learned to love her after seeing her with children. Respect she always commanded, not only from those who knew her, but from strangers. I remember being impressed with this power when I heard her rebuke a rough man who undertook to smoke in an omnibus; the absolute fearlessness, the plain straightforward telling of the truth that he had no right to do this and that he infringed on the rights of others, and his instant obedience to her request, made an impression upon me which never can be forgotten.

The New England characteristics were perhaps intensified in her by the Quaker training and home influence. Those who were at Vassar during the first years of the college must all remember the silent "grace" at table, which was a tribute of respect to the old father brought to live there by his daughter as one condition of her accepting the call to a professorship. The bond between her and her father was unusually strong, and the two had a happy home together in the observatory building till the old man died. After that time Miss Mitchell still lived there, having some one of her students as a companion, so that her life was, whenever she chose to make it so, quiet and solitary in the company of her telescope and surrounded by

her professional work. The special students in astronomy were never very many, but her influence was not confined to them. She took her meals in the large hall and was familiar with all the students, and wherever she appeared there blew a fresh breeze of genuine life. Clear and strong and pure as the sea breeze over the south shore of her native island, her personality made itself felt, sweeping away all tendency to the sickly sentimentality which is apt to be found where many girls are congregated, and to the flattery of which so many women teachers weakly yield. Her absolute truthfulness of character never failed to find and fortify the honest intent, never missed striking and banishing all affectation. No girl could come before her without being self-judged. Such a presence is of inestimable value in a college like Vassar.

Nothing was more characteristic of her than the way in which she accepted the position and the salary offered her, without ever thinking to inquire whether the salary was the same as that given to the other professors. It was the chance to work that she wanted, the chance for influence in one of the first colleges for women. The money she was to receive was a minor consideration, and quite as characteristic was her indignation when, after being there for a considerable time, her attention was at last called to the fact that she, a mature woman, with a European fame, was receiving a salary less than that paid to some of the professors who were young men, almost entirely without experience, and quite destitute of reputation. The indignant protest, which then called for an equal salary, was not a personal affair. She flamed out in behalf of all women, and of abstract justice, with a glow which forced an immediate increase in salary. The excuse for this injustice must be found first in the fact that, at the time when Vassar College was established, women had not proved what they can do in professional lines, and, second, in the very conservative influences which guided the policy of the institution. In her religious belief Maria Mitchell was attached to one of the so-called most liberal sects. The children of the old Quaker families of Nantucket generally went over to the Unitarians if they departed from the strict faith of their fathers, so that in this matter also she was almost if not quite alone at Vassar. But she was appointed on the ground of her reputation as an astronomer, and fortunate was it for the college that the question of her religious belief was not raised till after her appointment.

The absolute truth which, as I have said, was the keynote of her character, could not fail to make her teaching thorough, for a love of truth is one and the same, whether in the intellectual or the moral sphere. But, as with all true teachers, it was the force of her personal character that acted most upon the young women with whom she came in contact. No one of them but was lifted and strengthened by her strength, sincerity, and single-heartedness. It was difficult for her to use diplomacy in never so small a degree, and what skill in it she did gain was the outcome of long years of experience, and she never employed it without a mental protest. She gave the New England stamp to whatever work she touched, and the lines of influence she has left on many characters are as indelible as those on the rock surfaces of New England's granite hills.

Anna C. Brackett.

## The Single Tax on Land Values.

In your issue for July you publish, under the title "Confiscation no Remedy," a letter from W. M. Dickson of Cincinnati, Ohio. Pray grant me the opportunity to answer briefly the objections raised.

Your correspondent says: "In his book Henry George clamors boldly for the confiscation of the land; for its seizure by the state without compensation to the owner. But of late, in his paper and speeches, he would reach this confiscation indirectly, by imposing upon land the whole weight of taxation."

Far from having advocated any such measures in "Progress and Poverty" as those here attributed to him, Henry George expressly protests against them. In Book VIII., Chapter II., on page 364, he gives the keynote of his theory: "I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private right to property in land. The first would be unjust, the second needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. Let them buy and sell, and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent." No further comment is needed.

Next your correspondent states that at present the land in Ohio, his native State, pays about one-third the taxes, and improvements and personal property two-thirds; that to place this whole burden of taxation on land would greatly decrease its value and throw such of it as was not worth the tax on the market. The single tax on land values would undoubtedly act just as described—and *that is its object*. But your correspondent jumps at the conclusion that, this being so, the farmers would be most injured and would enlist in a body against the tax on land values; and probably knowing that the farmers constitute fifty per cent. of our population, he continues: "Hence, whatever its theoretic merits may be, George's plan is outside of practical politics. It is simply impossible."

This is a statement, but not an argument. The farmer is as good as any other citizen, but no better, and he is entitled to no special consideration, or special legislation. Nor is land in the country, whether under cultivation or not, any different, economically considered, from land in the city used for building sites. Land is land, and the taxation on its value will fall no heavier on the farmer than upon the manufacturer, or importer, or other citizen. On the contrary, being on land values, most of the tax will be paid where the value is highest—in cities, in mining districts, and upon land held under franchises. But your correspondent having from sentimental reasons selected the farmers (of Ohio) as a standard by which to test the justice of the measure, let us examine the effect the introduction of the single tax upon land values would have upon their condition.

There are three kinds of farmers in Ohio, as elsewhere:

*First.* Those who lease their farms and pay rent, in money or in produce.

*Second.* Those who fondly believe they own their farms, but who have them mortgaged.

*Third.* Those who own their farms free from all incumbrances.

The first class may be dismissed at once, for they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. They would pay their rent to the state in place of paying the landlord, and would be relieved of all the direct personal taxes and the indirect revenue and tariff taxes that they now pay upon everything they consume, from lumber, salt, and woollens through the whole category down to the Bible.

The second class is really part of the first class; for if their farms are mortgaged they do not own them to that extent, but are actually paying rent, and so far belong to the first class, and would enjoy the same advantages under the single tax. Another great and direct gain would be, that to start in life they would not be compelled to invest a large sum of money to buy a farm, but could lease it from the state for a moderate sum annually, and enjoy the same security of tenure as now under private ownership of land. The temptation to buy more land than they can cultivate, for speculative purposes only, thus making themselves land-poor, would also be removed. Inasmuch as they own their land clear of all incumbrance, they would belong to the third class.

This third class, holding their land free of all incumbrance, would of course, with the rest of the community, be relieved of all the direct and indirect taxes. Then it should be remembered that they now pay an annual tax not only on their land but also on their improvements. This tax, which now increases every year the more they improve their property, would be entirely removed. And, finally, consider the following:

In the census of 1880 these figures are given for the State of Ohio: Assessed valuation of real estate, \$1,093,677,705. And in another part of the same census: (Real) value of farms in Ohio, including land, fences, and buildings, \$1,127,497,353.

It will be seen from these figures that *all* the real estate of the State of Ohio was assessed at less than the *real* value of all the *farms* and their improvements, leaving out all city lands and mining lands, which are by far the more valuable. Two reasons or explanations exist for this: first, the undervaluation of improved property, which is practiced everywhere more or less, but especially in the large cities; and, secondly, the entire absence from or nominal valuation upon the tax-lists of tracts of unimproved farm lands. These two facts are notorious, and result in the shifting upon the shoulders of the working farmer of taxes that should be paid or shared by land speculators, city property holders, and corporations.

We therefore confidently assert that, by taking all taxes from improvements, by removing all existing direct and indirect taxes, by assessing all land at its full value, whether improved or unimproved, and by taxing all land values to the extent of their rental value, the taxes of the farmers of the third class also would be less than they are at present, and that they would for the first time get the full return of their labor. This is self-evident when we consider that under the single tax upon land values the farmer would pay *no* taxes whatever except the rent of his bare land, and that being based upon the natural advantages he enjoyed, he could *always* afford to pay. All this is more ably discussed in "Progress and Poverty," Book IX., Chapter III.

As to believing that the single tax is a cure for all

ills that flesh is heir to, Henry George does not assert, nor has he ever asserted, it. He does believe that the land monopoly is the greatest of all monopolies, and that it should be the first attacked; but the social benefits to be derived from an introduction of the single tax are so numerous and so far-reaching that even a partial enumeration of them seems indeed like setting up a claim for a panacea.

And here is Mr. Dickson's solution of the social question: "The remedy is restraint, pruning, regulation, not confiscation." But this, instead of being a remedy, is exactly what we have been doing for centuries. No! decidedly other measures are necessary.

First of all, we must stop the restraining, pruning, regulating work of those unjust laws which take from one to give to another; which in violation of the spirit of our Constitution create a privileged class. And after that we must give all the same opportunity to that element *land*, which is as much a matter of necessity to man as air. This will be doing justice; and this the single tax on land values will accomplish, by killing land speculation and practically restoring the land to the people, without disturbing security of titles or tenure.

*William S. Kahnweiler.*

NEW YORK.

#### Country Roads.

THE average country road as at present maintained and repaired is a constant source of unnecessary expense to taxpayers and an almost constant vexation to travelers. At its best the dirt road is good for only a few months in the year, and those months the time when the farmer—the man most interested in good country roads—is using his horses on the farm. In the fall, winter, and early spring, when the great bulk of teaming is to be done, the roads are in bad shape, except when kind Providence sends a snow that makes "good sleddin'." Bad roads mean small loads, and small loads mean to the farmer proportionately small profits. I know many and many a farm where the saving in time from hauling larger loads, the saving in wear and tear of horseflesh, wagons, and harness, would over and over again pay for the increased initial cost of a good macadam road.

Made of the best dirt obtainable, applied under intelligent supervision, and kept in order with proper road-making tools, the dirt road never is entirely satisfactory. What, then, can be expected of the quality of roads made of the material most easily obtained, applied by men ignorant of the first principle of road-making, working without proper tools, and supervised either by men equally ignorant, or not at all?

The true remedy for poor dirt roads is good macadam; but with no greater expenditure of money than now, the present roads might be vastly improved. The road tax should be paid in cash: the system of loading out the tax under pretense of "working the roads" should be abolished. This money should be expended under the immediate supervision of one man for each township, selected for a knowledge of road-making, and put under bonds for the faithful performance of his duties. This would introduce into the system the element of responsibility, which is sadly lacking at present, and to the lack of which are due many of the abuses of the present methods. One man hiring his labor where he pleased, and paying cash for a day's

work, would get considerably more done for the money than a dozen or fifteen roadmasters working out the tax in conjunction with their neighbors and fellow-farmers.

Proper tools should be provided to work with. Road-scrappers are almost unknown in many country districts, and plows and shovels are the tools most commonly used. Very good road-scrappers can be bought to-day for only two or three times the cost of a good plow, and two men, two horses, and a road-scraper will do the work of an equal number of horses and ten men with plows and shovels, and do it better.

Only the best obtainable materials should be used in repairing the roads—gravel when possible, and when not, the dirt most nearly approaching it in quality. The use of "gutter-wash," sods, and stones larger than two inches in diameter should be forbidden. I have seen roads, "mended" with sods, that were for weeks impassable at any gait faster than a walk, and I have seen holes in the road-bed filled with large stones that were a nuisance for years.

The roads should be worked at proper times. The need of the dirt road is little repairs often made. The common practice is to do almost all the work just after "corn-planting." This is wrong, for two reasons: it is too late for the best results, and too much is done at one time. Six inches of earth or gravel will make a far better road if put on in layers of, say, two inches at intervals of a month or so, than will the entire amount applied at once. Just as soon as the roads are settled in the spring, and before they have become dry and hard, the scraper should be put to work leveling and filling the ruts worn during the winter, and slightly rounding the road-bed towards the center. The ground being still moist, and not compact as at the usual time of doing this, the work can be done more easily and rapidly and the road will pack better. Later, a light coat of earth or gravel, to be followed by another when the first becomes packed hard, and this in turn by a third if possible. Lastly, in the fall the entire road should be gone over to see that all gutters and bridges are free, that the road may not be washed out by winter storms and spring rains. All mudholes of course should be filled promptly at all times so that no water may stand in the road, and loose stones should be removed at least once a month.

The usual time for cutting brush—August—seems right, but some reform is needed in the way of doing it. The brush should be cut close down to the ground, and not, as often is the case, cut a foot or more above it, leaving long unsightly stubs to sprout the ensuing spring. It should be piled at once, and burned when sufficiently dry. Under the present system I have seen brush cut, left as cut, the next year's growth cut over the top of that, and the resulting tangle abandoned the third year.

With some such system as this I have sketched, the application to the road work of the business rules which govern every progressive farmer in the conduct of his farm, with the work done under the supervision of a responsible man, done at the proper times instead of whenever convenient, with the proper tools and with a proper quality of earth, by men who were compelled to give a day's work for a day's pay, the dirt road could be made not good, but vastly better than it is. But at its best the dirt road is a costly one to repair:



its only redeeming feature is its comparative initial cheapness, and in the long run repairs even this up. Country communities are apt to complain of the first cost of the macadam road, while annually spending millions of dollars and moving countless tons of earth, without having good permanent roads.

R. A. Learned.

#### The Iowa Experiment.

"How is prohibition working in your State?" is the question oftenest asked the Iowa man abroad. The inquirer as he listens to the story his question invites usually wears upon his face a peculiar expression which translated into words would read, "I acquit this man of intent to mislead, but my private opinion is, he's romancing." A rather skeptical acquaintance of mine in the East recently said to me, "Your story of empty jails, flourishing schools, and homes of thrift and comfort that were not there before, sounds like one of Washington Gladden's fascinating dreams of an ideal 'Christian League'; but don't you think you'd find it rather difficult to verify your statements with facts and figures drawn from official sources?"

Leaving to others the picturesque features of the subject, let me lay before the readers of *THE CENTURY* a few suggestive "facts and figures drawn from official sources"—some of the results of an investigation suggested by my practical friend's inquiry.

Permit me to say, in passing, that Iowa, far from being "a commonwealth of temperance cranks," as an Eastern journal has it, is a commonwealth of "plain people"—to borrow a phrase from Lincoln; people who do their own thinking, and have their own way of doing, and are daring enough to believe that some things can be done which the wisdom of the conservative East pronounces impossible. Taking advantage of the fact that we have no great centers of population to dictate our policies and load us down, we of Iowa have applied to the State as a whole the identical theory for handling the social evil known as the saloon which Georgia and Illinois apply to counties, and which New York applies to townships; namely, the theory that the majority shall determine whether the evil shall be tolerated and controlled, or prohibited. At a non-partisan election held in the summer of 1882, the question of prohibition *vs.* toleration was submitted to the people, and the voters of Iowa, by thirty thousand majority, declared they had no longer any use for the saloon. But the constitutional amendment which then carried had not been properly submitted, and was by our Supreme Court declared invalid. A disappointed majority then turned to the State legislature for relief, and in the spring of 1884 a prohibitory law was passed. The legislatures of 1886 and 1888 sustained the law and strengthened it by amendments. Thus steadfastly have the people sustained the prohibition, anti-toleration method of handling the saloon.

"But you will not deny the fact that there have been saloons in Iowa during all these years of prohibition? You cannot truthfully say there are no saloons in your State at the present time?"

The outlawed saloon does still linger on our borders; still maintains a precarious, characterless, hole-in-the-wall existence in many of our cities; but its social and

political prestige is gone, and in at least 70 of the 99 counties in the State there cannot be found an open saloon.

Seven years have elapsed since the voters of Iowa formally withdrew their sanction from the saloon. Five years have passed since the voters of Iowa, through their representatives, outlawed the saloon. Is there anything in the present situation to warrant a return to the toleration policy? Let us turn to the figures and see what they say on the subject.

I am indebted to Hon. Frank D. Jackson, Secretary of State, for advance sheets of the "Official Register of Iowa" for 1889. From this source, and by comparison with reports of other years, I discover that the total expense of the counties of Iowa, "on account of criminal prosecutions," was in 1882, the year in which the prohibitory amendment carried, \$401,431.18. In 1883 the total expense of criminal prosecutions was reduced to \$361,173.78. In 1884, presidential year, there was a slight increase in criminal expenses. In 1885 and 1886, years marked by the return of the outlawed saloon and a consequent reign of lawlessness, there was a large increase, the total in the year last named being \$421,024.31. In 1887, the year following the passage of the Clark (enforcement) law, the criminal expenses were reduced to \$282,877.66; and in 1888 they aggregated \$300,424.06 for ten months.

Compare the record of "leading crimes" in 1888 with the same in 1882. In 1888 there were 94 convictions for assault, 13 for breaking and entering, 47 for burglary, 13 for forgery, 13 for gambling, 42 for keeping a gambling-house, 148 for larceny, 9 for murder, 6 for manslaughter, 190 for keeping a nuisance, 59 for selling intoxicating liquors; total, 634. In 1882 there were 188 convictions for assault, 18 for breaking and entering, 78 for burglary, 30 for forgery, 14 for gambling, 41 for keeping a gambling-house, 215 for larceny, 14 for murder, 1 for manslaughter, 658 for keeping a nuisance, 25 for unlawfully selling intoxicants; total, 1282—more than double that of 1888.

A few weeks ago I met Warden Barr, of the Anamosa Penitentiary, on his way to Fort Madison with a load of prisoners, under orders from Governor Larrabee to take these men from the State quarries to the State shops. I learned that the transfer was ordered in response to a loud call from Warden Crossley, of the Fort Madison Penitentiary, for more hands to enable him to comply with certain contracts for labor into which the State had entered with certain manufacturers. The circumstance led me to write Governor Larrabee for information as to the comparative number of prisoners in our penitentiaries this year and in previous years. From our chief executive I learn that the monthly average of prisoners in the two penitentiaries in 1886 was 696; in 1887 it was 667, and in 1888 it was 607. On the last day of September, 1888, the end of the fiscal year, there were but 535 prisoners in both penitentiaries. I am informed by those who have investigated the subject that no other State in the Union, unless it is Vermont, has as small a percentage of convicts as has Iowa at the present time.

But, going back to the counties, what say our judges? Here is a small pamphlet containing the answers of forty-one district and superior-court judges to a number of questions put to them by Governor Larrabee, one of the inquiries being as to the expediency of re-

pealing the prohibitory law. I find that of the forty-one, 4 favored repeal, 9 were non-committal, and 28 were of the opinion that the law should stay. Let me quote several specially significant passages from these letters.

Judge Traverse, Bloomfield: "My experience is that, wherever saloons are closed, crime is diminished."

Judge Harvey, Leon: "It has reduced crime at least one-half, and the criminal expenses in like ratio."

Judge Lewis, Sioux City: "The law is as well enforced as any other, and has decreased criminal expenses at least two-thirds."

Judge Deemer, Red Oak: "In many of the counties the jail is getting to be almost an unnecessary building, and in the last three counties I visited there was not an occupant."

Judge Carson, Council Bluffs: "When in the senate I favored local option, but I am now satisfied the statute should stand."

Judge Thornell, Sidney: "I should regard its repeal as a calamity."

Judge Bank, Keokuk: "This was the first and only term in my recollection that there was no criminal business transacted in court."

Judge Wilson, Creston: "I was not in favor of the law, thinking that high license would work better. I have carefully watched its workings and am convinced that I was wrong."

Judge Wakefield, Sioux City: "As the saloons were driven out, other business came in to occupy the vacant places."

Judge Wilkinson, Winterset: "Crime and criminal expenses have been lessened."

Judge Johnson, Oskaloosa: "The effect of the prohibitory law has been to reduce very materially crime and criminal expenses in this district."

Judge Kavanaugh, Des Moines: "It has decreased crime over 50 per cent. and added largely to individual happiness."

Judge Granger, Waukon (now of the Supreme Bench): "The closing of the front door of the saloon, whereby it is destroyed as a place of social resort, has canceled nine-tenths of the drunkenness. . . . Our grand juries have comparatively nothing to do. . . . Our criminal expenses since the closing of the saloons have been comparatively nominal."

But roving correspondents for journals in the large cities about us inform their readers that prohibition is killing, or has killed, Iowa. Let us see for ourselves.

The census of 1880 gave our State a population of 1,624,615. The State census of 1885 put the population at 1,753,980—an increase of 129,365. The fact that there has been a decided increase in population since the last census (in 1885) is shown by comparison of the vote of 1884 with that of 1888. The total vote of Iowa in 1884 was 377,153, while that of 1888 was 404,130; an increase of 26,977—an estimated increase of 134,885 in four years.

Iowa years ago won, and has never since lost, the honor of having less illiteracy in proportion to population than any other State in the Union. But note the educational progress she has made during these six years of prohibition. In 1883 there were 11,789 school-houses in Iowa; in 1884, 11,975; in 1885, 12,285; in 1886, 12,444. The value of these school-houses was, in 1883, \$10,473,147; in 1886, \$11,360,472. State Super-

intendent Sabin's report to the last Iowa legislature begins thus: "It is gratifying to be able to report a most satisfactory and prosperous condition of education throughout the State. The past two years have been years of increased interest, activity, and growth."

. . . The number of school-houses has been increased by about 500, and their aggregate value by more than \$550,000. The number of teachers is increased by about 500, while our school population is 10,000 greater than the same as reported two years ago."

Another index of Iowa's increasing prosperity is the showing made by our savings-banks. The reports made to our Auditor of State show that the "total assets and liabilities" of Iowa's savings-banks were, in 1883, \$8,419,739.83; in 1885, \$9,618,866.97; in 1887, \$12,666,347.72. Auditor Lyons informs me that on June 30, 1888, the total assets, etc., of the savings-banks had increased to \$14,625,024.84. These figures show that since the adoption of prohibition the resources of these depositories of the poor man's surplus earnings have increased over six million dollars, or over 73 per cent.

Johnson Brigham.

#### A Tenor Farm.

WE are a conservative people in New England and there is plenty of idle money among us awaiting safe investment. Flaming prospectuses of riotously rich Western farm lands attract only after insistent iteration; even then, I fancy, they draw comparatively few of the hoarded dollars which have escaped the depression in "C. B. and Q." and "Atchison and Topeka." I have a plan for using these dollars on a Western farm. It is this. Let a company of capitalists buy the most fertile five hundred acres in Dakota, Kansas, or Southern California, anywhere thereabouts where land is good and the climate equable. Let them erect thereupon a set of dwellings and school-buildings, obeying in the process every sanitary law; also gymnasium, theater, and concert-hall. They should thoroughly fence their property with barbed wire. Now to people it. Let agents be sent throughout the United States in search of tenor voices, behind which are robust bodies and good average minds. Contract with the parents or guardians of these voices and bodies for their time and keep for a term of years, say six. After selecting competent agriculturists to run the farm, and a teacher of physical science,—for the farm and the gymnasium are to furnish the before-mentioned voices and bodies with healthy, normal, and discreet exercise,—get a good corps of teachers of the voice, who know their business (alas! alas! our scheme may fail at this point), another to teach music, and set them to the task of developing these voices and bodies into manly and beautiful singers. It can be done. It will pay a large dividend. Why? Because in this country there is a great cry for tenors. Twenty oratorio societies, ten societies giving high-class instrumental concerts, and scores of vocal clubs would keep the product of this tenor farm continually employed eight months out of every twelve, at from two hundred dollars to four hundred dollars per individual per engagement.

There is not one great American tenor singer. There is only one in England who is kindred to us on account of the language he speaks. Our concert audiences yearn to hear a good tenor. Look at a file of Boston Sym-

phony or New York Philharmonic programmes for the season of 1887-88; how many tenors are numbered thereon? One in Boston, where twenty-four concerts were given; none in New York. And the Boston singer was a *German*! Why is this? Because the right kind of tenors do not exist. Scores of puny, pretty, and weak voices arise to the parlor and church-quartet state of the vocal art, but for some reason go no further. The great need of the country to-day is tenors. Our tenor farm would easily pay twenty per cent.

G. H. Wilson.

#### Irish Estates.

IN the valuable and interesting article "The Temperance Question in India," published in the July

number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, on page 445 there is drawn a comparison between the tenants of "Out Stills" in India and an agent over an Irish estate which is calculated to convey a wrong impression of the management of properties in Ireland.

The author says:

He [viz., the highest bidder] has farmed the job, just as a man farms the rents of a landlord holding an Irish estate, and it is his interest to get all the money out of it he can.

Such an arrangement is certainly not the custom in Ireland; and even had it been, it would now be impossible to carry it out, since the tenants have the right to have their rents judicially fixed.

George W. Ruxton,  
J. P. County Louth, Ireland.

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### When Polly Goes By.

THIS but poorly I'm lodged in a little side-street,  
Which is seldom disturbed by the hurry of feet,  
For the flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away  
From its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;  
And I sit with my pipe in the window and sigh  
At the buffets of fortune — till Polly goes by.

There 's a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,  
And a rose in the bonnet above a bright face,  
A glance from two eyes so deliciously blue  
The midsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;  
And once in a while, if the wind 's blowing high,  
The sound of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

Then up jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.  
"She 's coming!" it whispers. "She 's here! She has passed!"

While I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down  
To catch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,  
Excited, delighted, yet wondering why  
My senses desert me if Polly goes by.

Ah! she must be a witch, and the magical spell  
She has woven about me has done its work well,  
For the morning grows brighter, and gayer the air  
That my landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair,  
And my poor lonely garret, up close to the sky,  
Seems something like heaven when Polly goes by!

M. E. W.

### The Elder Galvanism.

#### A PARABLE FOR NOVELISTS.

I, PAULUS, who love science more than money,  
Self, woman, fame, or art,  
Dissect a certain sleek, tame household bunny  
And galvanize its heart.

Comes Paula, liking science less than habit,  
Wit, beauty, youth, and flowers:  
Storms — calls me monster — wants her old live  
rabbit,  
Whose heart beats — beats — like ours!

Dora Read Goodale.



BY THE SEA.

OLD SALT. "I jes want ter give ye a pointer, young man. With that ther net sot as it is and them durned scoop nets you 're a-handlin' you 'll never catch a fish around yere in a thousand years."

### Reflections.

THE mischief of opinions formed under irritation is that men feel obliged to maintain them even after the irritation is gone.

VOTES should not be counted, but weighed.

THE small writer gives his readers what they wish, the great writer what they want.

To be content with littleness is already a stride towards greatness.

MEN are equally misunderstood, from their speech as well as from their silence; but with this difference: their silence does not represent them; their speech misrepresents them.

J. A. Macon.

## Ol' Pickett's Nell.

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool  
 Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.  
 She onct wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen  
 ('Nd better friends you never seen);  
 But now — oh, my!  
 She 's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,  
 'Nd l'arin' — she jes knows it all.  
*She's* eighteen now, but I 'm so slow  
 I 'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a week  
 Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,  
 'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,  
 Her hangin' to my jacket tight.  
 But now — oh, my!  
 She rides in Pickett's new coopay  
 Jes like she 'd be'n brung up thet way,  
 'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen —  
 Th' mostest like I ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease  
 Me fer to take her on my knees;  
 Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,  
 'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.  
 But now — oh, my!  
 She sets up this way — kinder proud,  
 'Nd never noways laughs out loud.  
 You w'u'd n't hardly think thet she  
 Hed ever see-sawed on my knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I 'd choose  
 To find a shady place 'nd snooze,  
 I 'd wake with burdocks in my hair  
 'Nd elderberries in my ear.  
 But now — oh, my!  
 Somebody said ('t wuz yesterday):  
 "Let 's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;  
 Let 's turn his jacket inside out!"  
 But Nell — she 'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd onct when I wuz dreamin'-like,  
 A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,  
 She put her arms clean round my head,  
 'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned";  
 But now — oh, my!  
 She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,  
 'Nd never onct held out her hand,  
 'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!  
 Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago  
 Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;  
 Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,  
 "Nell Pickett 's jes cut out fer Ned."  
 But now — oh, my!  
 She held her purty head so high,  
 'Nd skasely saw me goin' by —  
 I w'u'd n't dast (afore last night)  
 A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night! — Ez I wuz startin' out  
 To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;  
 'Nd, sure ez ghostes, she wuz thar,  
 A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';  
 'Nd then — oh, my!  
 She said she 'd cried fer all th' week  
 To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;  
 Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,  
 "Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars  
 'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,  
 'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,  
 Afore th' cows come home last night.  
 But now — oh, my!

Mather Dean Kimball.

## The Dialect Tale.

WE have had it in Irish and Dutch,  
 From the east, from the north, from the south;  
 The spelling is generally such  
 As to twist the most classical mouth.  
 We have meekly submitted for long,  
 We have patiently tried to pronounce  
 This language of story and song,  
 But there comes to each pound a last ounce.

O brothers, we pray and beseech,  
 If you have a "short story" to tell,  
 Put it into your everyday speech,  
 And spell as the spelling-books spell!  
 If you find it devoid of all wit,  
 If it lacketh both humor and sense,  
 If it aimeth and faileth to hit,  
 Spare, spare us the final offense!

Has the reader no rights of his own?  
 Must he read his once-loved magazines  
 In language which makes him to groan  
 With struggles to guess what it means,  
 While, haunted by similar tales,  
 He tries to compare and collate,  
 Till overtaxed memory fails,  
 And he yields to bewildering fate?

"Take care of the sense," we are told,  
 "And the sounds will take care of themselves."  
 It is time to return to the fold,  
 O fillers of library shelves!  
 If man is a savage at heart,  
 Conventions may suddenly fail,  
 And an *auto da fe* in the mart  
 Be the end of the dialect tale!

Margaret Vandegrift.

## Teddy.

TEDDY 's been to seek his fortune,  
 Been a long, long way;  
 Weary, foot-sore, and disheartened,  
 He 'll be home to-day.

Handsome, winsome, lazy Teddy!  
 Boys and girls and old cronies say  
 With ne'er a penny in his pocket  
 He 'll be home to-day.

'T was for my sake that he wanted  
 Store of wealth without delay,  
 'T is for my sake that he 's coming,  
 Coming home to-day.

Shall I frown upon poor Teddy?  
 Let his luck his worth outweigh?  
 Sure he needs a smile, I 'm thinking —  
 I 'll give him one to-day.

William Zachary Gladwin.



## THE CENTURY ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

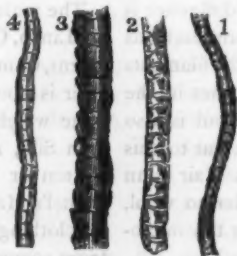


### A NEW FABRIC FOR CLOTHING.

**T**HE usefulness of the Camel as a beast of burden has always been recognized. His great strength and his ability to endure long marches without food and drink make travel and commerce possible in regions which would otherwise be inaccessible. For this reason the Camel has not inaptly been called "The Ship of the Desert."

The important part which the Camel has played in furnishing clothing for mankind is

companion in his tent life, and in his journeys across the pathless desert. It is the common belief of the Arab that it adds to his health, bodily vigor, and length of life. He claims that he feels more animation and courage and can endure more hardship and fatigue when clothed in Camel's Hair than in any other material. It is alike a shield against the scorching blasts of the day and the chilling winds of the night. Nor is this claim altogether without foundation, for an examination of Camel's



1, RUSSIA WOOL; 2, CAPE WOOL; 3, CHINA WOOL; 4, CAMEL'S WOOL

not so well understood. The art of spinning and weaving the hair of the Camel has been known to the Arab for centuries, and the Camel's-Hair blanket has been his constant

companion. It shows that it possesses the essential qualities of perfect clothing in a higher degree than any other known fabric.

Recognizing the extraordinary merit of

Camel's Hair for clothing, many efforts have been made to adapt it to the wants of civilized life, but the coarseness and harshness of the fabric as heretofore manufactured have prevented its general introduction.

#### TWO MATERIALS IN CAMEL'S HAIR.

A close examination of the hair of the Camel shows two entirely distinct materials. The outside and most prominent portion consists of long, harsh fibers which are irritating to the skin, but underneath this is a small amount of a soft, downy substance which is finer than the softest wool. The coarse fabric is used for Camel's-Hair shawls and coarse blankets; the finer portion, when perfectly

size of the garment. For this reason great care should always be exercised in washing any garment that contains wool.

#### THE MOST PERFECT CLOTHING.

Camel's Hair can either be used alone in the manufacture of clothing, or it can be combined with silk or wool. Experience proves that the most valuable and serviceable garments are made by mixing it with about equal proportions of the finest combed Australian wool. Both the Wool and the Camel's Hair are used in their natural state, without dyes or adulterations of any kind. This gives a light fawn-colored fabric, very pleasing to the eye,



SOUTHDOWN FLEECE WOOL.

separated from the coarse, furnishes a new fabric for clothing, superior to Silk, Wool, Llama, Alpaca, or any other known material.

#### DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HAIR AND WOOL.

Hair and wool are only modified forms of the same animal fiber. The chief difference is that wool is more crinkly than hair, and has serrated or jagged edges, so that the filaments of wool readily adhere to each other in the process of spinning or felting. Wool is also finer than most varieties of hair, but to this rule the finer portion of Camel's Hair is an exception. This is finer than Merino wool, and resembles it somewhat under the microscope.

The jagged edges of the wool filaments explain why it is that woolen garments full up, or shrink, when wet and rubbed. The process of rubbing causes the fibers to cling more closely together and thus diminishes the

which cannot fade, is softer than wool, and very durable.

It is suitable for clothing of all kinds, but is especially adapted for Underwear for Men, Women, and Children.

#### BEST WINTER CLOTHING.

The materials commonly used for clothing are Linen, Cotton, Silk, Wool, and, to a limited extent, Camel's Hair. Of these fabrics Camel's Hair is about 10 per cent. warmer than the same weight of wool, 50 per cent. warmer than Silk, and 100 per cent. warmer than Cotton or Linen. It will thus be seen that Camel's Hair and Wool are the best articles for clothing for cold weather, with the advantages somewhat in favor of Camel's Hair.

#### PROTECTION AGAINST COLDS.

One reason for the superiority of Camel's Hair and Wool is that they are more por-

ous to moisture than Silk or Cotton. If a person wearing Silk or Cotton underwear perspires, the garment is soon saturated with moisture, so that he feels wet and uncomfortable. Under these conditions, if a draft of cold air strikes the body, the result will be a cold, neuralgia, rheumatism, or perhaps pneumonia. With Camel's-Hair underwear the perspiration is carried *through* the garment and evaporation goes on from the *outer surface*, the garment itself remaining dry. This preserves an even temperature of the body and prevents taking cold.

## BEST SUMMER CLOTHING.

This property of Camel's Hair and Wool makes them valuable for summer clothing as well as winter. In summer the body is kept cool by free perspiration from the skin, and this is less interfered with by light garments of loose texture like Camel's Hair and Wool than by those of Cotton or Linen. They are especially important for invalids, whose very life often depends upon their ability to keep

culty, especially if they will persevere in its use for a few days until after it is washed.

## CAMEL'S HAIR NOT LIKELY TO SHRINK.

Camel's-Hair garments are also less likely to shrink in washing than those made of all-Wool, though great care is always needed in washing any garment which contains wool. It is well known that a mixture of Cotton and Wool shrinks less than all-Wool. This is equally true of a mixture of Camel's Hair and Wool. The objection to the Cotton mixture is that the presence of the Cotton is a detriment to the fabric, while the cheapness of Cotton is a constant temptation to the manufacturer to increase the amount, so that the so-called mixtures of Cotton and Wool are usually three-fourths cotton. In the mixture of Camel's Hair and Wool, each product contributes to the value and usefulness of the garment.

## ELECTRIC QUALITIES.

Camel's Hair possesses higher electric properties than any other fabric used for clothing,



HAIR.

free from colds. Soldiers, sailors, engineers, firemen, and others who have to endure great hardships or exposure always dress in flannels.

## SOFTER THAN WOOL.

The Camel's-Hair fabric makes a softer garment than those made entirely of Wool. Many persons, especially ladies, are so sensitive that they find it almost impossible to wear all-Wool garments. Such persons can usually wear the Camel's Hair without diffi-

ranking in this quality with the fur of a cat. It is both a generator and a non-conductor of electricity. Through its generative properties the friction of the Camel's-Hair garment against the other clothing constantly produces electricity, and this serves to stimulate the healthy action of the skin and to increase the vital forces of the body. As a non-conductor of electricity, Camel's Hair tends to retain in the body its natural electric forces. These properties make Camel's Hair very serviceable to persons suffering from nervous complaints, and probably in some measure account

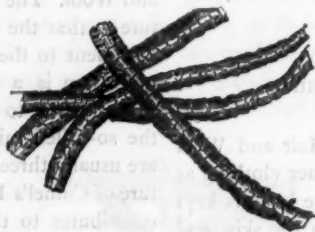
for its beneficial effect upon those suffering from rheumatism and neuralgia.

#### LIGHTER GARMENTS NEEDED.

Persons wearing Camel's Hair require much less weight of clothing than those wearing the ordinary underwear. More warmth is secured from a Camel's-Hair garment weighing eight ounces than from a garment made of other materials weighing twelve ounces. This is a

which are only wool or wool and cotton dyed to imitate Camel's Hair. Some also are made in which the coarse hairs have not been properly removed, so that they are very irritating to the skin.

By purchasing the goods manufactured by Warner Bros., you may always be sure of getting the genuine article manufactured in the best style known to the art. They make not only the usual styles of underwear, but also Night Dresses for Men, Women, and



SPANISH MERINO WOOL.

decided advantage in favor of Camel's-Hair underwear.

#### THESE GOODS ARE NOT MEDICATED.

They depend for their merit upon the healthful qualities of pure undyed, unadulterated Camel's Hair and Wool—the materials which Nature has provided from the earliest history of the world.

In purchasing Camel's-Hair garments care should be taken to get those which are genuine. Some goods are sold as Camel's Hair

Children, Combination Suits for Women and Children, Tourists' Shirts, and Ladies' Underskirts.

They also manufacture a line of very superior Pure-Wool Underwear in both white and light gray. The latter is made by mixing about 10 per cent. of the Wool of Black Sheep with the finest combed Australian Wool.

This Underwear is kept by most first-class merchants, but if you do not find it readily, send for a catalogue direct to the manufacturers, Warner Bros., 359 Broadway, N. Y., or 203 Jackson St., Chicago.







*Good morning?*  
HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?



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Becomes commercially valueless, write us and find out how advantageously

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Ask for second-hand description blank, which, filled out by you, will enable us to value your old instrument as well as if we had seen it.



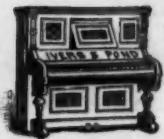
In a great business center, doing an immense business, our second-hand department is a feature of our trade, so we can allow liberally for your old piano, having twenty opportunities, where you have one, to sell or rent it.



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FOR ALL PURPOSES.

For Sale by the Trade Everywhere.



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**DORFLINGER'S**  
**AMERICAN CUT GLASS.**

GET ——— **DORFLINGER'S** IF YOU WANT  
**GENUINE CUT GLASS**  
FOR THE TABLE  
LABEL WITH ON EACH PIECE

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# HOUSE FURNISHINGS 28

## DRESDEN CHINA

Will be the leading attraction in ceramics for the coming season, and nowhere outside of the Saxon capital will there be found so large and elegant a variety of these artistic productions, in every conceivable form of service and fantasy, as at Ovington Brothers' Brooklyn Establishment.

Besides the very complete collection of table china, as plates of all sizes, tea and coffee cups of quaint form and design, bon-bon and almond trays, tea-caddies, cream-jugs and olive-bowls, Messrs. Ovington Brothers have secured a group of toilet and library novelties, some of them being reproduced from old Augustus Rex models, and others of modern design, such as boudoir candlesticks, comb and hair-pin trays, inkstands, pen-trays, vases, and ewers of artistic forms, decorated with figures in the Watteau styles, Wouverman landscapes, garlands of flowers, and bunches of roses.

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Is adopted by gas companies and large consumers because their tests have proved its value. It makes gas lighting perfect, and speedily saves its cost by preventing waste of gas.

**READ WHAT ITS USERS  
SAY OF IT.**

DEAR SIR: Replying to yours would say The Welshbach Incandescent Gas Light Co., while I was its President, used many thousands of your Volumetric Regulators, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best instrument of its kind which, in an extensive experience in the gas business, has come under my notice.

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Very truly, THE SIEMENS-LUNGEN CO.  
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Samples by mail, with full directions, 50 cents each; \$1.00 for two.

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They may be obtained from us at prices acknowledged to be reasonable.

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ORIGINAL POWER-LOOM MANUFACTURERS OF

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# HOUSE FURNISHINGS

29



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**THE BEST** article for cleaning and polishing the household Silverware.

Your address on a postal mailed to us, obtains WITHOUT CHARGE sufficient for trial, or 15 cents in stamps a full-sized box, post-paid. Sold everywhere.

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Is not worth a

### Minute's Proof

It don't take many minutes to prove that

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*will wash clothes, will clean house*—will do it well—will save you time; labor; wear and tear; will reduce drudgery; will not hurt your hands; your clothes or paint, and besides will cost you no more than common bar soap. One honest trial will prove all that. Why not accept the testimony of the millions who use it, as proof of its virtue. Among your friends you'll find those who have used Pearline for years—ask them—they will tell you "can't do without it."

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Pearline is the original Washing Compound—used by millions, but imitated by thousands who peddle their stuff or give worthless prizes. Pearline is never peddled, but sold by all grocers. 151 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.



# HOUSE FURNISHINGS 30

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Photographs sent on application.

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Send for Price-list.

Established 1844.

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If the readers of THE CENTURY will get out their old gold, or silver, old jewelry, and send it by mail or express to us, we will send them by return mail a certified check for full value thereof.

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Send for Sample.

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HAVE MANY  
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THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN  
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# HOUSE FURNISHINGS 31



Rolled crackers, passed through a Hunter Sifter, form the most delicate covering for croquettes, oysters, fish, cutlets and chops.

The Hunter Sifter is for sale at stove, hardware and house-furnishing stores.

A toy Sifter, which shows how the large Sifter works and which will amuse children, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen, and inclose six cents in stamps to

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COVINGTON, Ky.

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Ask your dealer to show them to you, and send your address to us for sample book, which we will mail, together with tape measure, if you mention this Magazine.

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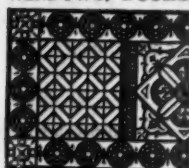
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# ARCHITECTURE & ART DECORATIONS 32

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WINDOWS, DOORS, TRANSOMS, &c.



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BY  
**R. W. SHOPPELL, ARCHITECT.**

Also Model House Designs of other  
Sizes and Costs. The most helpful  
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Correctness of all Estimates Guaranteed.



A large view (showing details), also large floor plans and a full description of the above design, and of 24 other designs, each of which can be built for \$1,000, all beautifully printed on plate paper and enclosed in a handsome cloth portfolio, will be sent by express, pre-paid, on receipt of \$2. I have a full list of classified Designs, viz:

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" " 3,000	" " 25	" " 35	" " 45	" " 55	" " 65
" " 3,500	" " 32	" " 42	" " 52	" " 62	" " 72
" " 4,000	" " 36	" " 46	" " 56	" " 66	" " 76
" " 5,000	" " 42	" " 52	" " 62	" " 72	" " 82
" " 6,000	" " 48	" " 58	" " 68	" " 78	" " 88
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Will not shrink warp or burn like woods.  
Can be put on over old broken plaster without muss or dirt.  
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# ARCHITECTURE & ART DECORATIONS 33

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Soft and Brilliant Light. No Smoke. Durable and Economical.  
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**BOLTON HOT WATER HEATER.**



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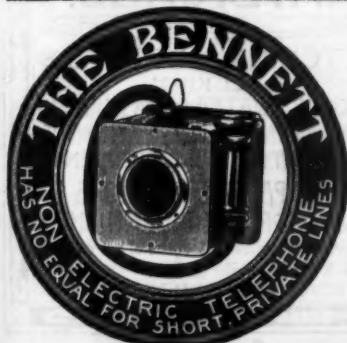
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The above goods are of the highest standard of excellence.  
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Color Makers, Varnish Makers and Paint Manufacturers,

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Lines easily erected and maintained. Thoroughly efficient, practicable and durable.

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Are the only stains that have stood the test of time.  
The only ones that do not grow chalky.  
The only ones that do not contain KEROSENE.  
They neither turn black nor wash off.  
The only ones that preserve the soft coloring effect any length of time.

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Oct., '89.

# ARCHITECTURE & ART DECORATIONS 34

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B. Walter's Patent Standard Shingles.  
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For covering public and private buildings, barns and outhouses.  
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TUBE COLORS · WATER COLORS · CRAYONS  
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**SANITARY**

PRICE COMPLETE  
ENAMELLED ALL PORCELAIN  
\$25.00 \$35.00

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## A REVOLUTION In Water Closets.

The most natural and safest way  
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**POUR IT OUT.**

The most simple, effective and common sense water closet in the world. No complicated parts to get out of order, no noisy or uncertain action, no separate tank, no hidden, inaccessible receptacle for the accumulation of filth and the generation of deadly gases and disease germs. "Diphtheria, Typhoid, Scarlet Fever and kindred diseases are in most cases traceable to defective water closets." Full descriptive pamphlets sent on application.

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# ARCHITECTURE & ART DECORATIONS 35

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This is one of the 33 designs in the new work, "Houses and Cottages." The designs range from \$300 to \$15,000; Seven under \$1000. Full description and price of material given that estimates are based upon. Are you going to build? Don't fail to see these works first. Price, \$1.00. "Cottage Portfolio" (12 designs) and "Houses and Cottages," together, \$1.25, post-paid. Address

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Designs in satinwood, mahogany, oak, cherry, etc., Louis XVI., Moorish, Japanese and other styles to harmonize with wood-work. Wood Carpeting at low cost. **THESE FLOORS ARE EASILY LAID BY A GOOD CARPENTER.** Full directions and plan with each floor. Send for Book of Designs.

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The excellencies of this flooring are so far ahead of all others that they stand no comparison. The **ONLY** flooring that does not shrink or expand with climatic changes. Patented construction, old or new houses. Any carpenter can lay it. Sample block and explanatory circular mailed on receipt of 15c. Always address, O. H. Dickinson, Box 48, Granville, Mass.

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16,000,000 Bricks Annually.

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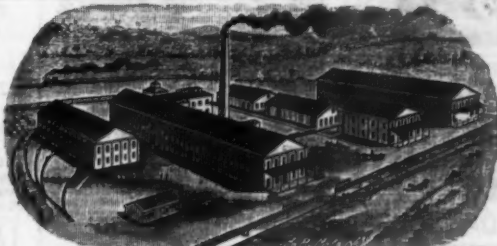
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WHICH GIVE THAT SOFT VELVETY EFFECT CONSIDERED SO ARTISTIC, AND WHICH BLENDS SO HARMONIOUSLY WITH THE LANDSCAPE.

ABSOLUTELY AN OIL STAIN, CONTAINING NO BENZINE, WATER OR CREOSOTE, AND WILL NOT WASH OFF. COSTS LESS AND MORE DURABLE THAN PAINT.

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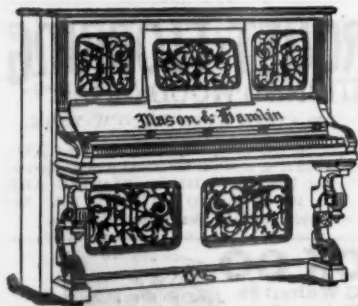
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Supplied to QUEEN VICTORIA, H. I. M. the EMPRESS EUGENIE, the ROYAL NAVY, the White Star Steamship "TEUTONIC," the Inman Steamships "CITY OF PARIS" and "CITY OF NEW-YORK," the Cunard Steamships "ETRURIA" and "UMBRIA," SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, DR. BRIDGE, DR. STAINER, the late ABBE LISZT, SAINT-SAËNS, GOUNOD, DUDLEY BUCK, S. P. WARREN, GEO. W. MORGAN, GEO. W. WARREN, W. L. TOMLINS, P. S. GILMORE, B. J. LANG, FREDERIC ARCHER, J. K. PAINE, ITALO CAMPANINI, X. SCHARWENKA, STRAUSS, and missionaries in all parts of the world. Also used in the THEO. THOMAS ORCHESTRA, METROPOLITAN OPERA CO., the CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA (Pres., H. R. H. PRINCESS MARY, DUCHESS OF TECK), WESTMINSTER ABBEY, EXETER HALL, ST. JAMES' HALL, PHILHARMONIC SOCIETIES, APOLLO CLUBS, GLEE CLUBS, and by best authorities everywhere.



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Mason & Hamlin do not hesitate to make the extraordinary claim for their pianos, that they are superior to all others. They recognize the high excellence achieved by other leading makers in the art of piano building, but still claim superiority. This they attribute solely to the remarkable improvement introduced by them in the year 1882, and now known as the "MASON & HAMLIN PIANO STRINGER," by the use of which is secured the greatest possible purity and refinement of tone, together with greatly increased capacity for standing in tune, and other important advantages.

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\$150 to \$1500

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**PRICE**  
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**They Lead the World**  
Guaranteed 8 years.  
We sell direct to families and send for trial in your own home before you buy.  
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# FURNITURE

37



In many towns the public halls are used for lectures and concerts as well as for balls and bazars. The demand is for comfortable chairs that can be taken away and put back easily.

Thomas Wise, Superintendent of Music Hall, Cincinnati, O., says: "These chairs are cheerfully recommended by me as the most comfortable and convenient our audiences have ever used. They have been removed and replaced many times each season, at very short notice, and this has been easily done by our ordinary force of janitors. For convenience in handling and storing, these chairs are not to be excelled."

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**MILLER LOCK CO.**  
Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.



**Bath Cabinet.**  
A CURE for Rheumatism, Liver and Skin Diseases, Etc.

**Rolling Chair.**  
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk.



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Our Chairs are used in the U. S. Hospitals.  
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Established 1859.



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Occupies no floor space. Has capacity of an ordinary desk thrice in size.

From the Post Whittier.

Handsome and convenient. It exactly fills a niche which has long needed it.

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The desk is very satisfactory. Its compact and commodious, and its interior arrangements are unique and attractive.

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A beautiful wall desk and a very handsome and convenient piece of furniture.

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From Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and Editor of The Christian Union.

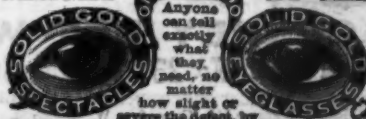
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Anyone can tell exactly what they need, no matter how slight or severe the defect, by sending for my "Rules for testing the eyes." Illustr'd catalogue and mailing box for old glasses. All sent free. **J. KENDALL SMITH,** Optician, Newark, N. J. Refer to any Banker Es. Co. in Newark

# HEATING APPARATUS 38



Hot Air Furnaces have been in disfavor with some by reason of the many imperfect constructions used. The Magee Boston Heaters will give better satisfaction at a less cost than any hot water or steam apparatus ever used. We guarantee them in every respect when properly put in; and when desirable to apply hot water it can be used in combination. Send for descriptive circulars with references.

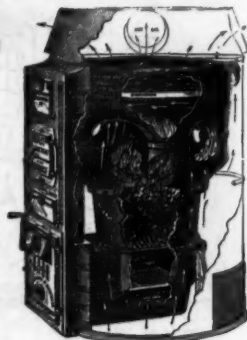
Magee Ranges and Heating Stoves have also a world-wide reputation.

## MAGEE FURNACE CO.

32 to 38 Union St. Boston. 86 Lake St. Chicago.

## WONDERFUL HEATING FURNACES.

HEATING  
Where others fail.



## Richardson & Boynton Co.

Manufacturers,

232 & 234 Water Street, N. Y.  
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Medical and Scientific experts pronounce these popular goods the best constructed Heaters possible to manufacture. Thousands in use giving excellent satisfaction.

Send for Circulars and Testimonials.

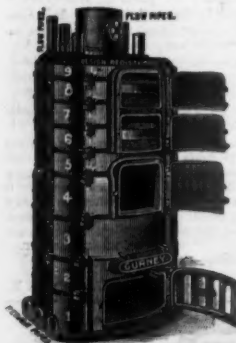
Mention THE CENTURY.

## PNEUMONIA CURED!!

"Soft, Summer-like Atmosphere had much to do with the recovery of the patient."

## GURNEY HOT WATER HEATER

Heats Churches, Schools, Convents, Public and Private Buildings.



CHICAGO, ILL., April 23, 1889.

You ask me how I like the "Gurney" heating apparatus put in my house at Downer's Grove. I like it very much indeed.

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The ease with which the heat can be regulated in the different rooms is remarkable, and this feature has recently shown its great value in my house in a severe case of pneumonia, where the physician directed the temperature of the rooms to be kept at seventy degrees, if possible, and for two weeks it did not vary two degrees. I think the soft, summer-like atmosphere much to do with the recovery of the delicate patient.

It would be difficult for me to say too much in favor of hot-water heating, as applied by the "Gurney" system, or of the careful and thorough work in putting it in.

Very truly yours, THOMAS LYMAN.

Send for "How Best to Heat our Homes and Testimonial Companion."

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Principal Office, No. 237 Franklin St. Boston, Mass.

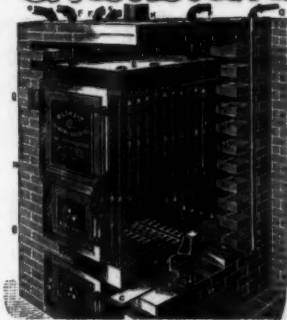
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# HEATING APPARATUS 39



## BOLTON HOT WATER HEATER.

Wrought Iron and Practically Indestructible.  
Cannot leak, having no bolted and flanged joints.  
Largest Fire Surface in proportion to grate surface.  
Vertical Circulation, rapid and free.

**BEST RECORD FOR LONGEST TIME IN COLDEST CLIMATES.**

Cheapest and Most Effective. Steadiest and Most Healthful.  
Cannot Cause Fires or Explosions. Simple and Durable.

Send for Illustrated book, "Warmth for Our Winter Homes."

**DETROIT HEATING AND LIGHTING CO.**

310 WIGHT STREET,  
DETROIT.

Manufacturers also of the  
COMBINATION GAS MACHINE.

88 LAKE STREET,  
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## WHY NOT?

Heat your Home  
With Steam or Hot Water,

USING THE

Duplex Steam Heater

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Fiske's Hot Water Heater.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue  
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Parlor Stoves, RANGES and Furnaces.



The Glenwood is the acknowledged standard ;  
thousands have been sold and the demand for  
them is constant, because of their **known** and  
tried worth. Housekeepers who desire the  
**Best** will find it in the Glenwood.

DESIGNED AND MADE BY

WEIR STOVE CO. TAUNTON, MASS.

## THE BRONSON STEAM AND HOT-WATER HEATING BOILER.

We have a record of six years.

From one of the oldest Engineers on the Erie Railroad.  
HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., April 1, 1889.

WESTON ENGINE COMPANY, Painted Post, N. Y.

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with a No. 4 Improved Portable All-Steel Boiler, and from my experience I  
have no hesitation in pronouncing it the cleanest, most easily managed, safest,  
and most economical means of heating ever brought to my notice. During  
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of August, 1888. The fire, I find, requires no more attention than that in an  
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more than once a year. I consider the Bronson improved the climax of steam  
heaters.

Very truly yours,

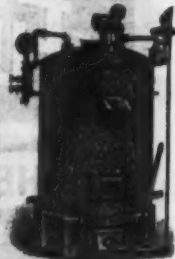
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**WESTON ENGINE CO.**

Sole Manufacturers,

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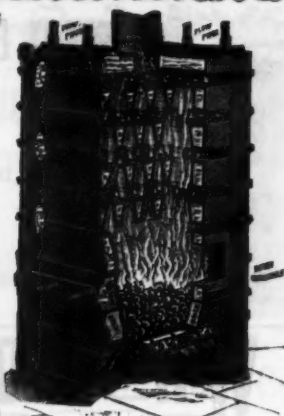
H. J. BARRON & CO. 78 Cortlandt Street, New-York, General Sales Agents for New-York City and vicinity.



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**"PERFECT"**  
TRADE MARK.  
**HOT  
WATER  
HEATER**



**FOR WARMING HOUSES, SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS,**  
*By Hot Water Circulation. Powerful, Durable, Economical,*  
Has  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times more Fire Surface, and is 10 years in advance of all others. Leading  
heating Engineers pronounce it the Best Hot Water Heater made.

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SEND for our illustrated  
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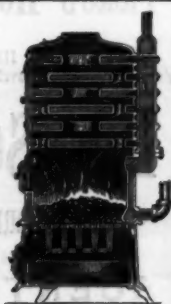
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USE **FURMAN BOILERS** FOR  
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**HERENDEN M'G CO. GENEVA, N.Y.**

Just Issued. 100 page book on modern Heating and Ventilation.  
MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.



# HEATING APPARATUS 41

**CATALOGUE SENT FREE**  
**PURE WARM AIR**  
 IN YOUR HOME, CHURCH, SCHOOL, ETC.  
 BY USING THE  
**ECONOMY HEATERS.**  
**J-F-Pease Furnace Co. Mfrs.**  
**Syracuse, N.Y.**  
**New York-Boston-Chicago.**



**COMBINATION HEATERS**  
**ECONOMY**  
**WARM-AIR FURNACES.**  
**J-F-PEASE FURNACE CO.**  
**SYRACUSE, N.Y.**  
**NEW YORK-BOSTON-CHICAGO.**  
**Send for Catalogue.**

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The temperature of the house perfectly controlled.

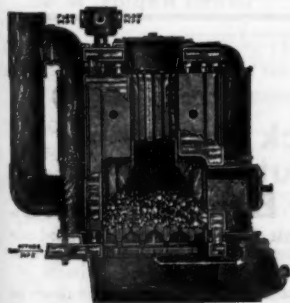
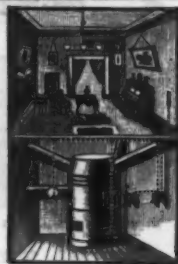
**AUTOMATIC, SIMPLE, DURABLE.**

Regulates the drafts of the furnace by the temperature of the living-rooms of the house. The operation of the device is as follows: If the temperature of the room falls below the degree for which the thermostat is set, then the draft of the furnace will be opened, and will remain open until the required degree of heat is reached. If the temperature rises above the desired degree, the regulator instantly closes the draft of the furnace and opens the check-damper in the smoke-pipe.

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If not sold by your local electrician or furnace-dealer write us for circular, prices, etc. **Agents Wanted.**

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Upright Sectional Boilers for Hot Water Heating.

**NO RESISTANCE TO CIRCULATION.**

Continuous vertical fire-box heating surface from Grate to top of Boiler.

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Engineers and Manufacturers of complete plant,  
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## THE DUNNING PATENT WROUGHT-IRON BOILER,

With Self-Feeding Coal Magazine,

IS THE BEST FOR

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**AND INSURES A WARM HOUSE NIGHT AND DAY.**

Over 14,000 in Use! Keeps Steam Up Constantly.

Also, Steam Engines and Boilers of all kinds, and Machinery Generally.

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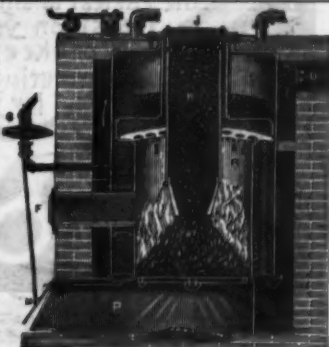
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Send for Illus. Catalogue with full description and price-list. Mention THE CENTURY.  
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Oct. '89.



TRADE MARK

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**GREATEST RADIATION & SMALLEST COAL CONSUMPTION**  
REQUIRES LEAST CARE

PALACE KING.



PALACE KING.

Send for Catalogue covering all the scientific points and Price-List.

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FOR STEAM OR WATER.  
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MORE THAN 6000 IN ACTUAL USE.

Automatic. Will carry heat all day or night. No Gas—No Dust—No Trouble—Safe—Economical. An assured success everywhere. Made in 19 sizes for Steam and 25 sizes for Water. Send for Catalogue.

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Accept no valves as JENKINS BROS. unless stamped with our "Trade-Mark," like cut.

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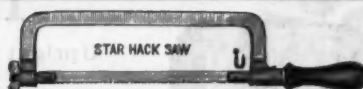
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SHEARS &  
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Will stay SHARP and cut  
the easiest of any made  
INSIST on your  
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REMEMBER THE NAME  
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The Star Hack Saw has a file temper, and one 5-cent blade will do more work than \$1.00 worth of files. It will cut off an inch square bar of steel 30 times.

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The Star Bracket Saw is taking the place of all other kinds.

None of these Star Saws are to be filed, as the price is less than the cost of filing. They are taking the place of all other saws as fast as they become known.

### PRICES:

Hack Saw Blades.									
Length.....	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.	11 in.	12 in.		
Per doz.....	\$0.35	\$0.60	\$0.65	\$0.70	\$0.85	\$0.95	\$1.05		
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Length.....	14 in.	16 in.	18 in.	20 in.	22 in.	24 in.	26 in.		
Per doz.....	\$1.08	\$1.08	\$1.20	\$1.20	\$1.32	\$1.32	\$1.44		
Bracket Saw Blades.									
No.....	000 to 6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Per gross.....	\$1.00	\$1.10	\$1.20	\$1.30	\$1.40	\$1.50	\$1.60		

For sale by most hardware dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of the price.

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"You press the button, we do the rest."

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Price, \$25.00—Loaded for 100 Pictures.

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## THE Blair's Cameras



including styles and patterns to meet the requirements of the most fastidious.

The Blair Camera Company

are not only the largest Manufacturers of Light Weight Cameras, but are the Pioneers in manufacturing of Cameras especially designed for the Amateur, and as well are dealers in General Photographic Supplies, embracing all the latest novelties.

**Transparent Films**, which are being so extensively adopted, can be used in our Featherweight Film Holders, which focus to all Blair Cameras using Glass Holders.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF "HAWKEYE" CAMERAS IN STOCK; ALL STYLES.

The Amateur Guide in Photography, Price, 25 cents. Illustrated Catalogue, 130 pages, post-paid, 10 cents.

THE BLAIR CAMERA CO.

918 Arch Street, Phila. 208 State Street, Chicago.  
471, 475, 476, 477 Tremont St. Boston (Factory).

AGENCIES:

SAMUEL FRY & Co., LIMITED, London, England.  
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## OUR CAMERAS PHOTOGRAPH THE WORLD.

15,000 sold since October, 1886.

Wonderful Photographic Inventions.

C. P. Stirn's Patent **Concealed Vest Cameras**



With the new shutter for time and instantaneous exposures, in a handsome polished black walnut, plush-lined Carrying Case.

Size No. 1, 6 in. diameter, 1 lb. in weight, fine nickel-plated apparatus, with 6 plates for 36 pictures, 1 1/4 in. diameter, \$10.00.

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This Camera is carried under the coat or vest, invisible to the eye, and is always ready and in Focus.

Our new PANORAMIC CAMERA, "THE WONDER," just out; size of box, 4x4x6 inches; makes pictures 3 1/4 inches wide, 18 inches long, \$30.00.

Any one can make his own pictures with our Cameras.

Send for new 50-page illustrated Catalogue free, or stamp for specimen Vest Camera Photograph, to  
Vest Camera in position for Time Exposure.

STIRN & LYON,

20 Park Place, New-York, U. S. A.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.  
Agents and Canvassers wanted everywhere.

# SPORTING GOODS 44

## Educate your Children



While you amuse them  
WITH **RICHTER'S**  
**ANCHOR**  
**BOXES!**

These boxes contain Real Building  
Stones in three natural colors, assorted,  
accompanied by books of beautiful designs  
in color-print. A never-ending source of  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

Mrs. F. W. Higby, Fort Madison, Iowa, writes: "We are more  
than satisfied with your Stone Building Blocks, and find them very  
interesting to the old as well as young. Our child spends hours with  
this toy."

Write to-day for the illustrated catalogue to  
F. AD. RICHTER & CO. 310 Broadway, N. Y.

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A. Wittmann, 60 Bonds St. N. Y.



**SAVE MONEY. BEFORE YOU BUY**  
**BICYCLE or GUN**  
Send to A. W. GUMP & Co., Dayton,  
Ohio, for prices. Over 400 shop-worn  
and second-hand cycles. Repairing and Nickeling  
Bicycles, Guns and Type-Writers taken in trade

NEWEST FAD IN PHOTOGRAPHY  
THE LILLIPUT CAMERA

**FUN**

**PROFIT**

**PLEASURE**

FOR OLD  
AND  
YOUNG

OUTFITS of  
EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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SOLE AGENTS for the **BEST**

**LENSES** **SOLE PROPRIETORS**

OF THE **PHANTOM, NOVELETTE,**

**FAIRY, BIJOU & CLIMAX DETECTIVE**  
**CAMERAS**

E. M. ANTHONY & Co.  
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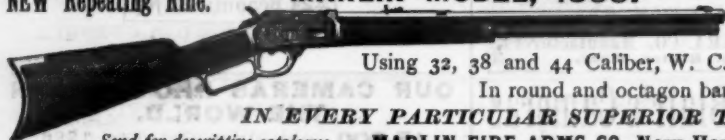
**New VINEYARD, BICYCLES**

all steel, rubber tire  
High grade—cowhorn bars, spade handles,  
Kirkpatrick saddle; warranted one year.  
50-in. worth \$25, for \$22 | 44-in. \$40, for \$32  
46-in. worth \$40, for \$37 | 42-in. \$35, for \$30  
CATA. FREE. 46-in. worth \$45, for \$25 | 38-in. \$30, for \$17  
Tangent spokes \$1 extra. Agents wanted. All other Amer-  
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ments. ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 6 G St., Peoria, Illinois.

**NEW Repeating Rifle.**

**MARLIN MODEL, 1888.**

**Weight, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs.**



Using 32, 38 and 44 Caliber, W. C. F. Cartridges.

In round and octagon barrels.

**IN EVERY PARTICULAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.**

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**MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO. New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**

No. 762.



**A PICTURE IN THE RIVET.**

**MAHER & GROSH,**  
**TOLEDO, OHIO.**

No. 762 is a very handsome, white handle penknife;  
has two good blades made to cut, and in the rivet is a  
magnifying glass, showing pictures of actresses, ballet  
dancers, etc. Price, post-paid, 48 cents; 5 for \$2.00;  
all different photos. Elegant "leg" knife, photo in  
rivet, 48 cents. Handle shaped like leg, with German-  
silver shoe.

This cut shows a knife that will delight the book-man. It is  
our library knife; the long blade will cut leaves, sharpen a  
pencil, split a peach, or erase a blot. No \$2 razor ever had  
better temper. Price, 75 cents; larger and heavier size, \$1.00;  
pearl handle, \$1.50. In England they call this a *smoker's*  
knife and use the handle to press tobacco in the pipe.

No. 801. Here is a gentleman's knife that will  
speak and cut for itself. 3 blades. Equal to any  
\$2.00 razor. English goods sell for \$2.00. Our  
price, \$1.95, post-paid; 3 for \$3.00; 6 for \$5.00.  
In quality, temper, design and finish, no knife can  
surpass this. 18,000 sold last Christmas.

No. 30 is a sensible 2 or 3 blade knife made  
for all kinds of use. Ebony handle, German-silver  
finish, file-tested blades. Will take a razor edge.  
Price, with 3 blades, 75 cents; 3 blades, \$1.00; 5  
blades and nail file, \$1.00; white handle, 10 cents  
extra; pearl handle, 50 cents extra. 3-  
blade Congress knife, \$1.00. Extra  
Concave Razor, \$2.00. Razor Strop, 50c.

**MAHER & GROSH,**

74 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

No. 30.





# SPORTING GOODS 45

## THE SMITH & WESSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER, IN CALIBERS 32 AND 38/100.



The latest production from the works of Smith & Wesson, embodying, in addition to other qualities which have made the arms of this firm so popular, new and valuable inventions insuring absolute protection against accidental discharge from careless handling. Provided with Automatic Cartridge-Shell Extractor, Rebouncing Lock, and Patented Safety-Device. Hammer and Trigger constantly locked, and discharge by any but the proper means impossible.

A full line also of single-action, double-action and Target Revolvers manufactured.

Our arms are made entirely of best wrought steel, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, and guaranteed.

Do not be deceived by cheap imitations of our goods, nearly all of which are made largely of malleable cast iron, are of inferior workmanship, unreliable and dangerous, and often sold as the genuine Smith & Wesson revolvers.

All of our revolvers are stamped on the barrels with our firm name, address and dates of patents.

Send for descriptive catalogue, and if your dealer cannot supply you, an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention.

**SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.**

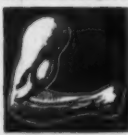
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ALL STYLES & PRICES  
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ON APPLICATION  
**GORMULLY & JEFFERY, MFG. CO.**  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
LARGEST AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS

### SOMETHING for the THIN-FACED & THIN-NECKED.

I will mail to you a code of rules whereby any one can, in a very short time, develop the muscles of the chest and neck and make them look plump and rosy, for 50 cents, fully illustrated. Also rules for using dumb-bells to develop every muscle of the arms and body—for 50 cents additional, fully illustrated.

To avoid mistakes, mention THE CENTURY.

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### FINE GUNS.



We offer a well-assorted lot of Fine Guns, made by Colt, Parker, Clabrough and others, at unheard-of prices. We include a limited number of excellent double-barrel Breach-loaders at \$3.00. Single-barrel at \$4.00 and \$5.00. Last named has Scott Top Lever. Terms, C. O. D. When full amount of cash comes with the order, a complete set of Reloading Tools furnished free of charge. We also offer the Plymouth Air Rifle, made wholly of brass and steel, nickel-plated, with Antique Oak stock, and 100 loads, at \$2.50—cash with the order. This beautiful rifle shoots either darts or shot, and is invaluable for shooting Rats, English Sparrows and other pests, and for target practice. Good Revolvers, full plated, for home defense—cash with order—3-cal., \$1.00; 22-cal., \$2.00; 38-cal. Bull-dog, \$2.00—former price, \$3.50. Send stamps to insure answer and catalogue. Remit by P. O. Order, Registered Letter, or N. Y. Draft. P. O. Box 1114.

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The BEST on Wheels. "Handy" Wagons, Buggies, Surreys, Spindles, Buckboards, Concois, Phaetons, Cabriolets, Two Wheelers, Road Carts, etc. 52-page catalogue and circular "How to purchase direct from the manufacturers," FREE.

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## STEAM LAUNCHES AND PLEASURE BOATS



Speed 8 to 12 miles per hour.

1 1/2 hours from N. Y. City, via N. Y. R.R.

### COAL OR OIL FOR FUEL.

Marine and Stationary Engines and Boilers, Boat Fittings, Ship Chandlery, etc.

Send stamp for New Illustrated Catalogue.

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# SEEDS AND PLANTS

## THE CREAM OF PEACHES.



**WONDERFUL**: large, very late, exquisitely beautiful, delicious—the only large, late, handsome, yellow freestone Peach. **Lovett's White** is likewise the only large, late, handsome *white* freestone. Both are sure and heavy bearers. The most profitable for market, invaluable for the home garden, unsurpassed for canning. Descriptive Circular free. Colored plates, 6 cents.

Nearly every variety of hardy Fruit and Ornamental Tree or Plant, old or new, worthy of culture, at half the prices of most traveling agents and many nurseries. An immense stock of Peach and other Fruit Trees. *Headquarters for Gandy (latest), Monmouth (earliest), Strawberries, Erie and Early King Blackberries, Carlough Apple, Spaulding and Abundance Plums, Meech Quince, Nut-bearing Trees, etc.*

**Lovett's Catalogue for Fall 1889**, giving illustrations, plain practical instructions for culture and management, with honest descriptions (telling defects as well as merits) and exceedingly low prices, free to applicants.

**Plants by mail a specialty.**

**J. T. LOVETT CO. Little Silver, N. J.**



## Beautiful Winter Flowers

For only 20 cents we will send **FREE BY MAIL** 7 ELEGANT NEW BULBS for winter blooming (all different) together with our Illustrated Catalogue and **GUIDE TO BULB CULTURE**. Every one of these bulbs is a gem of rare beauty and sure to bloom well during winter. Our catalogue is a complete book of **HARDY BULBS AND PLANTS** for winter and early spring blooming. We offer the best *Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Lilies, Fritsias, Alliums, Oxalis* and scores of other sorts, among which are many **GRAND NOVELTIES** never before offered. **TRY OUR INTRODUCTION COLLECTION**, 30 winter or spring blooming Bulbs for only 75 cents, by mail, post-paid. Any one can have gay flowers in the house during winter or in the garden as soon as snow melts at small cost. **CATALOGUE TELLS ALL ABOUT THEM.** Address

**JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.**

**TREES** Root Grafts—*Everything!* No larger stock in U. S. No better. No cheaper. **Pike Co. Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.**

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We offer the largest and most complete stock in the U. S. of **Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Roses, Pæonies, Hardy Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits,** etc., including many **Novelties**. Catalogues, giving information indispensable to planters, sent to all regular customers **Free**; to others: No. 1, Fruits, 10c.; No. 2, Ornamental Trees, etc., illus., 25c.; No. 3, Strawberries, No. 4, Wholesale, No. 5, Roses, *Free*.

**ELLWANGER & BARRY, MOUNT HOPE | ROCHESTER, NURSERIES. New-York.**

**TREES** The best for **STREET or ORNAMENTAL PLANTING**. The finest hardy *Rhododendrons, Azaleas, Japanese Maples, Evergreens, Shrubs, Roses, and Fruits*, at reduced prices. Catalogues on application.

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## WALKING MADE EASY.

An effectual remedy for Galled, Calloused, Swollen, Fetid, Tender and Tired Feet. **Wood's Walking Made Easy Foot Powders**, for the complete removal of Callous, will prevent excessive sweating of the feet and remove all soreness from Bunions. New Shoes made easy as old ones. A Cure guaranteed for all affections of the feet. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, 25 cents.

**WOOD FOOT POWDER COMPANY, Troy, N. Y.**

# SEEDS AND PLANTS 47

## The BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA EASTER LILY

Pure pearly white, deliciously fragrant, flowers freely, succeeds with every one, is one of the most charming plants for blooming in the parlor or conservatory in the winter, and flowers again in profusion in the summer. A few bulbs of the **Bermuda Easter Lily** (treated according to the directions which we send with each order) will produce a succession of bloom throughout almost the entire winter. The acres and acres of these exquisitely beautiful lilies, which we grow in Bermuda, have been the wonder and delight of thousands of tourists the past winter, and in answer to their numerous inquiries, we are pleased to state that the bulbs now ready for delivery are unusually fine and are sure to give the greatest satisfaction. It is advisable to plant them at once for best results.

### PRICES.

**First Size Bulbs** (5 to 7 inches in circumference) will produce from five to ten flowers, 25c. each; 3 for 65c; 6 for \$1.15; 12 for \$2.00. If desired by mail add for postage, 3c. per bulb.

**Extra Large Bulbs** (7 to 9 inches in circumference) will produce ten to twenty flowers, 35c. each; 3 for \$1.00; 6 for \$1.75; 12 for \$3.25. Add for postage 6c. per bulb if desired by mail.

Clubs or buyers in quantity are invited to write for special prices.



OUR BEAUTIFUL  
Autumn Catalogue  
Of Hyacinths, Tulips,  
Lilies and other  
bulbs, plants and  
seeds, for fall plant-  
ing and winter flower-  
ing is now ready.

It has a handsomely  
lithographed cover,  
is lavishly illustrated  
with new engravings  
of all desirable old  
and beautiful new  
things. Mailed free  
on application.

## PETER HENDERSON & CO.

35 & 37  
CORTLANDT ST.  
NEW YORK

## VICK'S BULBS.

Catalogue of Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies, Roses, and everything required for Fall Planting and Flowers for the house, FREE on application. Persons wishing light, pleasant and profitable employment should write us for terms, etc.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

## GOLDEN ROD

IN  
COLORS!

WE will send you this BEAUTIFUL STUDY of GOLDEN ROD in COLORS! and a list of LIDA CLARKSON'S COLORED STUDIES, also our 1890 PREMIUM LIST, and a three months' trial subscription to **Ingalls' Home Magazine** (a finely illustrated 64-page \$1.00 Monthly Magazine, devoted to FANCY WORK, ART PAINTING, etc., etc.), all for ten 2c. stamps (20 cents). We make this liberal offer to introduce the Magazine into new homes.

Address J. F. INGALLS, Publisher, Lynn, Mass.

## DREER'S AUTUMN CATALOGUE

Describes and illustrates a lot of cheap and pretty bulbs which can be readily grown in the house. Impossible to describe their beauty in an advertisement.

SEND STAMP FOR A COPY.

HENRY A. DREER,

714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



# FOR THE TOILET 48



A SAILOR he sailed to the Cape of Good Hope,  
To hoodwink the natives with horrible soap;  
But the natives were wise and refused him to land  
Unless he could show the RÉCAMIER brand.

THEN straightway the sailor he sailed home again,  
And again he sailed forth to the black African—  
Lo! the natives caressed him, created him king;—  
So it paid the poor sailor to sell the right thing;

A KING!—just to think—of the Cape of Good Hope!  
And all through the sale of

## RÉCAMIER SOAP

### Why You Should Use the Récamier Preparations.

Because—They will preserve a good complexion and restore and cure a bad skin.

Because—No woman can be beautiful or even CLEANLY in appearance whose face is marred by pimples, black-heads, blotches, freckles or other imperfections.

How do you know the Récamiers are the best and safest?

Because they are the ONLY skin remedies indorsed by physicians and by the women who make the preservation of their beauty a life study.

Where did you ever see such indorsements as these before?

"Mrs. H. H. AYER.—Dear Madam: Samples of your Récamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopoeia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character. Respectfully yours,

"40 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, January, 1887.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M. Sc., Ph. D."

"I must repeat once more my belief that there never has been anything equal in merit to the Récamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. It has grown so smooth and so fair that I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use Cream, Balm and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Récamier Soap also is perfect. I thought other soaps good, but I had never tried the Récamier. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps."

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

CORA URQUHART POTTER.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

HELEN MODJESKA.

LILLIE LANGTRY.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

"I consider them a luxury and necessity to every woman."

"Most refreshing and beneficial and FAR superior to any others."

"The perfection of toilet articles."

"The Récamier Preparations are absolutely PEERLESS. I shall always use them."

"I use the Récamiers religiously, and believe them ESSENTIAL to the toilet of every woman who desires a fair skin."

"I unqualifiedly recommend them as the very best in existence."

RÉCAMIER CREAM, for tan, sunburn, pimples, etc. Price, \$1.50.

RÉCAMIER BALM, a beautifier, pure and simple. Price, \$1.50.

RÉCAMIER ALMOND LOTION, for freckles, moth and discolorations. Price, \$1.50.

RÉCAMIER POWDER, for toilet, nursery. Will stay on and does not make face shine. Price, \$1.00, large boxes; 50 cents, small boxes.

RÉCAMIER SOAP—The best in the world. Price, 50 cents, scented; 25 cents, unscented.

If you will mention THE CENTURY you will receive a free package of the Récamier Toilet Powder. In giving orders please make your remittance by Post-office or Express Money Order, Postal Note, Stamps or in Registered Letter.

Caution.—Beware of swindlers and discharged employees. I employ no agents. The secrets of my formulae are unknown outside my laboratory.

RÉCAMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 52 and 54 Park Place, New-York City.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, President.





**"A PLEASURE SHARED  
IS A PLEASURE DOUBLED—"**

And the man who enjoys the delightful qualities of **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS**—and recommends them to his friends—*doubles* the luxury of an **EASY, SOOTHING, DELIGHTFUL** Shave.

Gentlemen who Shave Themselves will derive Ease, Comfort, and Pleasure from the use of

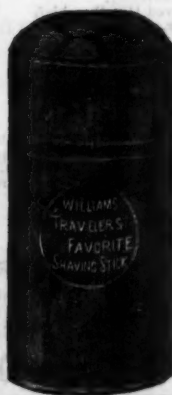
## WILLIAMS SHAVING STICK

**TRY IT YOURSELF! TELL YOUR FRIENDS OF IT!!**

This **EXQUISITE TOILET ARTICLE** contains all of those rich and lasting qualities which have made our "**GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP**" famous for 50 years. Delicately scented with finely selected Attar of Roses. Each Stick in a neat Wood Case covered with Red Morocco Leatherette. Very Portable. Indispensable to Travellers. A Convenience and Luxury for all who Shave.

If your Druggist does not keep Williams' Shaving Soaps they will be sent, postpaid, to any address upon receipt of price in stamps or currency, as follows: **WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25 cts. GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, 15 cts. WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED BARBERS' SOAP**—for Toilet use. Remarkable for Purity. A Luxury for Bathing.—A Pound Package—6 Cakes—by mail, 40 cts. Registered packages 10 cts. extra. We take pains in mailing to insure safe transmission. Address:

**THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Connecticut, U.S.A.**  
(Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester.) ESTABLISHED 1840.



# FOR THE TOILET

## THIS MAN



ASTONISHED THE WHOLE WORLD by the marvelous sagacity with which he conducted his early campaigns; he was criticised by military geniuses all over Europe because he departed from laid-out rules of war, and adopted methods of his own. He could well afford to laugh at the criticisms of others, since in those same campaigns he was uniformly successful.

Our departure from the usual methods of selling Soap astonishes everybody, the prescribed rule being that soap must reach families through the different drug and grocery stores, with all the colossal expenses attached thereto. Now we have cut right off from all of this, and sell direct from the Factory to the family and for a limited time, giving away as an advertisement all the profits and savings which are usually lost or expended in selling through the wholesale and retail stores. We are just as ready to trust the family as we are the grocer, having full confidence in people who pay for a first-class magazine.

Send us your name and address on a postal card, and we will send you, freight prepaid, a large box of "Sweet Home" Soap—100 CAKES. The Box also contains:

**Six Boxes Boraxine.**—For cleaning woodwork, washing dishes, dairy utensils, removing grease spots or stains from carpets, etc., or general house-cleaning. Saves half the labor of washing; a blessing to every house-keeper who uses it.

**One-fourth Dozen Modjeska Complexion Soap.**

**One Bottle Modjeska Perfume.**

**One Bottle Modjeska Tooth Powder.**

**One Stick Napoleon Shaving Soap.**

**One-fourth Dozen Ocean Bath Toilet Soap.**

**One-fourth Dozen Artistic Toilet Soap.**

**One-fourth Dozen Creme Toilet Soap.**

**One-fourth Dozen Elite Toilet Soap.**

We hereby promise that in addition to the 100 cakes of Laundry Soap and all the fine assortment of Toilet Articles given above, to include in the box everything named below is every reader of this magazine who will, send us instructions to forward a trial box of "Sweet Home" Soap, and don't forget that you are under no obligations to keep the Soap if, when you see the box and its contents, it does not in every way meet your entire expectation. We know the great value of our articles, as we make them ourselves, and are willing to put them to the severest kind of a test, hence will send you the box on thirty days' trial, and if you are not fully satisfied with it, send us word and we will remove it at our own expense. If there is anything more we can do to convince you of the honesty of our motives as well as the liberality of our methods of doing business, let us know.

Yours truly,

J. D. LARKIN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

### SILVER-WARE,

- One fine Silver-plated Sugar Spoon.
- One fine Silver-plated Child's Spoon.
- One fine Silver-plated Butter Knife.
- One fine Silver-plated Individual Butter Plate.
- One fine Silver-plated Button Hook.
- One Lady's Celluloid Pen Holder (very best).
- One Arabesque Mat.
- One Turkish Towel.
- One Wash Cloth.
- One Glove Buttoner.

### PICTURES, ETC.,

- One Package Assorted Scrap Pictures.
- Two Celluloid Collar Buttons, (patented).
- Twenty-three Photo-engraved Pictures of the Presidents of the United States.
- Twenty-four Pictures.—Many of which are Copperplate Engravings, suitable for framing, and are handsome decorations for the parlor, entitled:
- Deadmona. Owl'd Lang Syne.
- Our Boys. Our Pets.

### MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES,

- One Package Pins.
- One Spool Black Silk Thread.
- One Japanese Silk Handkerchief.
- One Gentleman's Handkerchief, large.
- One Lady's Handkerchief.
- One Child's Lettered Handkerchief.
- One Biscuit Cutter.
- One Cake Cutter.
- One Doughnut Cutter.
- One Handsome Scrap Book or Portfolio.

### GIVEN AWAY.

- Doe's Head. The Darlings.
- Morning in the Highlands. Evangeline.
- Evening in the Highlands. La Petite Babette.
- A Faithful Friend. The Maid of Orleans.
- Marguerite. After the Storm.
- Sunshine and Shadow. Love's Young Dream.
- Jockey Joe. Futurity.
- Skye Terrier. The Interview.
- Phunny Fellows. On the Sands.
- The Monkeys. Yachting.

**OUR PRICE FOR THE GREAT BARGAIN BOX IS ONLY SIX DOLLARS.**

**IT COSTS ONLY ONE CENT** to buy a postal card on which to write your name and post-office address, mentioning this magazine, and secure our Great Bargain Box, all freight charges paid. Write your name and address plainly on a postal card, mail same to us, and a case of these goods will be delivered at your house on thirty days' trial. We pay freight only to points in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains.

**J. D. LARKIN & CO., 659, 661, 663, 665 and 667 Seneca Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

Some people prefer to send cash with order; we do not ask it, but in such cases we place one extra present of value in the box, and ship the same day the order is received, freight prepaid; all other orders being filled in their turn.

**TO CLUB RAISERS.**—Send six names of strictly reliable people, who are willing to accept a Great Bargain Box (price \$6.00) on thirty days' trial, and we send you one box gratis.



# RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.  
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

*The most delightful, refreshing, agreeable, and beneficial dentifrice ever placed before the public.*

*Absolutely Free from All Injurious Substances.*

LARGE BOTTLES, PRICE 25 CENTS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.  
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE.

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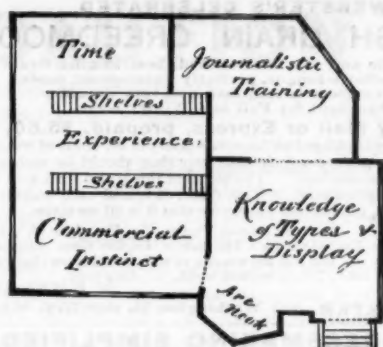
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The successful advertiser must have a Commercial Instinct, where the slices of information and experience, time-cooked, may be massaged and digested to meet the daily requirements of an ever changing state of trade: such a place must be a dining room.

To the sitting room if you

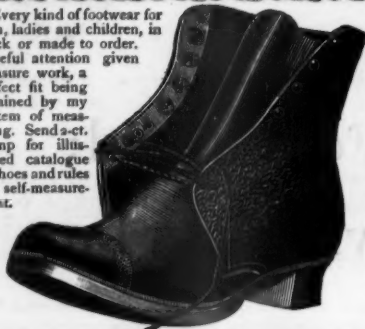
please—better if we could call it a setting room, for here are hatched the bright ideas which make the fortune of a successful advertiser.

As the modern hall is expected to invite by its attractiveness to the rest of the house, so the skillful use of types and display attracts the reader to a full knowledge of the advertisement. A picture nook may help.

From the above it would seem as foolish to advertise without skilled help as to go to law without an attorney. Skilled help is better bought than built. My agency is entirely competent to advertise any honest business, in any Periodical. With this in view I solicit correspondence, and for purposes of identification request enquirers to address “Master Builder,” J. H. Bates’ Advertising Agency, 38 Park Row, N. Y.

# SHOES ETC

Every kind of footwear for men, ladies and children, in stock or made to order. Careful attention given measure work, a perfect fit being obtained by my system of measuring. Send a ct. stamp for illustrated catalogue of shoes and rules for self-measurement.



## WEBSTER'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH GRAIN CREEDMOOR

double sole and tap, hand-nailed, best English Grain stock, bellows-tongue, perfectly water-proof, made on an extremely easy last, and very durable. Excellent for Fall and Winter wear.

Sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, \$5.50.

No man who is obliged to be out-of-doors in all kinds of weather and cares for a water-proof, durable, easy shoe should be without a pair of the "Creedmoor." The fact that this is the sixth year this shoe has been advertised in THE CENTURY, and each season increases the sale, is sufficient guarantee that it is all we claim.

DRAUGHTON ISLAND, PUTNAM Co., Fla., June 18, 1888.

F. P. WEBSTER, Esq.—Dear Sir: The pair of English Grain Creedmoor Shoes I bought of you last Fall are wearing so well that I inclose check for a pair for a friend of mine: No. 9, medium width. Very truly,

W. P. WRIGHT.

F. P. WEBSTER, 277 Washington St. BOSTON, MASS.



THE "RELIABLE" FLANNEL SHIRT. OTHER STYLES LARGED

BUY THE  
**"RELIABLE"**  
Trade-Mark  
**Flannel Shirts,**  
PAJAMAS, HOUSE ROBES  
AND  
LOUNGING COATS.

**BROKAW MFG. CO.**  
NEWBURGH, N. Y.  
Ask Retailers for them.

## DRESSMAKING SIMPLIFIED.

Any lady can now learn to cut perfect-fitting dresses.



No one using a Chart or Square can compete with The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine in cutting Stylish, Graceful and Perfect-Fitting Garments. Easy to learn, rapid to use, fits any form, follows every fashion. An invention as useful as the sewing machine. Free 30 days to test at your own home. Send for illustrated circular.

THE McDOWELL CO. 6 West 14th St. N. Y. City.

**BIRCH'S** **KEY** **AND NOT**  
**WILL WIND** **ANY WATCH** **WEAR OUT.**  
**SOLD** by Jewelers. By mail, 35 cents. Circulars free.  
J. S. BIRCH & Co. 184 Lewis Street, N. Y.



## ARE YOUR CONGRESS SHOES INSURED?

**WHERE INSURED?** In Boston, at the office of Hub Gore Makers, the largest manufacturers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on the inside of the Elastic is the Insurance Seal stamp.

**HOW INSURED?** By this Legal Document which accompanies the shoes.

**WHAT INSURED?**—The Elastic Gore.

AGAINST  
Shrinking.  
Fading.  
Buckling.  
Losing Shape.  
Getting Loose.  
Wearing Out.

SUCH SHOES

Look Better.  
Fit Better.  
Feel Better.  
Last Longer.

**WHERE SOLD?** EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore if you insist. They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy imitations on which they make extra profit. Look out for such "dodges." Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic.

We furnish Hub Gore to over 1000 makers of good shoes and insure the shoes.

100,000 dealers sell them. If your dealer won't supply you, write us for list of dealers in your locality.

## INSURANCE CERTIFICATE.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

**This insures** to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for **ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS** from the date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Islands, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.


HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.

Signed.

*Albert Herbert*  
*Er Page, Treas.* *Prest*



## IRON CLAD SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. DUGAN & HUDSON · ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALMOST INDESTRUCTIBLE ALWAYS STYLISH NEVER CHEAPLY MADE.  
Genuine IRON CLAD SHOES Are Branded on Soles and Bear This Stamp  In Silver Lettering on Linings The Best Dealers Have Them.



# SHOES ETC. 61

## CAUTION

**W. L. Douglas'** name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all Shoes advertised by him before leaving his factory; this protects the wearers against **high prices** and **inferior goods**. If your dealer does not keep the style or kind you want, or offers you shoes without **W. L. Douglas'** name and price stamped on them, and says they are just as good, do not be deceived thereby, but send direct to the Factory for you can get what you want by return mail, postage paid. Dealers make more profit on unknown shoes that are not warranted by anybody; therefore do not be induced to buy shoes that have no reputation. Buy only those that have **W. L. Douglas'** name and the price stamped on the bottom, and you are sure to get full value for your money. Thousands of dollars are saved annually in this country by the wearers of **W. L. Douglas Shoes**. In ordering by mail state whether you want Congress, Button or Lace, London cap toe, plain French toe, or narrow cap toe, and be sure to give size and width you wear. I can fit any foot that is not deformed, as my shoes are made in a great variety of widths, sizes and half sizes. I guarantee a fit, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction or money refunded upon return of the shoes in good condition.

**W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

Is a fine seamless calf shoe, with Dongola tops and Oak Leather bottoms. They are made in Congress, Button and Lace on London Cap Toe, Narrow Cap Toe, and Plain French Toe Lasts, in sizes from 5 to 11, including half sizes and in all widths. If you have been paying from \$5 to \$6 for shoes of this quality do not do so longer. One pair will wear as long as two pairs of common shoes sold by dealers that are not warranted by the manufacturer.

Our claims for this shoe over all other \$3 shoes advertised are;

- 1st. It contains better material.
- 2d. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable.
- 3d. It gives better general satisfaction.
- 4th. It costs more money to make.
- 5th. It saves more money for the consumer.
- 6th. It is sold by more dealers throughout the U. S.
- 7th. Its great success is due to merit.
- 8th. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.
- 9th. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other \$3 shoe advertised.

**\$5000** will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.

*The following lines will be found to be of the Same Quality of Excellence.*

**\$5.00 SHOE**  
**\$4.00 SHOE**  
**\$3.50 SHOE**  
**\$2.50 SHOE**  
**\$2.25 SHOE**  
**\$2.00 SHOE**  
**\$2.00 SHOE**  
**\$1.75 SHOE**

**GENUINE HAND-SEWED**, which takes the place of custom-made shoes that cost from \$7.00 to \$9.00.

**THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY HAND-SEWED WELT \$4 SHOE**. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$6 to \$8.

**FOR POLICEMEN**. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

**IS UNEXCELLED FOR HEAVY WEAR**. Best Calf Shoe for the price.

**WORKINGMAN'S**. Is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.

**IS EQUAL TO SHOES THAT COST FROM \$3 TO \$3.50**. One pair will wear longer than any shoe ever sold at the price.

**FOR BOYS** is the best School Shoe in the world.

**YOUTH'S SCHOOL**, gives the Small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES.

Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E and EE widths.

**STYLES OF LADIES' SHOES.**

"The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The American Common-Sense," "The Medium Common-Sense." All made in Button in the Latest Styles. Also, French

Opera in Front Lace, on \$3 Shoe only.

Consumers should remember that **W. L. DOUGLAS** is the largest and only Shoe Manufacturer in the world, supplying shoes direct from factory, thus giving all the middle-men's profits to the wearer.

**W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**



# SHOES ETC. 62

## THE Alfred Dolge FELT SHOES AND SLIPPERS.



Noiseless,  
Warm,  
Durable.



### TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Well, well; to think how, years ago, I put a slipper on to Tom, and yesterday he paid me up with interest by putting a pair on me. He says that he *felt* mine then, and it was warm enough for comfort; and now these are *felt also*, and though likewise warm are much more comfortable.

## PERFECT EASE AND COMFORT.



Made in all Styles for Men,  
Women and Children.



Prevent Rheumatism and  
Cold Feet.

Send for Illustrated Price-List.

Mention THE CENTURY.

DANIEL GREEN & CO. 122 East 13th Street, New-York.

*Don't  
spoil your  
Feet with  
Cheap  
Shoes:*

"... If you want PERFECTION in fit, with freedom from CORNS and all DISCOMFORT, you will never wear anything except THE BURT & PACKARD SHOE.

Don't permit any substitute for the "Korrek Shape," as we have arranged to supply any one in the United States who cannot get these goods of our agents, and *freight* all delivery charges, thus bringing them to your door without extra cost.

## WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD

See that EVERY PAIR is STAMPED  
THE BURT & PACKARD  
"Korrek Shape."

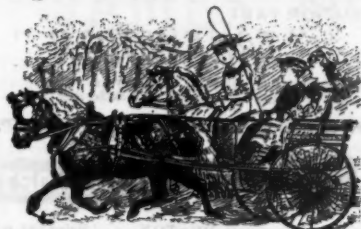


THE BURT & PACKARD "Korrek Shape" Shoes are made in four grades, and each grade, viz., Hand-made, Hand-welt, Burtwelt and Machine Sewed, is stamped on the sole in addition to our trade-mark above. This trade-mark—showing the foot in a natural position within a shoe, and also the words "Korrek Shape"—is fully covered under the Patent laws, and we shall be glad of any information where dealers are making use of either of these designs in the hope of deceiving the public.

Our agents should carry all styles in Congress, Button and Bal for Gents, Boys and Youths.  
All information concerning our different styles, kinds of stock, how to obtain these goods, etc., etc., forwarded by simply naming this publication, with your address in full. **PACKARD & FIELD** (Successors to BURT & PACKARD), Brockton, Mass.

# LIVE STOCK 63

**HEADQUARTERS for CHOICE PONIES.**



For **SHETLAND PONIES,**  
**WELSH PONIES,**  
**ICELAND PONIES.**  
**BOYS' and GIRLS' SADDLES and BRIDLES.**  
**PONY HARNESS, SINGLE and DOUBLE.**  
**CARTS and MINIATURE VEHICLES**  
**IN GREAT VARIETY.**

Address  
**J. MURRAY HOAG,**  
**Maquoketa, Iowa,**  
**IMPORTER and BREEDER.**

The Largest and Finest Herd of Pure-Bred Shetlands in America.

I am now booking orders for this season's colts from my Prize Herd, to be shipped when four months of age, at \$100 each. The purchase of yearlings is strongly recommended, when intended for the use of very small children. Let the child and pony grow up together. They can be used moderately at 18 months of age. Send \$10 with order; balance when colt is shipped. Colt entirely at my risk until shipped.



**BOWDITCH MFG. CO.**  
Skaneateles, N. Y.  
BUILDERS OF  
**FINE BOATS, CANOES**  
**AND LAUNCHES.**  
Marine and Stationary Engines,  
Water-Tube Boilers, Etc.  
Send 8 cents for new Catalogue. First-class work only.



WE ARE OFFERING OUR fine and elegant

**Buckboards and Surreys**

(hung on our patent Half-Elliptic Spring).

**PARK PHAETONS,**

**Buggies, Phaetons, Road Wagons, Fine Portland Cutters, Two-Seated Russian Sleighs,**

At very low prices. Write for catalogue.

**WATERLOO WAGON CO. L't'd,**

Waterloo, N. Y.

Mention THE CENTURY.

**"SHADELAND" THE MOST EXTENSIVE**

**Pure Bred Live Stock**

**ESTABLISHMENT**

**in the WORLD.**

**NEW IMPORTATIONS**

arriving from time to time. Rare individual excellence and choicest breeding.



**CLYDESDALE HORSES,**  
**PERCHERON, NORMAN OR**  
**FRENCH DRAFT-HORSES,**  
**ENGLISH DRAFT-HORSES,**  
**STANDARD-BRED TROTTERS,**  
**CLEVELAND BAYS AND FRENCH COACHERS,**  
**SADDLERS AND CARRIAGE HORSES,**  
**ICELAND AND SHETLAND PONIES,**  
**HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN AND DEVON CATTLE.**

Our customers have the advantage of our many years' experience in breeding and importing; superior quality; large variety and immense collections; opportunity of comparing different breeds; and low prices, because of our unequalled facilities, extent of business and low rates of transportation.

No other establishment in the world offers such advantages to the purchaser.

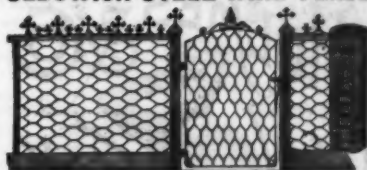
**PRICES LOW! TERMS EASY! Visitors welcome.**  
Correspondence solicited. Circulars free.

**POWELL BROS.**

**Springboro, Crawford Co. Pa.**

When you write, mention THE CENTURY.

**SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE**



**Best Fences and Gates for all purposes. Free Catalogue giving full particulars and prices.**

**Ask Hardware Dealers, or address, mentioning this paper, SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.**

## HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE.

**Bred for Milk and Butter.**

**Value Determined by Actual Tests.**

**COWS WITH LARGE MILK AND BUTTER RECORDS.**

Heifers and Calves, rare in quality, with pedigrees rich in milk and butter, on side of both sire and dam.

A Grand Lot of Butter Bred Bulls, that in quality, or breeding based on production of ancestry, has no equal.

100 Animals from this Herd in Advanced Registry.

Send for catalogue, giving pedigrees and records of this wonderful herd.

In writing, mention THE CENTURY.



**SMITHS, POWELL & LAMB, Syracuse, N. Y.**

# MODERN GOODS

## RELIABLE SILK UMBRELLAS

WARRANTED NOT  
"CONGRESS."

A handsome Union silk of splendid wearing qualities, which has stood the test of years.

THESE UMBRELLAS ARE LOW IN PRICE,

Sold by Leading Dealers throughout the United States.

None genuine without our PATENT ADJUSTABLE TIE with "CONGRESS" or "TRUEWORTH" printed on it.



TO CUT OR FADE.

"TRUEWORTH."

A silk peculiarly adapted for dressy umbrellas, combining great strength and beauty. We exclusively control it.

HIGH IN QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP.



WRIGHT BROS. & CO. 450 Broadway, NEW-YORK. 63 Essex Street, BOSTON. Price-list mailed to dealers.  
324 Market Street, PHILA. 194 Fifth Avenue, CHICAGO.  
Seventy-third Year. Largest Umbrella and Cane Makers in the World.



The highest authorities unanimously indorse  
**BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S  
WASH SILKS.**

UNFADING ASIATIC DYES.

Sensational advertising is always strictly avoided in offering BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S FAST-DYED EMBROIDERING SILKS, but the fact that there are in the market many WORTHLESS IMITATIONS THAT WILL NOT WASH, of BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S ROPE, FLO, OUTLINING, TWISTED, KNITTING, CROCHETING, UNDERWEAR, NATURELLE AND COUCHING SILKS, necessitates a word of Caution to Art Embroiderers. See that every Shein, Hank, Ball, or Spool bears our name. No other is genuine.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.  
FACTORIES, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Leading Manufacturers in the world of materials for high-class Needlework and Decorative Embroidering.

## CUTTER'S SPOOL SILK.

Sizes Exactly According to Letter.

THE STRONGEST, SMOOTHEST  
AND MOST UNIFORM SILK  
SEWINGS IN THE WORLD.

One Thousand Colors, Three Sizes.

MATCH ANY SHADE.

Insist upon getting it once and you will never buy any other.

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO. N. Y.

# LOWELL

For nearly half a century, Lowell Carpets have been acknowledged by all to be

The word  
"LOWELL"  
APPEARS IN  
CAPITAL LET-  
TERS in the back of  
Lowell, Wilton  
and Body Brussels  
at every repeat of the  
pattern. LOOK  
CAREFULLY  
to the trade-marks, and  
be sure you get the  
genuine

LOWELL  
CARPETS.

These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequalled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

# CARPETS

The LOWELL  
INGRAINS are  
wound upon a hollow  
stick, which the United  
States Court decided  
to be a valid trade-  
mark. The stick is  
in two solid pieces,  
with the name of the

LOWELL  
COMPANY  
stamped within.

BEWARE OF  
IMITATIONS.

THE  
BEST



TRADE MARK

High grade in Silk, Silk and Jersey, Silk and Cotton, all Wool, Merino,  
Dr. Jaeger's all Wool yarn, in Summer and Winter, and  
extra heavy weight.  
Readers in the vicinity of Boston call and examine. Take Elevator.  
Send stamp for catalogue.





# JAMES MCCREERY & CO.

THE efforts of European manufacturers to excel at the Paris Exposition have produced Dress Fabrics of a richness and a beauty that baffle description. We have secured for our own Full trade, many of the choicest designs resulting from this rivalry in Silks, Dress Goods, Laces, and Trimmings. Upon request we will send samples of goods for the coming season, and furnish information regarding styles for Ladies, Misses and Children.

JAMES MCCREERY & CO. Broadway and Eleventh St. New-York.

## Le Boutillier Bros.

BROADWAY & 14TH ST. N. Y.

### French Dress Goods.

ADVANCE STYLES IN PARIS NOVELTIES. FINEST GOODS IMPORTED IN LARGE VARIETY. Over 100 different EXCLUSIVE STYLES, in DRESS LENGTHS, no two alike, at

\$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20 and \$24 per dress pattern. BRAIDED ROBES—New exclusive designs in every color, full dress pattern.

\$8.00, \$10, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

50 pieces Silk-Warp Henriettas, street and evening shades, \$1.25 quality.....79  
40-inch French Cashmeres, all colors.....48

### BLACK SILKS.

100 pieces Black Faillie Française, superior quality and finish, extra heavy.....\$1.00  
25 pieces American Black Gros Grains will be sacrificed at.....50

### MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

400 dozen Men's Percalé Shirts, standard, \$1.25 and \$1.50 qualities;  
Shirt with Collar and Cuffs attached.....50  
Shirt, with 3 collars and pair of cuffs.....58

### KID GLOVES.

75 dozen Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, extra fine, 3-button, former price, \$1.25.....35  
275 dozen Ladies' Best Lamb Kid, 5-button, embroidered in black and all colors, worth \$1.00.....50  
325 dozen Ladies' Real French Kid and Suede Gloves, blacks, browns, tans and slates, regular price \$1.35.....75

New Fall Catalogue now in press.

All mail matter should bear our street address,

BROADWAY & 14TH ST. N. Y.

### HOW TO BUY

### DRY GOODS FROM NEW-YORK

and have them delivered FREE OF CHARGE —when the order amounts to a specified sum —at PRICES GUARANTEED LOWER than from any other house in the U. S. Send for

*Koch & Co.*  
NEW YORK

IMPORTERS  
AND  
RETAILERS.

Semi-Annual Fashion Catalogue, published Sept. 10, and MAILED FREE upon application; listing and illustrating, with over 2000 lithographs and wood-cuts, everything needed for Ladies', Gents', and Children's wear and adornment; Housekeeping Goods, Curtains, Upholstery, etc.



"Koch & Co. make a specialty of and do the largest and most reliable Mail Order trade in the country. Their Fashion Catalogue is indispensable to parties prevented by distance from doing their own shopping in New-York."—Herald.

Sixth Avenue and 20th Street, New-York City.



## Florence Home Needlework.

The 1889 edition of this popular series is now ready. It contains 96 pages, instructing you in Netting, Knitting, Tatting and Embroidery. Each subject fully illustrated. Mailed on receipt of six

cents. Mention year to avoid confounding with previous editions.

NONOTUCK SILK CO., Florence, Mass.

Oct. '89.

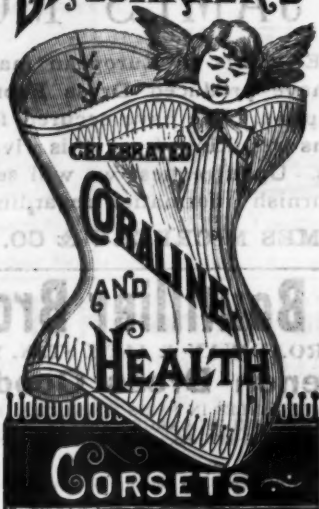
# WEARING APPEAL 66

## DR. WARNER'S



A new Fabric for Underwear superior to Silk or Wool. A protection against Colds.  
Sold by leading Merchants. Catalogues sent on application.  
**WARNER BROS. 859 Broadway, N. Y.**

## DR. WARNER'S



Over 14 Millions Sold in this Country Alone. The Best Fitting and Best Wearing Corset Ever Made.  
**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

## YOUR ADDRESS ON A Postal Card

Mailed to us, brings you promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing made to order and sent to any express or P. O. Pants, \$3.00 to \$5.00; Suits, \$13.00 to \$21.00.

### PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.

11 to 17 Elliot St., or 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.  
Or call at our nearest BRANCH STORE, 285 Broadway, New York; 943 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.; 72 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.; Burnside Building, Worcester, Mass.; Gilmore House, Springfield, Mass.; 914 Main St., Richmond, Va.; 195 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.; Old Register Building, New Haven, Conn.

## PLAYS

Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. B. Lamson, Chicago, Ill.

## YATISI FILS easy



They are made specially for ladies who fail to find comfort in a corset. A certain improvement in the make (covered by patents) insures absolute certainty of fit, without the annoyance of breaking in, and renders them supple and pliable. A trial pair costs nothing, as they are returnable if not satisfactory. If your local merchant has not got them yet, then order from us by mail direct, but make careful inquiry first, as you save the postage.

Special. Ordinary shapes, \$1.35, \$1.65, \$2.00. Nursing, \$1.50. Abdominal, \$3.00. Postage prepaid. Send waist measure, and say if long or short waisted.

**CROTTY BROTHERS, New-York.**

**GENTLEMEN** desiring perfect-fitting shirts in full dress, pure, all linen, white or fancy, English long cloth, French percale, or fine flannel, or our celebrated unshrinkable underwear and weather vest, should order the

## DIAMOND.

Established in 1860; leaders in style; workmanship the best; everything fully guaranteed. Send for samples. Price-list, measure blanks.

**DIAMOND SHIRT COMPANY,**  
Bridgeport, Conn.

## LADIES' WHAUKENPHAST BOOTS.

Common sense, soft, easy and perfect fit. For fine trade — all sizes. Price \$5.00 delivered to any part of the U. S. or Territories. Measure work of all kinds.



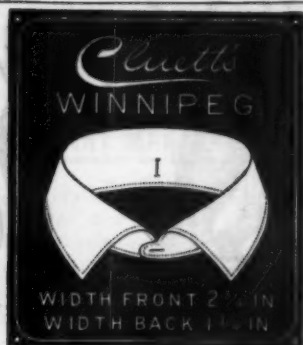
Send for Circular. **N. M. LADD,**  
649 Leverett St., BOSTON, MASS.



NOVEL,  
ELEGANT  
AND  
COMFORTABLE

*Cluett's*  
STYLES.

You can obtain these  
goods of your Furnisher.



## CLUETT'S MONARCH SHIRTS

Are made in every desirable variety, Plain Linen,  
Embroidered Fine Flannels, etc., etc.

AND ARE ALL CUSTOM-MADE.

GEO. B. CLUETT, BRO. & CO.

Manufacturers, Troy, N. Y.



### ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying gloves remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too cheap. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like **Hutchinson's**. They are made from selected skins, in the best manner, and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general, and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, inclose stamp for the book "**About Gloves**." It will interest you.

JANSEN BANK, JANSEN, NED., JUNE 14, 1889.

J. C. HUTCHINSON.

DEAR SIR: Gloves all right. Wear better than represented. Will send you my orders as long as I use any gloves and you make them. Very truly, P. JANSEN, Pres. Jansen Bank.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.



## FURS! FURS!

Send your order for fashionable furs and reliable

**Sealskin Garments**

DIRECT TO

**C. C. SHAYNE,**

MANUFACTURER,

124 West 42d St. or 103 Prince St.

NEW-YORK.

New fashion book mailed free.

## CLEANFAST Black Stockings

THAT WILL NOT CROCK.

F. P. Robinson Co. Dye. Are the best in the world.

Unsurpassed  
wearing quality, with  
a finish like silk.  
None genuine without  
our Trade-Mark  
on each pair.



Complete  
assortment for  
men, women and  
children.

SEND FOR  
PRICE-LIST.

THE CLEANFAST HOSIERY CO.

927 Broadway and 2 West 14th Street, New-York.  
49 West Street, Boston.  
251 Race Street, Cincinnati.  
107 State Street, Chicago.  
61 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.



# Redfern

LADIES' TAILOR.

AUTUMN, 1889.

ON EXHIBITION.

## New Autumn Models,

DESIGNS and CLOTHS.



Prepared at New-York, London and Paris, by the Messrs. Redfern, for exclusive use,

210 Fifth Avenue, THROUGH TO 1132 Broadway, New-York.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's

### MACKINTOSH GARMENTS

of every description.

**SPECIAL**

Ladies' Garments  
made to order.

India Rubber Goods  
of every description.

Send for Price-list and Samples.

Please state whether you  
wish samples for Ladies' or  
Gentlemen's garments.



**BARKER & CO.**

27 Maiden Lane, cor. Nassau Street,  
NEW-YORK.

### Flynt Waist, or True Corset.



Pat. Jan. 6, 1874.  
Pat. Feb. 15, 1876.

No. 1 represents a high-necked garment. No. 2 a low-necked one, which admits of being high in the back and low front. No. 3 is to illustrate our mode of adjusting the "Flynt Hose Support" each side of the hip; also, the most correct way to apply the waistbands for the drawers, under and outside petticoats and dress skirts. No. 4 shows the Flynt Extension and Nursing Waist, appreciated by mothers. No. 5, the Misses' Waist, with Hose Supports attached. No. 6, how we dress very little people. No. 7 illustrates how the warp threads of the fabrics cross at right angles in the back, thereby insuring in every waist the most successful Shoulder

Brace ever constructed. It is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most Scientific Waist or Corset known.

**THE FLYNT WAIST**

is the only garment manufactured where the material of which it is made is **shrunk** before cut, the only one which in its natural construction contains a

**SHOULDER BRACE**

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Established 1870

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Single Daffodils.  
White Lilies.  
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Convulvul.

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Oranges.

**CHINA PAINTING DESIGNS.**

Salad Bowl.  
Orchid Plates.  
Cactus Plates.  
Doulton Decoration.  
Various Borders.

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Swallows.  
Titmice.  
Bullfinches, } 3 long  
Blackbirds, } panels.

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Kittens Climbing.  
Kittens Descending.  
Cats Meeting (hostile).  
Cat Asleep.  
Horse, full figure.

**FIGURES.**

Baby (girl), laughing.  
Baby (boy), full figure.

**LANDSCAPES.**

Cottage Garden.  
Early Spring.  
After-glow (Marine).  
Winter.  
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Some changes may still be made from the above selection of subjects for Colored Studies. All who are interested are invited to communicate with the editor, immediately, stating their preferences.

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**CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

# NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS 71

## HENRY WARD BEECHER AT LIVERPOOL

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**HOME AND FARM,**  
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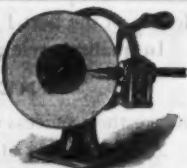
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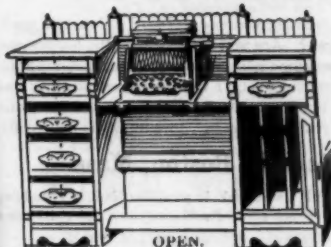
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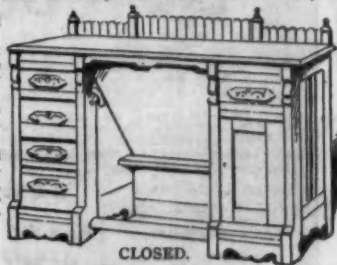
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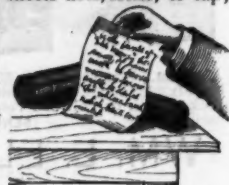
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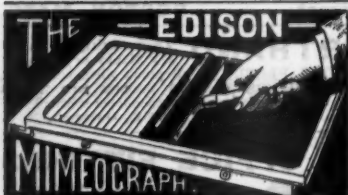
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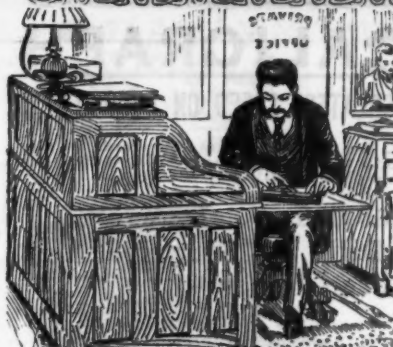
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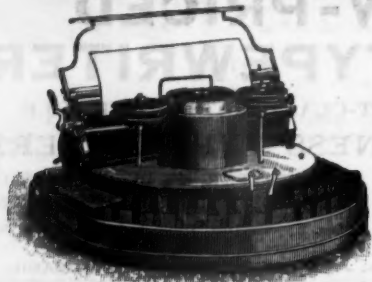
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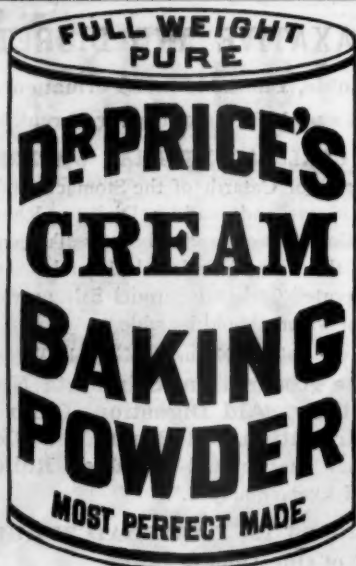
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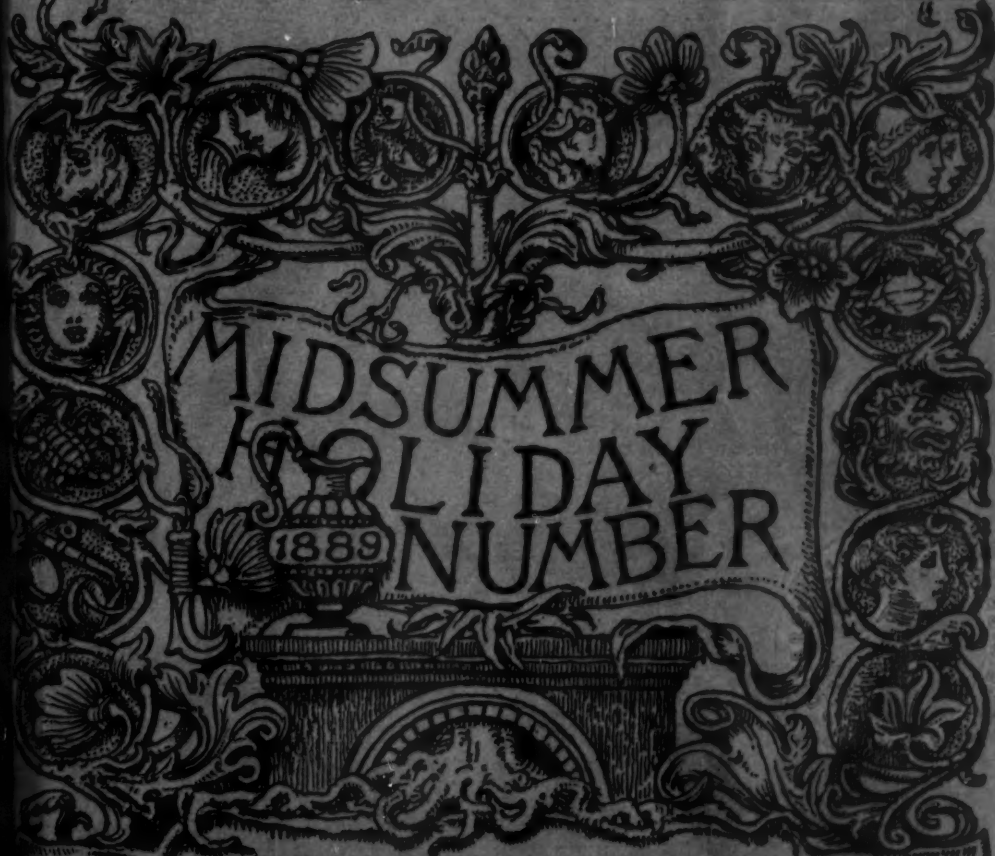
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